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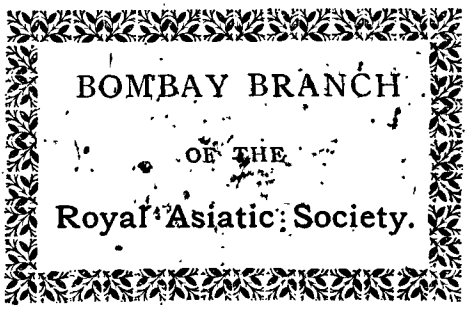

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SONGS AND BALLADS
OF
GREATER BRITAIN

The grand power of poetry is the interpretative power; by which I mean its power of so dealing with things as to awaken in us a wonderfully full, new, and intimate sense of them. M. ARNOLD.

Poetry is that which expands, rarefies, raises our whole being: without it man's life is poor as beast's.
HAZLITT.

It lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world—makes familiar effects to be as if they were not familiar.
SHELLEY.

It raises the mind and hurries it into sublimity by confusing the shapes of things to the desires of the soul.
BACON.

SONGS AND BALLADS
OF
GREATER BRITAIN

COMPILED BY
E. A. HELPS
FORMERLY ONE OF H.M. INSPECTORS OF SCHOOLS

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PREFACE

THIS volume, in which poems are literally brought together from the ends of the earth, contains a selection of poetry from Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, India, and the Crown Colonies descriptive of nature, life, and incident in these parts of the empire.

Several motives have inspired it. It is an attempt to bring into closer touch the Dominions, with a view to their better understanding of each other's trials, difficulties, and successes. It is an attempt also to make us at home realise more fully the great qualities and strenuous lives of those who have played so large a part in building up the empire—we may have written better poetry, they have lived it—and also "lest we forget" to keep alive, both at home and abroad, memories of the courage, endurance, and heroic deeds of the pioneers, and ignore the debt we owe to those who have proved worthy sons of the empire, and have opened up so many avenues for our sons and daughters to a wider, freer life, to health and wealth.

Lastly, I hope this book will introduce readers at home to poetry which has a charm of its own, due to its freshness, originality, virility, and variety of subject, and incidentally it can scarcely fail to give its readers some notion of the wealth, beauty, and resources of various parts of the empire.

It may be said, too, that the cultivation of poetry and the imagination are never more to be desired than when the material needs of growing civilisation tend to deaden the higher feelings. It is then that the inspiration of the poet is needed.

In designing the lines which I should follow in making this selection, I determined to omit poetry of the passions as being outside the aims and scope of this selection. For the same reasons I omit poetry of a sacred or devotional character. I have, however, brought together much patriotic, legendary, and historical verse, as well as descriptive lyrics

and ballads, and poems of the imagination; but I have admitted but little verse of a humorous character. So far as religious poetry is concerned apparently but little has been written: however, much of the poetry to be found herein breathes a spirit of true religion.

In each section I have grouped the poems according to subject as far as possible.

In thus confining the scope of my field of selection I have no doubt sacrificed some poems of merit; and I need scarcely say that I have failed to cull all the flowers of poetry from the field of my research. I fear, too, that, partly owing to my field of choice being limited, and partly to consideration of the length of a poem, I may not always have done justice to those who have so kindly given me permission to include their poems in this volume.

Nor can I lay claim to completeness; (unfortunately in the cases of a few writers in Australia and South Africa, several examples of whose work I particularly wished to give, I have been unable to obtain permission); doubtless, also, good work has escaped my notice. Indeed, this volume must be regarded as giving only a fairly comprehensive foretaste of our kinsfolk's work in the field of poetry.

The kindness and generosity of Canadian authors and publishers is a happy memory, and on the whole Australia and South Africa have been very liberal and helpful to me.

I greatly regret that from want of space I am unable to include any of the charming poetry of the French Canadians, Frechétte, Chapman, and others.

As regards some of the poetry included in this selection, it cannot be said to be of the highest order. Poetry is an art, as well as an inspiration, and demands study of quantity, accents, metres, etc., and in the case of some of the writers of verse in this volume such study has been impossible, but perhaps, as Horne says: "He who can give a form and expression to these lofty or these noble manifestations in a way that shall be most intelligible to the majority, is he who best accomplishes the mission of a poet."

That there should be some shortcomings is not a matter for surprise. Canada has been in existence for only about 150 years, if we put out of consideration the French occupation, and the greater part, the North-West Territory, has been settled only in recent years. Australia has had a much

shorter life, and, until comparatively recently, the conditions of life of her people have been unfavourable to reflection and literary expression. South Africa has a life-history still more unfavourable, torn as she has been by the conflict of races, the struggles for ascendancy, the greed of those who exploited her in the past, and finally the disruption caused by the war. Also, it has to be remembered that its white population is relatively small.

But notwithstanding all these circumstances, poems showing keen appreciation of the beauties of nature and spiritual apprehension of its meaning are to be found even in the verse of the earliest pioneers of civilisation, for instance, in that of Charles Mair, Sangster, and McLachlan in Canada, of Harpur and Gordon in Australia, of Pringle in South Africa. Indeed, nearly every early settler of mind and education seems to have been potentially a poet. No doubt the solitary life and his environment conduced to this. Shelley speaks of "the nightingale who sits in darkness and sings to cheer its own solitude with sweet song."

The imperial idea evidently permeates the consciousness of all the great parts of the empire. Romance, as Rudyard Kipling has abundantly shown, is not confined to moving stories and legends of the past, and a wide field is opened to the imagination in the birth of a nation.

There is abundant evidence of the influence of Wordsworth, Shelley, Longfellow, Mrs. Hemans, and Kipling, whose influence has appealed perhaps rather too strongly to the virile minds of those engaged in struggling with the forces of nature or man. Bret Harte, Gordon, and others also have a following, but in every age the poet has often modelled his work more or less on that of his predecessors which has most appealed to him.

Most of the poems, as might be expected coming from those dealing with the stern realities of life in overcoming difficulties, are objective in character. And the reader must not look for any highly finished productions of the boudoir type. Those from Australia and New Zealand are suggestive of bush life, life in the saddle, sheep or cattle farming: they present vivid pictures of the trials, pleasures, and humours of those who have "gone through the mill." As A. B. Paterson says of his poems in a preface, they "are the records of wandering years, just the rude stories one hears."

The physical features of these countries may easily be visualised from these poems; and it is noticeable that whilst much of the New Zealand poetry rhapsodises over the grandeur, variety, and beauty of its scenery, the Australian poetry often, as in Kendall's, touches on the dread and mystery of those barren wastes lying outside the settled parts; though the majority of the bush poets strike a free and joyful note. Something of Wordsworth's greatness, which Matthew Arnold attributed to "the extraordinary power with which he feels the joy offered to us in nature," may, I think, be found.

The Canadian poets, a maturer people, with great variety and spaciousness in their surroundings, naturally strike more strings, and some with greater sureness than the other Dominions; also there is perhaps a more strident and insistent note of pride in their country and patriotism than is to be found elsewhere. Their lyrics mostly treat of farming, lumbering, trapping, and forest clearing: they, too, have a picturesqueness and humour all their own, and the grandeur and beauty of their scenery naturally leads to lofty flights and patriotic fervour. Then, too, the French element undoubtedly has informed and infused picturesqueness and brightness into much of Canadian literature.

In South Africa the dominant note the poets sing and dwell upon is the veld, its vastness, mystery, and compelling fascination, and the feelings inspired by the degraded, half-civilised natives.

As a rule what may be called the humour of the poetry of the strenuous life is dry, and caustic to a fault, though now and then a little sentiment crops up.

All the poetry is redolent of open-air life. Many whose poems are found herein are men who have led a strenuous life, and their themes are familiar ones—the gold fields, the cattle, the camp, etc. Their verse comes straight from the heart and deals with homely tragedy and comedy. It is often of the soil racy, and shows us the colonists "in their habit as they live." To me, as I hope to others, any lack of "form," of grace, of the power of perfect expression or felicitous language is generally compensated by the freshness of the themes and the virility of their treatment. Its simplicity is often that of youth, its pathos that of those who learn "in suffering what they teach in song," and some

of the poems are the results of "the best and happiest moments of the best and happiest minds." There is remarkably little of the modern restless pessimistic spirit, or of philosophic doubt, lack of faith, or disbelief in the goodness of God's final purpose. The solitary life of the settler seems to engender a calmness of soul and a spirit of trust and resignation. Above all the poetry is sincere. One feels that the poet's images have come to him; that he has not been striving from any vanity to call them forth.

I do not propose to attempt to weigh or contrast the merits of the various writers. In the first place, I do not feel competent to do so, and, secondly, it would be ungracious. I may say, however, that among the Australian poets it appears to me Alfred Domett should rank very high—I believe he is called the Australian Pope—but he seems to me to have the feeling for inanimate nature and insight of Wordsworth with the romanticism and expression of Scott; he was Browning's "Waring." After him I should place Kendall, the spirit of whose muse is rather brooding and melancholy. Gordon's poems must always deservedly rank high, both from their wide range of thought, and for his sympathy with the horse, and power of expressing the joys of the saddle. Some recent writers, however, run him very close on the latter ground. The ring of Paterson's, Ogilvie's, and Henry Lawson's verse is full of vigour and humanity and true to the core, and that of Essex Evans is distinguished. It seems there are few women among the poets of Australia, or else I have not been fortunate in discovering them; some charming poems by Miss Mackellar, however, have been granted me. New Zealand is well to the fore with the work of W. Pember Reeves, Kelly, and the pure and delicate verse of Margaret N. Sinclair.

Canada, the big brother, bulks large in the collection, and the earliest poetry is by no means the weakest. The more modern examples reflect the majesty and glow of its grand scenery and its exhilarating winter, and show a finer perception of the moods of Nature, more sympathy for decaying native races, and more subtlety and finish. It would be invidious to consider the rival claims of its numerous band of poets, from which the Celtic spirit and imagination are not absent. Among the moderns recognised for distinction are W. H. Drummond, examples of whose delightful dialect poetry I have been fortunate enough to secure; J. D. Edgar,

Duncan Campbell Scott (whose work seems to me to possess a peculiarly strong quality), C. G. D. Roberts, Dr. A. Watson, R. W. Kenningham, A. W. H. Eaton, J. N. Baylis, W. Wye Smith, W. W. Campbell, R. W. Service, R. Stead, and many others.

Among the women the names of Helena Coleman, Ethelwyn Wetherald, Mrs. Jean Blewett, Agnes M. Machar, and Pauline Johnson stand out. One of the youngest, Marjorie L. C. Pickthall, is of great promise.

Among the South African poets the work of John Runcie, Kingsley Fairbridge, and W. Scully is distinguished for its insight and fidelity to nature. I regret I have not been successful in obtaining more of Lance Fallaw's poems.

I have experienced considerable difficulty in obtaining poetry suitable for the purpose of this selection from India and the Crown Colonies. Many highly gifted civil servants have wooed the Muse, but their best energies not unnaturally have been devoted to the rendering into English of native poems and legends. As regards the lighter verse there is a tendency—perhaps adopted as a relief to the onerous duties of office—to treat of the humorous side of their lives and of the natives with whom they are brought into contact.

I am glad to be able to give a few poems written in our language by natives of India, Ceylon, and the West Indies, and among the poems by Indians I would call attention to those of Sarojini Naidu which are distinguished for their tender grace, subtlety, and insight.

If, as I hope it may, this volume makes known to each other kindred spirits at the poles apart; brings home to my countrymen a clearer idea of the conditions of life, the character, and aims of their kinsfolk in the Great Dominions, and tends to knit closer the bonds of brotherhood throughout the empire, I shall be amply repaid for my trouble in compiling this selection, the shortcomings of which I trust all who have so kindly contributed poems will overlook.

I tender the most sincere and grateful thanks to the many authors whose names are given in the Table of Contents, for the permission so kindly and generously accorded to me to include some of their poems in this volume.

Several South African poems included in this book are taken from the little volume *Veldsingers' Verse* by the courtesy of the Veldsingers' Club, Johannesburg.

I am also greatly indebted to the following-mentioned, for permission to include poems of which they hold the copyrights.

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THE NEW ZEALAND TIMES Co., for a poem from *Laughter and Tears*, by Frank Morton.

E. A. HELPS.

LONDON, 1912.

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

Take up the White Man's burden—
Send forth the best ye breed—
Go bind your sons to exile
To serve your captive's need;
To wait in heavy harness
On fluttered folk and wild—
Your new-caught, sullen peoples,
Half devil and half child.

Take up the White Man's burden—
In patience to abide,
To veil the threat of terror
And check the show of pride;
By open speech and simple,
An hundred times made plain,
To seek another's profit,
And work another's gain.

Take up the White Man's burden—
The savage wars of peace—
Fill full the mouth of Famine
And bid the sickness cease;
And when your goal is nearest
The end for others sought,
Watch Sloth and heathen Folly
Bring all your hope to nought.

Take up the White Man's burden—
No tawdry rule of kings,
But toil of serf and sweeper—
The tale of common things,
The ports ye shall not enter,
The roads ye shall not tread,
Go make them with your living,
And mark them with your dead.

The White Man's Burden

Take up the White Man's burden—
And reap his old reward:
The blame of those ye better,
The hate of those ye guard—
The cry of hosts ye humour
(Ah slowly!) towards the light:—
"Why brought ye us from bondage,
Our loved Egyptian night?"

Take up the White Man's burden—
Ye dare not stoop to less—
Nor call too loud on Freedom
To cloak from weariness;
By all ye cry or whisper,
By all ye leave or do,
The silent, sullen peoples
Shall weigh your god and you.

Take up the White Man's burden—
Have done with childish days—
The lightly proffered laurel,
The easy ungrudged praise.
Comes now, to search from manhood
Through all the thankless years,
Cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom,
The judgment of your peers!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

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CANADIAN POETRY

A HYMN OF EMPIRE

LORD, by whose might the Heavens stand,
The source from whom they came,
Who holdeth nations in Thy hand,
And call'st the stars by name,
Thine ageless forces do not cease
To mould us as of yore—
The chiselling of the arts of peace,
The anvil strokes of war.

Then bind our realms in brotherhood,
Firm laws and equal rights,
Let each uphold the Empire's good
In freedom that unites;
And make that speech whose thunders roll
Down the broad stream of time,
The harbinger from pole to pole
Of love and peace sublime.

Lord, turn the hearts of cowards who prate,
Afraid to dare or spend,
The doctrine of a narrower state
More easy to defend;
Not this the watchword of our sires
Who breathed with Ocean's breath,
Not this our spirit's ancient fires
Which naught could quench but death.

Strong are we? Make us stronger yet;
Great? Make us greater far.
Our feet Antarctic Oceans fret,
Our crown the polar star;
Round Earth's wild coasts our batteries speak,
Our highway is the main,
We stand as guardian of the weak,
We burst the oppressor's chain.

Great God, uphold us in our task,
  Keep firm and clear our rule,
Silence the honeyed words which mask
  The wisdom of the fool.
The pillars of the world are thine;
  Pour down thy bounteous grace,
And make illustrious and divine
  The sceptre of our race.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

A SONG OF CANADA

SING me a song of the Great Dominion!
Soul-felt words for a patriot's ear!
Ring out boldly the well-turned measure,
Voicing your notes that the world may hear;
Here is no starveling—heaven forsaken—
Shrinking aside where the nations throng;
Proud as the proudest moves she among them—
Worthy is she of a noble song!

Sing me the might of her giant mountains,
Baring their brows in the dazzling blue;
Changeless alone, when all else changes,
Emblems of all that is grand and true:
Free as the eagle around them soaring;
Fair as they rose from their Maker's hand;
Shout till the snow-caps catch the chorus—
The white-tipped peaks of our mountain land!

Sing me the calm of her tranquil forests,
Silence eternal, and peace profound,
Into whose great heart's deep recesses
Breaks no tempest and comes no sound;
Face to face with the deathlike stillness,
There, if at all, a man's soul might quail:
Nay! 'tis the love of that great peace leads us
Thither, where solace will never fail!

Sing me the pride of her stately rivers,
Cleaving their way to the far-off sea;

Glory of strength in their deep-mouthed music—
Glory of mirth in their tameless glee.
Hark! 'tis the roar of the tumbling rapids;
Deep unto deep through the dead night calls;
Truly, I hear but the voice of Freedom
Shouting her name from her fortress wails!

Sing me the joy of her fertile prairies,
League upon league of the golden grain:
Comfort housed in the smiling homestead—
Plenty, throned on the lumbering wain.
Land of Contentment! May no strife vex you,
Never war's flag on your plains unfurl'd
Only the blessings of mankind reach you—
Finding the food for a hungry world!

Sing me the charm of her blazing camp-fires;
Sing me the quiet of her happy homes,
Whether afar 'neath the forest arches,
Or in the shade of the city's domes;
Sing me her life, her loves, her labours,
All of a mother a son would hear;
For when a lov'd one's praise is sounding,
Sweet are the strains to a lover's ear!

Sing me the worth of each Canadian,
Roamer in wilderness, toiler in town—
Search earth over you'll find no stauncher,
Whether his hands be white or brown;
Come of a right good stock to start with,
Best of the world's blood in each vein;
Lords of ourselves, and slaves to no one,
For us, or from us, you'll find we're—MEN.

Sing me the song, then; sing it bravely;
Put your soul in the words you sing;
Sing me the praise of this glorious country—
Clear on the ear let the deep notes ring.
Here is no starveling—heaven-forsaken—
Crouching apart where the nations throng;
Proud as the proudest moves she among them—
Well is she worthy a noble song!

ROBERT REID.

DOMINION DAY

WITH *feu-de-joie*, and merry bells, and cannons' thundering peal,
And pennons fluttering on the breeze, and serried rows of steel,
We greet, again, the birthday morn of our young giant's land,
From the Atlantic stretching wide to far Pacific strand;
With flashing river, ocean lakes, and prairies wide and free,
And waterfalls, and forests dim, and mountains by the sea;
A country on whose birth-hour smiled the genius of romance,
Above whose cradle brave hands waved the lily-cross of France;
Whose infancy was grimly nursed in peril, pain, and woe;
Where gallant hearts found early graves beneath Canadian snow;
Where savage raid and ambuscade and famine's sore distress,
Combined their strength, in vain, to crush the dauntless French noblesse;
When her dim trackless forest lured, again, and yet again,
From silken courts of sunny France, her flower, the brave Champlain.
And now her proud traditions boast from blazoned rolls of fame—
Crecy's and Flodden's deadly foes our ancestors we claim;
Past feud and battle buried far behind the peaceful years,
While Gaul and Celt and Briton turn to pruning hooks their spears;
Four nations welded into one—with long historic past,
Have found, in these our western wilds, one common life at last;
Through the young giant's mighty limbs, that stretch from sea to sea,
There runs a throb of conscious life—of waking energy.
From Nova Scotia's misty coast to far Columbia's shore,
She wakes—a band of scattered homes and colonies no more,
But a young nation, with her life full beating in her breast,
A noble future in her eyes—the Britain of the West.
Heir to the noble task to fill the yet untrodden plains
With fruitful, many-sided life that courses through her veins;
The English honour, nerve, and pluck—the Scotsman's love of right—

The grace and courtesy of France,—the Irish fancy bright,—
The Saxon's faithful love of home, and home's affections blest;
And chief of all our holy faith—of all our treasures best.
A people poor in pomp and state, but rich in noble deeds,
Holding that righteousness exalts the people it leads.
As yet the waxen mould is soft, the opening page is fair;
It rests with those who rule us now to leave the impress there,
The stamp of true nobility, high honour, stainless truth;
The earnest quest of noble ends; the generous heart of youth;
The love of country, soaring far above dull party strife;
The love of learning, art, and song—the crowning grace of life;
The love of science, soaring far through Nature's hidden ways;
The love and fear of Nature's God—a nation's highest praise.
So in the long hereafter, this Canada shall be
The worthy heir of British power and British liberty;
Spreading the blessings of her sway to her remotest bounds,
While, with the fame of her fair name, a continent resounds,
True to her high traditions, to Britain's ancient glory
Of patient saint and martyr, alive in deathless story;
Strong in their liberty and truth, to shed from shore to shore
A light among the nations, till nations are no more.

AGNES MAUDE MACHAR.

MOTHER AND SON

THE mother was rich and gracious, and the son was strong and bold,
And the bond that was fixed between them was not the bond of gold;
And they dwelt in sweet co-union, while the world looked on in awe,
For they lived and wrought by the Law of Love, and not by the Love of Law.

The mother was old in the years of man, but young in the years of time,
And her face was fair and her arm was strong as a strong man in his prime;

And some who said, "She weakens, her day is nearly done,"
So spake because they wished it; her day was scarce begun.
And the mother said, "I have given you much, good gifts of honest worth,
A name that is known and honoured in the corners of the earth;
A tongue that is strong and elastic, a law that is just and sound,
And the right of a man to be a man wherever my flag is found.

"The paths go down to the future, and the paths are yours to choose,
There's all for you to profit, there's all for you to lose—
For the eye of the race is onward, nor yet is the law recast,
That youth shall live in the future, and age shall live in the past."

On the swarthy cheek of the stalwart son there deepened a dye of shame—
"Mother, were I so base I should belie my mother's name.
The road may lead to the mountain-tops, or the nethermost depths of hell;
Even so; and if so you travel it, I travel the road as well.

"Ere yet I had learned in a foreign tongue to babble your name with pride,
They thought in the guise of a common cause to wheedle me from your side,
But I scorned the bribe of lust and power—for I read the rogues aright—
And I fought for you in my swaddling-clothes, as only a child can fight!

"'Twas not for my own existence—I had no fear for that—
For I was lean and unlikely, and they were full of fat;
But the blood—and the sense of honour—and the duty of the son—
'Twas these that clutched at a weapon and battled them ten to one!

"Think not because life is rosy that I know not what it cost—
I knew when I fell to the Ridgeway fiends, or lay in the North-shore frost;
I knew in the flush of triumph—I knew when I fought in vain—
And the blood that was spilled at Paardeberg was the blood of Lundy's Lane!

"Then lead, and your son will follow, or follow and he will lead,
And side by side, though the world deride, we will show by word and deed,
That you share with me my youthfulness, and I with you your prime,
And so it shall be till the sun shall set on the uttermost edge of time."

R. C. STEAD.

JACQUES CARTIER

IN the seaport of Saint Malo 'twas a smiling morn in May,
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away;
In the crowded old cathedral all the town were on their knees
For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscovered seas;
And every autumn blast that swept o'er pinnacle and pier
Filled manly hearts with sorrow, and gentle hearts with fear.

A year passed o'er Saint Malo—again came round the day
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away;
But no tidings from the absent had come the way they went,
And tearful were the vigils that many a maiden spent;
And manly hearts were filled with gloom, and gentle hearts with fear
When no tidings came from Cartier at the closing of the year.

But the earth is as the Future, it hath its hidden side,
And the captain of Saint Malo was rejoicing in his pride
In the forests of the North—while his townsmen mourned his loss,

He was rearing on Mount Royal the *Fleur-de-lis* and Cross;
And when the months were over, and added to the year,
Saint Malo hailed him home again, cheer answering to cheer.

He told them of a region, hard iron-bound and cold,
Nor seas of pearls abounded, nor mines of shining gold,
Where the wind from Thule freezes the word upon the lip,
And the ice in spring comes sailing athwart the early ship;
He told them of the frozen scene until they thrilled with fear,
And piled fresh fuel on the hearth to make them better cheer.

But when he changed the strain—he told how soon is cast
In early spring the fetters that hold the waters fast;
How the winter causeway broken is drifted out to sea,
And the rills and rivers sing with pride the anthem of the free;
How the magic wand of summer clad the landscape to his eyes,
Like the dry bones of the just, when they wake in paradise.

He told them of the Alonquin braves—the hunters of the wild,
Of how the Indian mother in the forest rocks her child;
Of how, poor souls, they fancy in every living thing;
A spirit good or evil that claims their worshipping;
Of how they brought their sick and maim'd for him to breathe upon,
And of the wonders wrought for them thro' the gospel of St. John.

He told them of the river whose mighty current gave
Its freshness for a hundred leagues to ocean's briny wave;
He told them of the glorious scene presented to his sight,
What time he reared the cross and crown on Hochelaga's height,
And of the fortress cliff that keeps of Canada the key:
And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier from his perils over sea.

HON. T. D. MCGEE.

CARTIER ARRIVES AT STADACONA

At Stadacona half the sky
Was crimsoned with the sunset's dye;
The river streaked with gold,
The broad St. Lawrence, in the pride
Of countless forests by his tide,
Out to the ocean rolled.

They stood on Stadacona's steep
And gazed towards the boundless deep,
Did Donnacona's braves;
In awe they looked, these savage men,
To where within their piercing ken
White wings flew o'er the wave.

In wonderment they peered, and still
The sea's strange pinions came, until
They flung full on the view,
Then Donnacona, he, the wise,
Said these are spirits from the skies
Sent by the Manitou.

The night crouched in the flapping sails,
The wind roared down the forest trails,
The river dirged amain.
And Donnacona dreamed that night
The world through all the year was white—
In sleep he sobbed for pain.

WILLIAM T. ALLISON.

PURITAN PLANTERS, 1760[1]

THE rocky slopes for emerald had changed their garb of gray
When the vessels from Connecticut came sailing up the Bay,
There were diamonds on every wave that drew the strangers on,
And bands of sapphire mist about the brows of Blomidon.

[1] To commemorate the settlement by New England people of the French lands, after the Acadians had been driven away.

Five years in desolation the Acadian land had lain,
Five golden harvest moons had wooed the fallow fields in vain,
Five times the winter snows had slept and summer sunsets smiled
On lonely clumps of willow, and fruit trees growing wild.

There was silence in the forest and along the Minas Shore,
And not a habitation from Canard to Beau Séjour,
But many a blackened rafter and many a broken wall
Told the story of Acadia's prosperity and fall;

And even in Nature's gladness in the matchless month of June,
When every day she swept her harp and found the strings in tune,
The land seemed calling wildly for its owners far away,
The exiles scattered on the coast, from Maine to Charlestown Bay.

Where, with many bitter longings for their fair homes and their dead,
They bowed their heads in anguish and would not be comforted,
And like the Jewish exiles, long ago, beyond the sea,
Refused to sing the songs of home in their captivity.

But the simple Norman peasant-folk shall till the land no more,
For the vessels from Connecticut have anchored by the shore,
And many a sturdy Puritan, his mind with scripture stored,
Rejoices he has found at last " the garden of the Lord."

There are families from Tolland, from Killingworth and Lyme,
Gentle mothers, tender maidens, and strong men in their prime;
There are lovers who have plighted their vows in Coventry,
And sweet, confiding children, born in Newport by the sea.

They come as came the Hebrews into their promised land,
Not as to rough New England shores came first the Pilgrim band;

The Minas fields were fruitful, and the Gaspereau had borne
To seaward many a vessel with its freight of yellow corn.

They came with hearts as true as are their manners blunt and cold,
To found a race of noble men of Calvinistic mould,
A race of earnest people whom the coming years shall teach
The broader ways of knowledge, and the gentler forms of speech.

They come as Puritans, but who shall say their hearts are blind
To the subtle charms of nature, and the love of human kind?
The rigorous New England laws have shaped their thought, 'tis true,
But human laws can never wholly Heaven's work undo.

And tears fall fast from many an eye, long time unused to weep,
For o'er the fields lie whitening the bones of cows and sheep,
The faithful cows that used to feed upon the broad Grand Pré,
And, with their tinkling bells, come slowly home at close of day.

And where the Acadian village stood, its roofs o'ergrown with moss,
And the simple wooden chapel, with its altar and its cross,
And where the forge of Basil sent its sparks toward the sky,
The purple thistle blossoms, and the pink fireweed grows high.

. . . . . .

The broken dykes have been rebuilt, a century and more,
The cornfields stretch their furrows from Canard to Beau Séjour,
Five generations have been reared beside the broad Grand Pré,
Since the vessels from Connecticut came sailing up the Bay.

And now across the meadows, while the farmers reap and sow,
The engine shrieks its discord to the bells of Gaspereau,
And ever onward to the sea, the restless Fundy tide
Bears playful pleasure yachts and busy trade ships side by side.

And the Puritan has yielded to the softening hand of time,
Like him, who still content, remained in Killingworth and Lyme,
And graceful homes of prosperous men make all the landscape fair,
And mellow creeds and ways of life are rooted everywhere.

And churches nestle lovingly on many a glad hillside,
And holy bells ring out their music in the eventide;
But here and there on untilled ground, apart from glebe or town,
Some lone surviving apple-tree stands blossomless and brown,

And many a traveller has found in summer, as he strayed,
Some long forgotten cellar in the deepest thicket's shade,
And clumps of willows by the dykes, sweet scented, fair, and green,
That seemed to tell again the story of Evangeline.

L'ISLE SAINT CROIX

The first French settlement in America was made here in 1604.

With tangle branches overgrown,
And here and there a lofty pine,
Among whose forms strange creepers twine,
And crags that mock the wild seas' moan,

And little bays where no ships come,
Though many a white sail passes by,
And many a drifting cloud on high,
Looks down and shames the sleeping foam.

Unconscious on the waves it lies
While mid the golden reeds and sedge
That southward line the water's edge
The thrush sings his shrill melodies.

No human dwelling now is seen
Upon its rude, unfertile slopes,

Though many a summer traveller gropes
For ruins mid the tangled green,

And seeks upon the northern shore
The graves of that adventurous band
That followed to the Acadian land
Champlain, De Monts, and Poutrincourt.

There stood the ancient fort that sent
Fierce cannon echoes through the wold,
There waved the Bourbon flag that told
The mastery of a continent;

There through the pines the echoing wail
Of ghostly winds was heard at eve,
And hoarse, deep sounds like those that heave
The breasts of stricken warriors pale.

There Huguenots and cassocked priests
And noble-born and sons of toil,
Together worked the barren soil,
And shared each other's frugal feasts.

And dreamed beneath the yellow moon
Of golden reapings that should be,
Conjuring from the sailless sea
A glad, prophetic harvest tune.

Till stealthy winter through the reeds
Crept, crystal-footed, to the shore,
And to the little hamlet bore
His hidden freight of deathly seeds.

Spring came at last, and o'er the waves,
The welcome sail of Pontgravé
But half the number silent lay,
Death's pale first fruits, in western graves.

Sing on, wild sea, your sad refrain
For all the gallant sons of France,
Whose songs and sufferings enhance
The witchery of the western main.

Keep kindly watch upon the strand
Where lie in hidden mounds, secure,
The men De Monts and Poutrincourt
First led to the Acadian land.

PORT ROYAL

ABOUT this ancient earth-work and this wall,
Where rude spiked gates on heavy hinges hung,
The shouts of armies many a time have rung,
And thunderous cannon sounded loud o'er all.
Here night and morn the echoing bugle call
Close to the farthest wooded hill-tops clung,
Here with her lilies to the breezes flung,
France held Acadia in romantic thrall.
Here Bourbon nobles carved the *fleur-de-lis*,
And waved the white flag of the Bourbon kings;
Here Acadie's first convert, Membertou,
The aged Micmac chieftain, bent the knee
To Christ; and here on wide-expanded wings
The hostile fleets of British sovereigns flew.

OLD WHARVES (OF HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA).

HALF a century ago,
On the tides that shoreward swept,
Merchant vessels, swift or slow,
To the harbour leapt or crept.

From the fertile Indian Isles
In hot Southern seas they came,
Over Ocean's countless miles,
With red sunset fires aflame.

Fruited cargoes here they brought,
Guava, ginger, fig, and prune,
Rice and spice and rare birds caught
In the sluggish tropic noon.

These old wharves re-echoed then
All the sounds of seaport trade,
Pulleys plied by strong-armed men,
Noisy anchors cast and weighed;

Crashing, carrying, cheering loud,
Wild discordant bawl and brawl,
Black and white, a motley crowd—
Ah, but how men loved it all!

And the masts that hedged the town
How they creaked in every breeze,
Standing bold and bare and brown,
Like unnumbered forest trees.

Proud old wharves, so silent now,
Haughtier in your grim decay
Than when many a princely prow
Sought you from the lower bay.

Symbols of dead dreams are ye,
Figures of the phantom piers
Where we made so buoyantly
Anchor in our earlier years.

Yet the barren tides that creep
Up the harbour night and morn,
Plunge and plash and laugh and leap
Round your bases old and worn.

Nothing now of sadness bear,
For our barks have found since youth
Roomier wharves, in harbours where
They may anchor fast to truth,

Till Time's petty traffic done,
All the bawl and brawl and strife,
Happier voyages are begun
To the shores of endless life.

ARTHUR WENTWORTH HAMILTON EATON.

MONTREAL

HAIL to thee, Royal city! Like a queen
Thou sittest on thy throne in royal state,
Ruling thy servitors that on thee wait,
With courtly dignity and noble mien.
Under thy canopy of maple green
Thou takest tribute at thy castle's gate,
Borne in by white-winged messengers, and great
Their golden store; but richer far I ween
Thou art in loyal hearts that beat for thee;
That turn to thee as pilgrim to a shrine,
Or wanderer in foreign lands toward home.
Wealthy in memories; thou hast the key
To treasures of a storied past, a mine
Of riches for thy sons in time to come.

S. M. BAYLIS.

AT QUEBEC

QUEBEC, the grey old city on the hill,
Lies with a golden glory on her head,
Dreaming throughout this hour so fair, so still,
Of other days and all her mighty dead.
The white doves perch upon the cannons grim,
The flowers bloom where once did run a tide
Of crimson, when the moon rose pale and dim
Above the battlefield so grim and wide.
Methinks within her wakes a mighty glow
Of pride, of tenderness—her stormy past—
The strife, the valour, of the long ago
Feels at her heartstrings. Strong, and tall, and vast,
She lies, touched with the sunset's golden grace,
A wondrous softness in her grey old face.

JEAN BLEWETT.

VANCOUVER

SEA-ROOM! Sea-room! Out of the forest gloom
She hath hewn her way to the light of day, where the peaceful gardens bloom,
And the toils and tears of her pioneers, from Fraser to Nicolum,
O'er the trail they blazed this monument raised to last till the crash of doom—
Vancouver, mart of the nations,
A city of sure foundations,
Quest of the generations!
Sea-Room! Sea-Room! for the vessel's close-packed hold,
Flying the flag of England, is freighted with wealth untold.
We were nursed on the breast of our Middle West, and the fruit of their husbandry,
Hoard upon hoard, is laid aboard at the wharves by the Western Sea.

Sea-Room! Sea-room! for the vessel is under way,
Bearing the British banner to the confines of the day:
For West is East, and East is West, and the best is yet to be—
Star of the night, flung far from light, Vancouver, Star of the Sea!

A. N. ST. JOHN MILDMAY.

I'VE WANDERED IN THE SUNNY SOUTH

I'VE wandered in the sunny South,
Beneath its purple skies;
And roamed through many a far-off land,
Where cloudless beauty lies;
I've breathed the balm of tropic eves,
Upon the Southern sea;
And watched the glorious sunset form
Its radiance far and free.

But give me still my Northern home—
  Her islands and her lakes;
And her forests old, where not a sound
  The tomb-like silence breaks.
More lovely in her snowy dress,
  Or in her vesture green,
Than all the pride of Europe's lands,
  Or Asia's glittering sheen.

I've basked beneath Italian suns,
  When flowers were in their bloom;
And I've wandered o'er the hills of Greece
  By ruined shrine and tomb;
Oh, sweet it was to gaze upon
  The Arno's silver tide—
And dearer still, the ruins grey
  Of Athens' fallen pride,

But dearer unto me that land
  Which the mighty waters lave,
Where the spreading maple's glorious hues
  Are mirrored in the wave;
Where music from the dark, old woods
  Ascends to heaven's dome—
Like angel hymns of peace and love—
  Around my Northern home.

JOHN F. McDONNELL.

HOW THEY DIED AT THANSI [1]

O SCOTLAND! Mother of brave men,
  Who battled for the right,
Whose glory gilds thy wildest glen,
  And sternest mountain height,
And shines o'er many a distant land,
  Where Scottish lays proclaim

[1] When the Indian insurrection took place at Thansi, Captain Alexander Skene and his wife took refuge in a tower and made a brave and protracted defence, Mrs. Skene loading her husband's rifle. He fired till he had shot thirty-nine rebels, when finding it impossible to keep them out any longer, he kissed his wife, shot her, and then shot himself.

The worth of that immortal band
Which thou hast given to fame.

Men of free thought and lofty deed,
Firm, steadfast, strong, and true,
Who never in the hour of need
A craven terror knew,
For liberty and thee they fought,
They struggled, suffered, died;
And left the noble deeds they wrought
To crown thy brows with pride.

A proud, glad mother thou should'st be,
For still each gallant son
That glory safely guards for thee
Their elder brothers won.
The free and fearless blood that flamed
Of old in Scottish veins,
By no fierce tyrant ever tamed,
Its ancient fire retains.

Not theirs the limbs that fly or yield;
That dauntless hardihood,
Which once on Bannockburn's red field
An English host withstood,
Held firm on that Crimean plain,
Where Russian horse assailed
Brave Campbell's iron men in vain—
In valour triple mailed.

Still these fought by their comrades' side
Against an equal foe,
With all those aids to manly pride
Brothers-in-arms bestow;
But he whose sad, heroic fate
Thrills all who hear it told;
Whose death in grandeur well may mate
Some hero's death of old,

A hopeless strife could calmly dare
With one slight hand to aid,

One tender woman's heart to share
The gallant stand he made,
And bravely did she bear her part,
What woman ever fails
When love has strung and nerved her heart?
Love over death prevails.

But there are evils worse than death!
Insult and outrage dread,
The writhing, yelling fiends beneath
May wreak upon her head:
"No, never! we know how to die!"
He turned to her and caught
A radiant flash from her bright eye
That answered to his thought.

"Yes! let us die unsullied, free,
O Father, hear our cry!
Save these two souls that trust in thee,
To thee for refuge fly!"
He kissed her with a fonder kiss,
A truer, nobler pride,
Than ever in hours of peaceful bliss
A bridegroom kissed his bride.

"True heart! so tender and so brave,
My faithful, loving wife,
This hand, though powerless now to save,
Still guards thy better life.
Our souls shall find a home in heaven;
My rifle still rings true;
I murmur not, since God has given
A brave death shared with you!"

In his firm hand his rifle good
Had failed not once that day,
Its dreaded aim that demon brood
Still kept at furious bay.
It failed not now—without a pang
Her pure, brave spirit fled.
Again the unerring bullet rang—
He too had joined the dead.

Give honour to these noble hearts;
  Bravely and well they died;
The tear that to their memory starts
  In proud content is dried.
With Scotland's bravest and her best
  She'll give them place, I ween,
And deep within her granite breast
  She'll grave the name of Skene!

MISS MURRAY.

LAURA SECORD

During the so-called war of 1812-14 between England and the United States, Laura Secord, the wife of a crippled British veteran, saved the British forces from a surprise and possible destruction by the heroic action narrated in the ballad. Her home lay near the celebrated Queenston Heights, a few miles from the Falls of Niagara.

SOFTLY the spell of moonlight fell
  On the swift river's flow,
On the gray crags of Queenston Height,
  And the green waves below.

Alone the whip-poor-will's sad cry
  Blent with the murmuring pines,
Save where the sentry paced his rounds
  Along th' invading lines.

But in one lowly cottage home
  Were trouble and dismay;
The anxious watchers could not sleep
  For tidings heard that day.

Brave James Secord, with troubled heart,
  And weary, crippled frame,
That bore the scars of Queenston Heights,
  Back to his cottage came.

For he had learned a dark design
  Fitzgibbon to surprise,
As with a handful of brave men
  At Beaver Dam he lies.

"And Boerstler, with eight hundred men,
  Is moving from the shore
To steal upon our outpost there,
  Guarded by scarce two score!

"Then wiping out, as well he may,
  That gallant little band,
The foe will sweep his onward way
  O'er the defenceless land.

"Then noble Brock had died in vain—
  If but Fitzgibbon knew!"
And the poor cripple's heart is fain
  To press the journey through.

But Laura, bending o'er her babes,
  Said, smiling through her tears:
"These are not times for brave men's wives
  To yield to craven fears.

"*You* cannot go to warn our men,
  Or slip the outpost through;
But if perchance they let *me* pass,
  This errand I will do."

She soothed his anxious doubts and fears;
  She knew the forest way;
She put her trust in Him who hears
  His children when they pray!

Soon as the rosy flush of dawn
  Glanced through the purple air,
She rose to household tasks—and kissed
  Her babes with whispered prayer.

To milk her grazing cow she went;
  The sentry at the lines
Forgot to watch, as both were lost
  Amid the sheltering pines.

The rising sun's first golden rays
  Gleamed through the forest dim,

And through its leafy arches rang
The bird's sweet morning hymn.

The fragrant odour of the pines,
The carols gay and sweet,
Gave courage to the fluttering heart,
And strength to faltering feet.

And on she pressed, with steadfast tread,
Her solitary way
O'er tangled brake and sodden swamp
Through all the sultry day.

Though, for the morning songs of birds
She heard the wolf's hoarse cry,
And saw the rattlesnake glide forth,
As swift she hurried by.

Nor dark morass nor rushing stream
Could balk the steadfast will,
Nor pleading voice of anxious friends
Where stood St. David's Hill.

The British sentry heard her tale,
And cheered her on her way;
But bade her 'ware the Indian scouts
Who in the covert lay.

Anon, as crushed a rotten bough
Beneath her wary feet,
She heard their war-whoop through the gloom,
Their steps advancing fleet.

But quickly to the questioning chief
She told her errand grave
How she had walked the live-long day
Fitzgibbon's men to save!

The redskin heard, and kindly gazed
Upon the pale-faced squaw;
Her faithful courage touched his heart,
Her weary look he saw.

" Me go with you " was all he said,
And through the forest gray
He led her safe to Beaver Dam
Where brave Fitzgibbon lay.

With throbbing heart she told her tale;
They heard with anxious heed,
And knew how grave the crisis was,
How urgent was the need!

Then there was riding far and near,
And mustering to and fro
Of troops and Indians from the rear
To meet the coming foe;

And such the bold determined stand
Those few brave soldiers made—
So fiercely fought the Indian band
From forest ambuscade—

That Boerstler in the first surprise
Surrendered in despair,
To force so small it scarce could serve
To keep the prisoners there!

While the brave, weary messenger
In dreamless slumber lay
And woke to find her gallant friends
Were masters of the fray.

. . . . . .

If e'er Canadian courage fail,
Or loyalty grow cold,
Or nerveless grow Canadian hearts,
Then be the story told—

How British gallantry and skill
There played their noblest part,
Yet scarce had won if there had failed
One woman's dauntless heart.

AGNES MAUDE MACHAR.

MADELEINE DE VERCHERES

I

"Oh, my country, bowed in anguish 'neath a weight of bitter woe,
Who shall save thee from the vengeance of the desolating foe?
They have sworn a heathen oath that every Christian soul must die—
God of heaven, in mercy shield us! Father, hear thy children's cry."

II

Thus prayed Madeleine, the daughter of an old heroic line—
Grecian poet had he seen her must have deemed her face divine,
But as the golden sun transcends the beauty of the brightest star,
Than all the charms of face and form her maiden heart was lovelier far.

III

We can see her now in fancy, through the dim years gazing back
To those stirring days of old, the days of valiant Frontenac,
When the thinly settled land was sadly wasted far and near,
And before the savage foe the people fled like stricken deer.

IV

'Tis the season when the forest wears its many-coloured dress,
And a strange foreboding whisper answers back the wind's caress,
As the swaying pines repeat the murmurs of the distant waves,
While the children of the Summer flutter softly to their graves.

V

But was that another whisper warning her of ill to come,
As she stands beside the river, near her father's fortress home?

Hark! the sound of stealthy footsteps creeps upon the throbbing ear—
Maiden, fly! the foe approaches, and no human aid is near.

VI

Surely He who decked with beauty this fair earth on which we dwell,
Never meant that men should change it by their madness into hell!
He who gave the trees their glory, gave the birds their gift of song,
Cannot smile from out yon heavens at the sight of human wrong.

VII

But those savage hearts no beauty wins to thoughts of tender ruth—
Mother fond, or gentle maid, or innocence of youth.
See with fierce exulting yells the flying maiden they pursue—
Hear her prayer, O God, and save her from that wild vindictive crew.

VIII

Never ere that day or since was such a race by maiden run,
Never 'gainst such fearful odds was wished-for-goal so swiftly won;
Fifty foes are on her track, the bullets graze her floating hair—
But worse than vain is all their rage, for God has heard her prayer.

IX

Madeleine has reached the fort, the gates are closed against the foe,
But now a stricken throng sends up to heaven a wail of woe—
Feeble men, and fainting women, without heart or hope or plan—
Then it was that God gave courage to a maid to act the man.

X

Then it was that Madeleine bethought her of her father's name;
"Never shall a soldier's daughter die the coward's death of shame,

Never, in the days to come, when Canada is great and proud,
Be it said a Christian maiden by a heathen's threat was cowed.

XI

"He is but a craven wretch would bid me yield in such an hour—
Never yet my country's sons in peril's face were known to cower!
No, my people! God is with us; 'tis our homes that we defend—
Let the savage do his worst, we will oppose him to the end.

XII

"Women, I am but a girl, but hero's blood is in my veins,
And I will shed it drop by drop before I see my land in chains;
Let them tear me limb from limb, or strew my ashes to the wind,
Ere I disgrace the name I bear, or leave a coward's fame behind.

XIII

"Brothers mine, though young in years you are old enough to know
That to shed your blood is noble, fighting with your country's foe!
Be the lesson unforgotten that our noble father gave,
Whether glory be its guerdon, or it wins us but a grave.

XIV

"Come, my people, take your places, every one as duty calls;
Death to every foe who ventures to approach these fortress walls!
Let no point be unprotected, leave the rest to God on high,
Then we shall have done our duty, even if we have to die."

XV

Thus she braced their drooping courage, matchless maiden, Madeleine;
And the cry, "to arms!" re-echoed, till the roof-trees rang again;
Cannons thundered, muskets rattled, and the clank of steel was heard,
Till the baffled foe retreated, like a wolf untimely scared.

XVI

Seven days and seven nights, with sleepless eye and bated breath,
They held the fort against the foe that lurked around them plotting death!
At last a joyous challenge came, it was the brave La Momerie,
And up to heaven rose a shout, "The foe has fled and we are free!"

J. READE.

KHARTOUM

Set in the fierce red desert for a sword,
Drawn and deep driven implacably! The tide
Of scorching sand that chafes thy landward side
Storming thy palms; and past thy front out-poured
The Nile's vast dread and wonder! Late there roared
(While far off paused the long war, long defied)
Mad tumult thro' thy streets; and Gordon died,
Slaughtered amid the yelling rebel horde!
Yet spite of shame and wrathful tears, Khartoum,
We owe thee certain thanks, for thou hast shown
How still the one a thousand crowds outweighs—
Still one man's mood sways millions—one man's doom
Smites nations—and our burning spirits own
Not sordid these nor unheroic days!

C. G. D. ROBERTS.

DARGAI RIDGE

THANK God, I have in my laggard blood
The vim of the Englishman,
Which is second to none, from North to South,
Save the fire of the Scottish clan—
Save the blood of the lads who died
On the rocky mountain-side,
And went to the hell of the heated guns
As a lover goes to his bride.

The Ghoorkas laughed at the whining balls—
And they were of alien race,
The English drave at the smoking rocks
And their subalterns set the pace.
Oh, the blood of the lads who fell
When the valley lay a hell;
Thank God, that the men in the East and West
Cheer at the tale they tell.

The Ghoorkas lay in the slaughter place,
Save a few that had battled through—
Their brown brave faces raised to the steep
Where the flags of the marksmen flew—
Their great souls cheering still
(Souls that no ball could kill)
Unto the ears of the few, who crouched
Under the crooked hill.

The English went as maids to a dance
Or hounds to the huntsman's call,
And the English lay in the valley-lap
And smeared their blood on the wall.
Oh, the blood that knows no shame
And the valour clear of blame,
Thank God that the world is girt about
With the gold of an English name.

Then the men of the Gordon Highlanders
With their bagpipes shrilling free—
The lads of the heather pasture-side,
The lads of the unclad knee,
Charged—where their friends lay dead—
Over the green and red
To the cry of the regimental pipes
And the flip of the killing lead.

They passed the level of sprawling shapes
And the valley of reeking death,
They struck the rocks of the mountain pass
Where the smoke blew up like breath.
Little they thought of fame
Or the lifting of a name;

They only thought of the mountain crest
And the circle of spitting flame.

Thank God, I find in my laggard blood,
Deep down, the fire of a man,
And the heart that shakes with a mad delight
At the name of a Highland clan,
At the name of the lads who died
On the rocky mountain-side
And went to the hell of the heated guns
As a lover goes to his bride.

THEODORE ROBERTS.

THE CANADIANS ON THE NILE

O, THE East is but the West, with the sun a little hotter;
And the pine becomes a palm by the dark Egyptian water;
And the Nile's like many a stream we know that fills its brimming cup;
We'll think it is the Ottawa as we haul the bateaux up!
Pull, pull, pull! as we track the bateaux up!
It's easy shooting homeward when we're at the top.

O, the cedar and the spruce line each dark Canadian river;
But the thirsty dale is here where the sultry sunbeams quiver;
And the mocking mirage spreads its view afar on either hand;
But strong we bend the sturdy oar towards the southern land!
Pull, pull, pull! as we track the bateaux up!
Its easy shooting homeward when we're at the top.

O, we've tracked the Rapids up, and o'er many a portage crossing;
And its often such we've seen, though so loud the waves are tossing!
Then its homeward when the run is o'er! o'er stream and ocean deep—
To bring the memory of the Nile, where the maple shadows sleep!
Pull, pull, pull! as we track the bateaux up!
Its easy shooting homeward when we're at the top!

And it yet may come to pass that the hearts and hands so ready
May be sought again to help when some poise is off the steady!
And the maple and the pine be matched with British oak the while,
As once beneath Egyptian suns the Canadians on the Nile!
Pull, pull, pull! as we track the bateaux up!
It's easy shooting homeward when we're at the top.

W. Wye Smith.

THE WOMAN'S PART

Gone! brother, lover, son!
Gone forth to certain peril, toil, and pain,
And chance of death—for country counted gain.
Our part to let them go; "Not one
Would we hold back," to give
Our heart's best treasures to our mother-land
Though the gift break them; firm of lip and hand
To bid farewell; to say, "Be strong and live
Victors or die deserving." Who shall deem
Our part the easier? or the place we hold
Patience for courage—for the deed the dream—
Waiting for action—service slight or cold?

What shall we give them? Words?
To them, obedient to the bonds of faith,
To them, enduring danger, facing death,
Words were as stones for bread. Were our speech swords,
And were our frail hopes shields,
Then might we give them; but how frame our thought
Nor mar the harvest gift their truth has brought
With the poor fruit a woman's nature yields
When love sows seeds? Hush! let us keep our souls
In silence—Words of comfort, words of cheer,
But mock the senses when the war-cloud rolls
Black 'twixt the eyes and all the heart holds dear.

What can we give them? Prayers?
Shall not the God of battles work His will?

He guards, He smiles, Our strength is to be still
And wait His word; to cast aside our cares
And trust His justice; strife
And peace are in His hand. They who shall see
Victorious days, and in the time to be
Shall share again the toils and joys of life
Are His—but not less His are they who fall
(Sealing their soul's devotion with their breath),
And not less loved that, true to duty's call,
Their crown of honour comes to them in death.

What shall we give them? Tears?
Tears least of all! Shame not their valour so—
Honour and manhood call them; let them go,
Nor make farewell twice parting by your tears,
O woman-heart, be strong!
Too full for words—too humble for a prayer—
Too faithful to be fearful—offer here
Your sacrifice of patience. Not for long
The darkness. When the dawn of peace breaks bright
Blessed she who welcomes whom her God shall save,
But honoured in her God's and country's sight
She who lifts empty arms to cry, "I gave!"

ANNIE ROTHWELL CHRISTIE.

MISSIPOWISTIC[1]

(Written at the Grand Rapids of the Saskatchewan)

HERE in this howling torrent ends
The rushing river named
By savage man
Saskatchewan—
In dark tradition famed.

His source, Creation's dread abyss,
Or in the glacier's cell;
His way the sweep
Of canyons deep,
And clefts and chasms fell.

[1] The Grand Rapids by which it discharges into Lake Winnipeg are called Missipowistic.

And forth from many a mountain side
He leaps with laughter grim;
Their spurs are slit,
Their walls are split,
To make a path for him.

And down into the plains he raves
With dusky torrent cold,
And lines his bed
With treasure shred
From unknown reefs of gold.

And monster-like, devours his shores,
Or writhing through the plain,
Casts up the while
Full many an isle,
And swallows them again.

For though, betimes he seems to sink
Amidst the prairies pale,
He swells with pride
In summer-tide,
When low-born rivers fail.

And knits traditions to his shores
Of savage fights and fame,
When poaching Cree
The Blackfoot free
With magic arms o'ercame.[1]

Of Wapiti and Spanish horse,[2]
And of the bison horde,
A transverse stream,
As in a dream,
Which flowed at every ford.

And of the whites who first espied
His course, their toils and cares;

[1] An allusion to the dispossession of the Blackfoot Indians by the Crees who obtained magic arms, *i.e.* fire-arms, from the English at Hudson Bay.

[2] The Spanish horse was the progenitor of the Indian ponies.

Of brave Varennes,[1]
The boast of men,
And prince of Voyageurs.

Of him who once his waters churned—
The bluff fur-trader king—
Mackenzie bold,
Renowned of old
For his far wandering.

Of later days, when to his shores
The dauntless Franklin came:
Ere science lost,
In Arctic frost,
The life, the lofty aim.

Or of the old Bois-Brûlé town,
Whose huts of log and earth
Rang winter-long
With jest and song,
And wild plain-hunter's mirth.

And of the nearer, darker days,
Which saw their offspring leap
To arms, and wake
With frenzied shake,
Dull Justice from her sleep.

Or, turning to the future, dreams
On Time, and prophesies
The human tide
When, by his side,
Great cities shall arise.

The sordid tide, the weltering sea,
Of lusts and cares and strife;
The dreaded things
The worldling brings—
The rush and roar of life.

[1] A son of Varennes Sieur de la Verandrye (known as "The Chevalier")—a most adventurous spirit—credited with the discovery of the Saskatchewan.

And onwards tears his torrent still,
A hundred leagues withdrawn,
Beyond the capes
And sylvan shapes
And wilds of Chimahawn.

Down through the silent forest land,
Beyond the endless marge
Of swale and brake,
And lingering lake
Beyond the *Demi-charge*.

Till at the Landing-place he lifts
His crest of foam, and quick
As lightning leaps
Adown the steeps
Of Missipowistic!

Whilst o'er him wheels the osprey's wing—
And in the tamarac glades
Near by, the bear
And mooswa share
Their matchless mossy shades.

Whilst echoes of the huskie's yells [1]
From yonder woods are flung
At midnight dim,
A chorus grim,
As if by demons sung!

But see! here comes a birch canoe!
Two wiry forms it bears,
In quaintest guise,
With wrinkled eyes—
Two smoke-dried voyageurs.

"We'll take you down! Embarquez donc—
Embarquez donc, Monsieur!
We'll steer you through
The channel true,"
Cries each old voyageur.

[1] A corruption of the word Esquimaux used of the trained dogs summered in large numbers at the fishing posts in the interior.

" Nay look ye, men—those walls of foam,
Yon swirling ' cellars ' fell! "
" Fear not to pass,
Thou Moniyas![1]
We know the torrent well."

" I've roamed this river from my youth—
I know its every fork."
" And I have made,"
The other said,
" Full many a trip to York! "[2]

So ho! I'll go! the Rapids call!
With hamper at my wing
We sally down
The foaming crown
Like arrow from the string—

Into the yeast of waters wild,
Where winds and eddies rave!
Into the fume
And raging spume
And tempest of the wave!

Past rocky points, with bays between,
Where pelicans, bright-hued,
Are flushed to flight
With birds like night—
The cormorant's impish brood.

And madly now our frail craft leaps
Adown the billows' strife,
And cleaves their crests
And seething breasts
As 'twere a thing of life.

As dips the pandion[3] for his prey
So dips our bark amain,

[1] The Cree word for Canadian: it means as well, new comer, greenhorn: still used among the whites in Saskatchewan.
[2] *i.e.* York factory on Hudson Bay.
[3] The American osprey.

We sink and soar,
And sink and soar,
And sink and soar again.

Till, following the foaming fall
Of one long throbbing wave,
Enrapt we glide,
And seem to slide
Down, down into its grave!

"O break! O break! sweet balm, soft air!"
"No, no, we mount! we rise!"
Once more the dash
And deafening clash
Of billows flout the skies.

Till swept o'er many a whirling swell,
The final surge is past,
And like the strife
Of human life,
We reach calm floods at last.

Now thanks, ye grim old voyageurs!
No man has flinched in fear—
Yet in earth's round
I've seldom found
This life and death so near.

Thanks, thanks to you, good men and true!
Here we shall rest awhile,
And toast the bold
Coureurs of old
Upon the Prisoner's isle.[1]

CHARLES MAIR.

[1] An isle at the first of the rapids—sometimes in former days used for the keeping of prisoners.

THE THOUSAND ISLES

HERE the Spirit of beauty keepeth
Jubilee for evermore,
Here the voice of gladness leapeth,
Echoing from shore to shore.
O'er the hidden watery valley,
O'er each buried wood and glade,
Dances our delighted galley,
Through the sunlight and the shade—
Dances o'er the granite cells,
Where the soul of beauty dwells.

Here the flowers are ever springing,
While the summer breezes blow;
Here the hours are ever clinging,
Loitering before they go;
Playing around each beauteous islet,
Loath to leave the sunny shore,
Where, upon her couch of violet,
Beauty sits for evermore—
Sits, and smiles by day and night,
Hand in hand with pure delight.

Here the Spirit of beauty dwelleth
In each palpitating tree,
In each amber wave that welleth
From its home beneath the sea;
In the moss upon the granite,
In each calm secluded bay,
With the zephyr winds that fan it
With their sweet breaths all the day—
On the waters, on the shore,
Beauty dwelleth evermore!

CHARLES SANGSTER.

NIGHT AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLES

MYSTERIOUS falls the moon's transforming light
On lichen covered rock and granite wall,
Comes piercing through the hollows of the night
The loon's weird, plaintive call.

Like some great regiment upon the shore
The stalwart pines go trooping up the hill,
And faintly in the distance o'er and o'er
Echoes the whip-poor-will.

Like silhouettes the dreaming islands keep
Their silent watches, mirrored in the tide,
While in their labyrinthine aisles some deep,
Still mystery seems to hide.

From out the shadows dim against the sky
Come stealing shadow-ships not made of men,
Faint phantom barques that slowly drifting by
Are swallowed up again.

While silently beneath, the river flows,
Unfathomed, dark, a great resistless tide,
Within its bosom deep the virgin snows
From many a mountain side.

And, drifting with the current, how we feel
The haunting witchery of Beauty's spell!
The world we left behind seems all unreal,
Where such enchantments dwell.

The vexing cares that overfill our days
Slip stealthily away, and we are wooed
Back to the healing, half-forgotten ways
Of peace and solitude.

HELENA COLEMAN.

VAPOUR AND BLUE

Domed with the azure of heaven,
Floored with a pavement of pearl,
Clothed all about with a brightness
Soft as the eyes of a girl,

Girt with a magic girdle,
Rimmed with a vapour of rest—
These are the inland waters,
These are the lakes of the west.

Voices of slumberous music,
Spirits of mist and flame,
Moonlit memories, left here
By gods who long ago came,

And vanishing left but an echo
In silence of moon-dim caves,
Where haze-wrapt the August night slumbers
Or the wild heart of October raves.

Here where the jewels of Nature
Are set in the light of God's smile,
Far from the world's wild throbbing,
I will stay me and rest awhile.

And store in my heart old music,
Melodies gathered and sung
By the genies of love and beauty
When the heart of the world was young.

LAKE HURON

(*October*)

Miles and miles of lake and forest,
Miles and miles of sky and mist,
Marsh and shoreland, where the rushes
Rustle, wind and water kissed;
Where the lake's great face is driving,
Driving, drifting into mist.

Miles and miles of crimson glories,
Autumn's wondrous fires ablaze;
Miles of shoreland, red and golden,
Drifting into dream and haze;
Dreaming where the woods and vapours
Melt in myriad misty ways.

Miles and miles of lake and forest,
Miles and miles of sky and mist;
Wild birds calling, where the rushes
Rustle, wind and water kissed;
Where the lake's great face is driving,
Driving, drifting into mist.

W. WILFRED CAMPBELL.

LAKE SCENE IN WESTERN CANADA

(*Drowned land by the Lake Shore—An autumnal twilight scene*)

THE dead trees stand around—gaunt, bleach'd, and bare—
Like skeletons of strange weird things that were—
The black ooze trailing at their tangled roots:
Far off a solitary owlet hoots,
And, all beyond, the great grey waters lie
Pale in the gleam of stars. The night's faint sigh
Floats o'er the pine-plumed islets, looking now
Like phantom ships that come with silent prow
And shadowy sails from some forgotten shore
Lost in the haze of years that come no more,
Save in the semblance of a memory
Re-born in summer dreams—

E. J. CHAPMAN.

THE SECRET OF THE SANGUENAY

LIKE a fragment of torn sea-kale,
Or a wraith of mist in a gale,
There comes a mysterious tale
Out of the stormy past;
How a fleet with a living freight,
Once sailed through the rocky gate

Of the river so desolate,
This chasm so black and vast.

'Twas Cartier, the sailor bold,
Whose credulous lips had told
How glittering gems and gold
Were found in that lonely land;
How out of the priceless hoard
Within their rough bosoms stored,
These towering mountains poured
Their treasures upon the strand.

Allured by the greed of gain
Sieur Roberval turned again,
And, sailing across the main,
Passed up the St. Lawrence tide;
He sailed by the frowning shape
Of Jacques Cartier's Devil's Cape,
Till the Sanguenay stood agape
With hills upon either side.

Around him the sunbeams fell
On the gentle St. Lawrence swell,
As though by some mystic spell
The water was turned to gold;
But as he pursued, they fled,
Till his vessels at last were led
Where, cold and sullen and dead,
The Sanguenay river rolled.

Chill blew the wind in his face,
As, still on his treasure chase,
He entered that gloomy place
Whose mountains in stony pride,
Still, soulless, merciless, sheer,
Their adamant sides uprear,
Naked and brown and drear,
High over the murky tide.

No longer the sun shone bright
On the sails that, full and white,
Like sea-gulls winging their flight
Dipped in the silent wave;

But shadows fell thick around,
Till feeling and sight and sound
In their awful gloom were drowned,
And sank in a depthless grave.

Far over the topmost height
Great eagles had wheeled in flight,
But, wrapped in the gloom of night,
They ceased to circle and soar;
Grim silence reigned over all,
Save that from a rocky wall
A murmuring waterfall
Leapt down to the river shore.

O! merciless wall of stone,
What happened that night is known
By you, and by you alone;
Though the eagles unceasing scream;
How once through that midnight air,
For an instant a trumpet's blare,
And the voices of men in prayer,
Arose from the murky stream.

ARTHUR WEIR.

NIAGARA

A THOUSAND streams all gather into one
And in thy thunders sink;
Four mighty seas to thy dread margin run,
And dare thy awful brink.

The shock of cavalry in battle-sweep,
The might of war's impact,
Are whispers to the thunder o'er the steep
Of thy great cataract.

While yet there was no ear to hear thy moan
And all the earth was young,
Out on the lonely air thy monotone
Its deep vibrations flung.

The sun was painting rainbows on the mist
That veiled thy watery crown,
When fierce Cambyses staggered all the East
And trampled Egypt down.

Still boomed thy flood in ceaseless cannonade,
And seethed in yeasty foam,
When Goth and Vandal in destruction laid
The towers of ancient Rome.

Thy torrent breaks the adamantine rock
And hurls it from the height;
The firm-knit earth cannot withstand the shock
Of thy propulsive might.

How wild the storm that ever downward sweeps
The whirlwind of thy foam,
How still the sky that all thy water weeps
The raindrops from its dome.

Sublime and silent is that mighty force
That dwells within these forms
Whose wings of mist soar upward in their course
And veil thy breast in storms.

Howe'er resistlessly thy fury sweeps,
How vast soe'er thy powers,
In gravitation all thy glory sleeps,
Thy substance in the showers.

DR. ALBERT D. WATSON.

THE TEMPLE OF THE AGES

THESE mountains sleep, white winter's mantle round them,
The thunder's voice no longer breaks their rest;
From bluest heights the sun beholds with rapture
The noble pose of each gigantic crest.

The Generations of the clouds have vanished
Which lingered idly here through autumn days;
The leaves have gone, the voices of the tempest
No longer roll to heaven their hymn of praise.

Deep hid in snow the streams with muffled murmurs
  Pour down dark caverns to the infinite sea;
The awful peace has vexed their restless childhood;
  They hurry from its solemnity.

Even the climbing woods are mute and spellbound,
  And, halting midway on the steep ascent,
The patient spruces hold their breath for wonder,
  Nor shake the snow with which their boughs are bent.

Now as the sun goes down with all his shining,
  Huge shadows creep among these mighty walls,
And on the haunting ghosts of by-gone ages
  The dreamy splendour of the starlight falls.

Not Nineveh, nor Babylon, nor Egypt,
  In all their treasures 'neath the hungry sand
Can show a sight so awful or majestic
  As this waste temple in this newer land.

The king that reared these mighty courts was Chaos,
  His servants, fire and elemental war;
The Titan hands of Earthquake and of Ocean
  These granite slabs and pillars laid in store.

And, lauding here the vast and loving Father,
  The ages one by one have knelt and prayed,
Until the ghostly echoes of their worship
  Come back and make man's puny heart afraid.

F. G. Scott.

THE PIONEERS

All you who in your acres broad
  Know Nature in its charms,
With pictured dale and fruitful sod,
  And herds on verdant farms,
Remember those who fought the trees
  And early hardships braved,
And so for us of all degrees
  All from the forest saved.

And you who stroll in leisured ease
  Along your city squares,
Thank those who there have fought the trees
  And howling wolves and bears.
They met the proud woods in the face,
  Those gloomy shades and stern;
Withstood and conquered, and your race
  Supplants the pine and fern.

Where'er we look their work is there,
  Now land and man are free:
On every side the view grows fair,
  And perfect yet shall be.
The credit their's, who all day fought
  The stubborn giant hosts;
We have but built on what they wrought,
  Their's were the honour-posts.

Though plain their lives and rude their dress,
  No common men were they;
Some came for scorn of slavishness
  That ruled lands far away;
And some came here for conscience's sake,
  For Empire and for King;
And some for Love a home to make,
  Their dear ones here to bring.

First staunch men left, for Britain's name,
  The South's prosperity;
And Highland clans from Scotland came—
  Their sires had aye been free;
And England oft her legions gave
  To found a race of pluck;
And ever came the poor and brave
  And took the axe and struck.

Each hewed, and saw a dream-like home!
  Hewed on—a settlement!
Struck hard—through mists the spire and dome
  The distance rim indent!
So honoured be they midst your ease,
  And give them well their due;
Honour to those who fought the trees,
  And made a land for you!

WILLIAM DOUW LIGHTHALL.

COMPANIONS IN SOLITUDE, OR REMINISCENCES OF THE BUSH

THIS generation ne'er can know
The toils we had to undergo,
While laying the great forests low.

For many a weary year I wrought,
With poverty and hardship fought,
And hardly had I time for thought.

In every stroke, in every blow,
In every towering pine laid low,
I felt a triumph o'er a foe.

Each knotty hemlock old and brown,
Each elm in thunder hurling down,
A jewel added to my crown.

If e'er my heart within me died,
Then up would start my stubborn pride,
And dash the coward thoughts aside!

And hope kept ringing in my ear,
"Be brave; for what hast thou to fear—
The heavens are watching o'er thee here!"

But still some wandering sympathy,
Some song learned on my mother's knee—
Came with the bread of life to me.

Save for those rain drops from on high—
Those fountains opened in the sky—
My life streams would have all gone dry.

Until that time I little knew
What books for lonely hearts can do,
Till spirits round my hearth they drew.

My cabin seemed a whole world wide!
Kings entered in without their pride,
And warriors laid their swords aside!

There came the Saxon, there the Celt,
And all had knelt where I had knelt,
For all had felt what I had felt.

I saw—from clime and creed apart—
Still heaving 'neath their robes of art—
The universal human heart.

And Homer and Sir Walter Scott—
They entered in my humble cot
And cheered with tales my lonely lot.

And Burns came singing songs divine,
His heart and soul in every line;
A glorious company was mine.

I was a brother to the great!
Shakespeare himself on me did wait,
With leaves torn from the book of fate.

They asked me not of rank or creed,
And yet supplied my spirit's need;
O, they were comforters indeed!

And showed me by their magic art,
Those awful things at which we start—
That hover round the human heart.

Fate, ever watching with her shears!
And mixing all our hope with fears,
And drenching all our joys in tears.

They showed how contradictions throng;
How by our weakness we are strong;
And how we're righted by the wrong:

Unveiled new regions to my sight,
And made the weary winter's night,
A perfect revel of delight.

ACRES OF YOUR OWN

HERE's the road to independence,
Who would bow and dance attendance!
Who with e'er a spark of pride,
While the bush is wild and wide,
Would be but a hanger-on,
Begging favours from a throne;
While beneath yon smiling sun,
Farms by labour can be won.
Up! be stirring, be alive,
Get upon a farm and thrive!
He's a king upon a throne,
Who has acres of his own!

Tho' the cabin's walls are bare,
What of that, if love is there?
What, although your back is bent,
There are none to hound for rent;
What, tho' you must chop and plough,
None dare ask, "What doest thou?"
What, tho' homespun be your coat,
Kings might envy you your lot.
Up! be stirring, be alive,
Get upon a farm and thrive!
He's a king upon a throne,
Who has acres of his own!

Honest labour thou would'st shirk—
Thou art far too good for work;
Such gentility's a fudge,
True men all must toil and drudge.
Nature's true nobility
Scorns such mock gentility;
Fools but talk of blood and birth—
Every man must prove his worth.
Up! be stirring, be alive,
Get upon a farm and thrive!
He's a king upon a throne
Who has acres of his own!

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

SONG OF THE AXE

HIGH grew the snow beneath the low hung sky,
And all was silent in the wilderness;
In trance of stillness Nature heard her God
Rebuilding her spent fires, and veil'd her face
While the Great Worker brooded o'er His work.

"Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree,
What doth thy bold voice promise me?"

"I promise thee all joyous things,
That furnish forth the lives of Kings!"

"For every silver ringing blow,
Cities and palaces shall grow!"

"Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree,
Tell wider prophecies to me."

"When rust hath gnaw'd me deep and red,
A nation strong shall lift her head!"

"His crown the very Heavens shall smite,
Æons shall build him in his might!"

"Bite wide and deep, O Axe, the tree;
Bright Seer, help on thy prophecy!"

Max smote the snow-weight'd tree, and lightly laughed.
"See friend," he cried to one that look'd and smil'd,
"My axe and I—we do immortal tasks—
We build up nations, this my axe and I!"

ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

CANADIAN CAMPING SONG

A WHITE tent pitched by a glassy lake,
Well under a shady tree,
Or by rippling rills from the grand old hills,
Is the summer home for me.
I fear no blaze of the noontide rays,
For the woodland glades are mine,
The fragrant air, and that perfume rare
The odour of forest pine.

Chorus

The wild woods, the wild woods,
The wild woods give me;
The wild woods of Canada,
The boundless and free!

A cooling plunge at the break of day,
A paddle, a row, or sail,
With always a fish for a mid-day dish,
And plenty of Adam's ale.
With rod or gun, or in hammock swung,
We glide through the pleasant days;
When darkness falls on our canvas walls,
We kindle the camp fire's blaze.

From out the gloom sails the silv'ry moon,
O'er forests dark and still,
Now far, now near, ever sad and clear,
Comes the plaint of the whip-poor-will;
With song and laugh, and with kindly chaff,
We startle the birds above,
Then rest tired heads on our cedar beds,
To dream of the ones we love.

J. D. EDGAR.

VOYAGEUR'S SONG

Our mother is the good, green earth,
Our seat her bosom broad;
And sure in plenty and in dearth
Of our six feet of sod,
We welcome fate with careless mirth
And dangerous paths have trod,
Holding our lives of little worth,
And fearing none but God.

When ankle deep, bright streamlets slide
Above the fretted sand,
Our frail canoes, like shadows, glide
Swift through the silent land;
Nor should, broad-shouldered, in some tide
Rocks rise on every hand,
Our path will we confess denied,
Nor cowardly seek the strand.

The foam may leap like frightened cloud
That hears the tempest scream,
The waves may fold their whitened shroud
Where ghastly ledges gleam;
With muscles strained and backs well bowed
And poles that breaking seem,
We shoot the sault, whose torrents proud
Itself our lord did deem.

The broad traverse is cold and deep,
And treacherous smiles it hath,
And with its sickle of death doth reap,
With woe for aftermath:
But though the wind-vexed waves may leap,
Like cougars, in our path,
Still forward on our way we keep,
Nor heed their futile wrath.

Where glitter trackless wastes of snow
Beneath the Northern light,

On netted shoes we noiseless go,
  Nor heed though keen winds bite.
The shaggy bears our prowess know,
  The white fox fears our might,
And wolves, when warm our camp fires glow,
  With angry snarls take flight.

Where forest fastnesses extend,
  Ne'er trod by man before,
Where cries of loon and wild duck blend
  With some dark torrent's roar,
And timid deer, unawed, descend
  Along the lake's still shore,
We blaze the trees and onward wend
  To ravish nature's store.

Leve, Leve, and *Couche,* at morn and eve
  These calls the echoes wake.
We rise and forward fare, nor grieve
  Though long portage we make,
Until the sky the sun gleams leave
  And shadows cowl the lake;
And then we rest and fancies weave
  For wife or sweetheart's sake.

ARTHUR WEIR.

AT THE CEDARS

You had two girls, Baptiste,
  One is Virginie—
Hold hard, Baptiste,
  Listen to me.

The whole drive was jammed,
In that bend at the Cedars;
The rapids were dammed
And crammed; you might know
The devil had clinched them below.

We worked three days—not a budge!
  " She's tight as a wedge,
  On the ledge,"
  Says our foreman,

" Mon Dieu! boys, look here,
We must get this thing clear."
He cursed at the men,
And we went for it then,
With our cant-dog's crow;
We just gave " he yo ho,"
When she gave a big shove
From above.

The gang yelled, and bore
For the shore;
The logs gave a grind,
Like a wolf's jaws behind,
And as quick as a flash,
With a shove and a crash,
They were down in a mash.
But I and ten men,
All, but Isaac Dufour,
Were ashore.

He leaped on a log in front of the rush,
And shot out from the bend,
While the jam roared behind;
As he floated along,
He balanced his pole,
And tossed us a song.

But just as we cheered,
Up darted a log from the bottom,
Leaped thirty feet, fair and square,
And came down on his own.

He went up like a block
With the shock;
And when he was there,
In the air,
Kissed his hand
To the land.
When he dropped
My heart stopped,
For the front logs had caught him;

And crushed him;
When he rose in his place
There was blood on his face.

There were some girls, Baptiste,
Picking berries on the hillside,
Where the river curls, Baptiste,
You know—on the still side;
She was down by the water,
She saw Isaac
Fall back.

She didn't scream, Baptiste;
She launched her canoe—
It did seem, Baptiste,
That she wanted to die too,
For before you could think,
The birch cracked like a shell
In that rush of hell,
And I saw them both sink—

Baptiste!—

He had two girls,
One is Virginie;
What God calls the other
Is not known to me.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

THE MUSIC OF THE REEL

COME! All ye jolly fishermen, who love a cheerful song
Around the blazing camp-fire, where hearts are true and leal,
To the gentle art whose mysteries ye have studied well and long,
And join with me in praise of the "music of the reel!"

They may prate to us of Wagner, or Beethoven, or Mozart,
Of harmony and melody, ecstatically kneel

In soul-entrancing rapture at the shrine of classic art—
But we love the simple rhythm of the "music of the reel."

By the swiftly rushing river, or the calm and peaceful lake,
Where Nature's choir makes music that the dullest soul must feel;
When the sun peeps through the tree-tips, calling slumberers to wake,
Then the heart beats time responsive to the "music of the reel."

There's gladness in the bird's wild flight, or rush of captured fish;
Contentment in a hard-earned bag or in a well-filled creel;
But the sportsman's pulse-beats quicken as he hears the well-known "swish,"
And the line runs whistling merrily "the music of the reel."

Then a health to all true fishermen, a bumper let it be!
Shake up the blazing pine-knots ere the shades upon us steal!
And when the darksome night sinks down, and we but dimly see,
May whispering memories sing to us "the music of the reel!"

J. M. Baylis.

THE MIXER

They are fresh from all creation, from the lands beyond the seas,
Where a man accepts existence by the grace of "if you please,"
From the homes of rank and title, from the slums of want and woe,
They are coming as the cattle that have nowhere else to go;
They are haggard, huddled, homeless, frightened at—they know not what;
With a few unique exceptions they're a disappointing lot;
But I take 'em as I get 'em, soldier, sailor, saint, and clown,
And I turn 'em out Canadians—all but the yellow and brown.

Oh, I take 'em from the counter, the factory, the mine,
They are rough-and-ready rascals till I lick 'em into line;
They are coming, coming, coming, from the land of Who-Knows-Where;
Black and white and many-tinted, brown and yellow, dark and fair;
They are coming from the valley, from the prairie, from the hill,
They are coming from the "May I?" to the country of "I Will";
And for some the smart of failure, and for some achievement's crown,
As I roll 'em out Canadians—all but the yellow and brown.

In my new-made day-old cities I apply them to the test,
Where they mix and clash and scramble with the Spirit of the West;
With the lust of gain before them, and the lust of sin within,
Where a few go down the deeper, but the many rise and win;
Where the sons of men are equal in the eyes of other men,
And the man who falls defeated rises up to fight again;
I mix 'em, mix 'em, mix 'em, in the turmoil of the town,
As I turn 'em out Canadians—all but the yellow and brown.

And I take 'em in the forest, where the axes bite the tree,
And I school 'em in the building of this country of the free;
In the vermin-glutted bunk-house they can spend the stingy nights,
Where their only recreations are the "blow-outs" and the fights;
In the spring they're on the river, where the logs go racing by,
And they haven't time to wonder who will be the next to die,
There are some will ride in safety, while the others quietly drown,
As I turn 'em out Canadians—all but the yellow and brown.

In the camps of railway builders you will find 'em by the score,
Where a man is set to doing things he never saw before,
Where they set the greenhorn handling glycerine and dynamite—
Just a stumble or a mishap and it blows him out of sight—

Where the Yankee fights with fire-arms, and the Dago with his knife,
And a little bit of banter may cost a man his life;
Where they learn to reach for weapons at the signal of a frown—
There I turn 'em out Canadians—all but the yellow and brown.

In the silent sunlit prairies they are list'ning to the call
That is calling, calling, calling, " Come you up, why will you fall?
Here is pay for every worker, here's reward for honest toil,
And a man may grow to heaven if his roots are in the soil."
They are putting off the old things, they are trying on the new,
In the battle with conditions they are proving what is true;
They are earnest, they are hopeful, and no hand can hold them down,
As I roll 'em out Canadians—all but the yellow and brown.

In the great big white-walled winter, when the soul cries out in dread—
In the nameless dread of winter when the summer hopes are dead—
When the thoughts turn backward, backward, to the land beyond the sea,
And the weak ones and the false ones would renounce their faith in me—
Then I curse them, starve them, freeze them, until every naked bone
Rattles in the howling blizzard, " I accept you as my own."
In the sacrament of suffering their memories I drown
As I roll 'em out Canadians—all but the black and brown.

In the city, on the prairie, in the forest, in the camp,
In the mountain clouds of colour, in the fog-white river damp,
From Atlantic to Pacific, from the Great Lakes to the Pole,
I am mixing strange ingredients into a common whole;
Every hope shall build upon me, every heart shall be my own,
The ambitions of my people shall be mine, and mine alone;
Not a sacrifice so great, but they will gladly lay it down,
When I turn them out Canadians—all but the black and brown.

A PRAIRIE HEROINE

THEY were running out the try lines, they were staking out the grade;
Through the hills they had to measure, through the sloughs they had to wade;
They were piercing unknown regions, they were crossing nameless streams,
With the prairie for a pillow, and the sky above their dreams;
They were mapping unborn cities in the age-long pregnant clay,
When they came upon a little mound across the right-of-way.

There were violets growing on it, and a buttercup or two,
That whispered of affection ever old and ever new,
And a little ring of white-washed stones, light in the summer sun,
But of marble slab or granite, pile or pillar, there was none;
And across the sleeping prairie lay a little, low-built shack,
With a garden patch before it and a wheat-field at its back.

"Well, boys, we'd better see him, and he hadn't ought to kick,
For we'll give him time to move it if he does it pretty quick."
But—scarcely had the foreman spoke when straight across the farm
They saw the settler coming with a rifle on his arm;
Some would ha' hiked for cover but they had no place to run,
But most of them decided they would stay and see the fun.

The farmer was the first to speak, "I hate to interfere,
And right glad I am to see the railway comin' near;
But before you drive your pickets across this piece of land
You ought to hear the story or you will not understand:
It's the story of a girl who was as true as she was brave,
And all that now remains of her is in that little grave.

"I didn't want to bring her when I hit the trail out West,
I knew I shouldn't do it, and I did my level best
To coax her not to come out for a year or two, at least,
But to stay and take it easy with her friends down in the East;

But while I coaxed and argued I was feelin' mighty glum,
And right down in my heart I kep' a-hopin' she would come.

"Well, by rail and boat and saddle we got out here at last,
A-livin' in the future, and forgettin' of the past;
We built ourselves a little home, and in our work and care
It seemed to me she always took what was the lion's share;
God knows just what she suffered, but she hid it with a smile,
And made out that she thought I was the only thing worth while.

"She stood it through the summer and the warm brown days of fall,
And of the voices calling her she would not hear the call;
But when the winter settled with its cold, white pall of snow,
She seemed to whiten with it, but she thought I did not know;
At last I couldn't stand it any longer, so I said,
'I think you'd better try and spend a day or two in bed
While I go for a doctor. It's only sixty miles!'
She gave a little wistful look, half hidden in her smiles,
And said, 'Perhaps you'd better, though I think I'll be all right
When the spring comes.'—Well, I started out that night.

"I made the trip on horseback, and we floundered on all night,
And reached our destination in the early morning light,
But the doctor had gone out of town—just where, no one could say,
And a lump rose in my chest that fairly took my breath away.
But I daren't stay there thinking, and my search for him was vain,
So I bought some wine and brandy and I started home again.

"Forgetful of my horse, I spent the whole night on the road,
Till early in the morning he collapsed beneath his load;
I saw the brute was done for, and although it made me cry,
I hacked into his jug'lar vein and left him there to die;
And then I shouldered the supplies and staggered on alone,
And thinking of my wife's distress, I quite forgot my own.

" She must ha' watched all night for me, for in the morning grey
She saw me stagger in the snow, and fall beside the way,
And God knows how she did it—she was only skin and bone—
But she came out here and found me and dragged me home alone,
And she took the precious liquor that had cost us all so dear,
And poured it down this worthless hulk that's standin' blattin' here.

" I guess you know what happened: I lived, she passed away;
I robed her in her wedding-dress and laid her in the clay;
And every spring I plant the flowers that grow upon her grave,
For I hold the spot as sacred as the Arimathean's cave:
And when the winter snows have come, and all is white and still,
I spread a blanket on the mound to keep out frost and chill.

" Folks say I've got a screw loose, that I've gone to acting queer,
But I sometimes hear her speaking, and I know she's always near;
And sometimes in the night I feel the pressure of her hand
And for a blessed hour I share with her the Promised Land:—
Let man or devil undertake to desecrate my dead,
And as sure as God's in heaven I will pump him full of lead."

They were rough-and-ready railway men who stood about the spot,
They were men that lied and gambled, they were men that drank and fought,
But some of them were sneezing, and some were coughing bad,
And some were blowing noses on anything they had;
And some of them were swallowing at lumps that shouldn't come,
And some were swearing softly, and some were simply dumb.

At last the foreman found his voice; " I guess your claim is sound,
I wouldn't care to run a track across that piece of ground;

We'll have to change our lay-out but I hope we have the grace
To build a fitting monument to mark that holy place;
Put me down for a hundred; now, boys, how much for you?"
And they answered in a chorus, "We'll see the business through."

The passengers upon a certain railway o'er the plain
See a shining shaft of marble from the windows of the train,
But they do not know the story of the girl-wife in the snow
And the broken-hearted farmer with his lonely load of woe,
And none of them have guessed that the deflection in the line
Is the railway builders' tribute to a prairie heroine.

R. J. C. STEAD.

ROUGH BEN

(An Incident of the North-West Rebellion)

"Starved to death," sounds kind o' hard, eh?
But it's true I'm holdin' this 'ere knife,
An' that woman dumped in the grave to-day
Yes, "starved to death," sir, 'pon my life.

Ye wonder how in a land o' plenty
When even Injuns wallop around
With their belts a-loosened of over feedin',
Fur a poor white critter grub ain't found.

Well; 'y' see ther's starvin' deeper'n eatin',
An thet thar woman we slid to-day
Ain't died o' want of bannock and bacon;
No! but a durned sight crueller way.

S'posin' ye sit on the fence rail, mister,
Fur I ain't a-goin' to plow nor sow,
See them there oxen—"G'long, ye beggars!"—
(The flies is eatin' their heads off) "Whoa!"

Wal', some three years ago'n—no matter—
When this yer' place warn't much to see,
Me and Bill Martin and Bo'lin's brother
Cum and squatted, jest whar' we be.

An by'm'bye other folks, learnin'
Land in the great Nor-West had riz,
Cum pourin' in top o' one another,
Each squatter claimin' a patch as his.

An' among the lot that came tom-foolin'
Was an English chap as had no right
To s'periment with a Nor-West winter;
The fool bro't his sister an' took up a site.

Wal', he pitched his tent ('twas a waggon cover),
An' thar' they lived all summer thro',
An' managed some way by winter cummin'
To knock up a shack—jest them thar two.

They didn't mix with the folks 'en gen'l,
But kep in like, an' read fine books,
An' after a spell the lad got ailin',
With worrit an' fretted an' pinched-like looks.

An' soon he stopped goin' out to water
The cattle (two head o' steer he'd bought),
I see'd the gal a-tryin' to lead 'em,
An' I up an' offers to guide the lot.

She wasn't proud with me, sir, never,
Her little hand 'ud lay in my own
Like a grasshopper's wing on an acre of fallow;
An' her eyes! my God! they'd melt a stone.

Wal, he pinched, and coughed, an' nigher'n nigher,
What she, cryin', called " Death's Angel " cum,
An' off he went like a snuff o' candle,
A-takin a homestead beyond the sun.

We ploughed him in—when the sun was settin',
On'y we na'bours around you see;

An' we left him covered, an' her a-cryin'
Sumthin' about " Come back to me."

An' the cattle died—I'm blest if they didn't,
Contrary like—and the claim he owned,
An' plow'd an' sow'd 'th his two gent's handles,
W'ant worth a durn when the Injuns cum.

I found her sittin' and kinder cryin'
By the hill as whar' we had rolled him in;
Lookin' so peaked an' white an' ghost-like
I felt like wishin' she was with him.

Wal! The cattle was dead, the ground w'arnt ready,
An' the Injuns threat'nin' every day
To hang our wigs to the belts as held 'em
Chock full of *rot-gut,* spite of Hudson's Bay.

All at onc't I see'd her trouble,
'Twas want o' wimmin to cuddle her in,
An' the nearest petticoat too, by thunder!
Thirty miles off—an' *she lived by sin.*

An' sooner'n that—wal, I'd give her,
The best I owned, sir, my land an' life;
It was shelter, you see, an' Injuns comin'
Jest frightened her into a-bein' *my* wife.

Oh! Ye may star' an' handle yer shooter,
But, afore high God, she was dear to me;
I toted her back to my old log cabin,
An' worshipp'd the groun' she walked—an' she?

Wal, she *tried* to smile and call me " Benny,"
When all my life I'd been called " Rough Ben,"
An' I carted her roun' like you'd a luck penny,
An' the Injuns? Oh, Gov'ment settled them.

I mind the troops cum marchin' up here,
An' the garrison we was all shut in,
An' among the redcoats thet came paradin'
Was as handsom' a chap as ever I seen.

An' while we popped at the red-skins' top-nots,
  Them soldier fellows as saved our lives
Cum marchin' into the wood-pile barracks,
  An' what did I see with my own two eyes,

But my little girl as I took under cover
  Grow red an' white and fell like a star;
When out from the file that peart-faced stranger
  Shot like an arrow to whar' she war.

Uncle, sez I, or cousin, mebbe,
  As went to school whar' she got them books?
But when he *kissed my gal* I " tumbled,"
  An' shook like the leaves that shadder the brooks.

An' then and thar' I larned her story
  (Too late! for now she was straight my wife),
For the parson said 'twas for ever an' ever,
  An' her nor me couldn't alter our life.

Wal, that evenin' I left them airly
  (I'm a-going' to lead a duck, I sed),
But I know'd that wench's heart was breakin',
  An' I gave her a chance to skip 'th the lad.

But she didn't—I found her thar',
  Mendin' an' bakin' the usual way,
But a look in her eyes thar' was like unto
  A threat'nin' rain on a summer day.

He'd gone an' left her to me as took her
  Jest fur to give her shelter an' care,
(I know'd 'f the brother 'd lived she'd never
  A-looked at me, mor'n them oxen thar).

Somehow she kinder wilted, an' never
  Ask'd no questions, but sort o' still;
With thet look of hunger, a-eatin' her heart out—
  Thet's the kind o' starvin' is sure to kill.

I fetch'd the best of eatin' an' drinkin'
  As was to be bo't in them times out here;

But the days went slidin' into winter,
An', mister, with snow-fly an empty cheer.

She slid away from me sort o' quiet,
W' never a moan, but "Benny, good night!"
An' me an the neighbours, as allus loved her,
Tuck'd her beside him, jest out o' sight.

An' the soldier-lover that left her starvin',
I'd like to put a ball through his hide.
What? honour! Another's!! *You loved her!!!*
My God! *You're the chap for who she died!*

Gimme your hand, and here above her,
Altho' she *was* mine by a parson's swar',
I havn't no right to that gal's ashes,
She died for you, an' you left her thar'.

Me and me oxen's movin' Westward,
You and the gal's best left alone;
She'll rest contenteder; good-bye, I'm goin',
The claim is your'n, go claim your own.

K. B. SIMPSON.

THE SPELL OF THE YUKON

I WANTED the gold and I sought it;
I scrabbled and worked like a slave.
Was it famine or scurvy?—I fought it;
I hurled my youth into a grave.
I wanted the gold and I got it—
Came out with a fortune last fall—
Yet somehow life's not what I thought it,
And somehow the gold isn't all.

No, there's the land (have you seen it?)
It's the cussedest land that I know,
From the big dizzy mountains that screen it,
To the deep death-like valleys below.

Some say God was tired when he made it;
Some say it's a fine land to shun;
May be: but there's some as would trade it
For no land on earth—and I'm one.

You come to get rich (damned good reason),
You feel like an exile at first;
You hate it like hell for a season,
And then you are worse than the worst.
It grips you like some kinds of sinning;
It twists you from foe to friend;
It seems it's been since the beginning;
It seems it will be to the end.

I've stood in some mighty-mouthed hollow
That's plumb full of hush to the brim;
I've watched the big, husky sun wallow
In crimson and gold, and grow dim,
Till the moon set the pearly peaks gleaming,
And the stars tumbled out, neck and crop,
And I thought that I surely was dreaming,
With the peace of the world piled on top.

The summer—no sweeter was ever;
The sunshiny woods all a-thrill;
The greyling asleep in the river,
The bighorn asleep on the hill.
The strong life that never knows harness;
The wilds where the caribou call;
The freshness, the freedom, the farness—
O God! how I'm stuck on it all.

The winter! the brightness that blinds you,
The white land looked tight as a drum,
The cold fear that follows and finds you,
The silence that bludgeons you dumb.
The snows that are older than history,
The woods where the weird shadows slant;
The stillness, the moonlight, the mystery,
I've bade 'em good-bye—but I can't.

There's a land where the mountains are nameless,
And the rivers all run God knows where;

There are lives that are erring and aimless,
And deaths that just hang by a hair;
There are hardships that nobody reckons;
There are valleys unpeopled and still;
There's a land—oh! it beckons and beckons,
And I want to go back—and I will.

They are making my money diminish;
I'm sick of the taste of champagne,
Thank God! when I'm skinned to a finish
I'll pike to the Yukon again.
I'll fight—and you bet it's no sham fight;
It's hell—but I've been there before;
And it's better than this by a damsite—
So now for the Yukon once more.

There's gold, and it's haunting and haunting;
It's luring me on as of old;
Yet it isn't the gold that I'm wanting,
So much as just finding the gold.
It's the great, big, broad land 'way up yonder,
It's the forests where silence has lease;
It's the beauty that thrills me with wonder,
It's the stillness that fills me with peace.

R. W. SERVICE.

THE BALLAD OF HARD-LUCK HENRY

Now wouldn't you expect to find a man an awful crank
That's staked out three hundred claims, and every one a blank;
That's followed every fool stampede, and seen the rise and fall
Of camps where men got gold in chunks and he got none at all;
That's prospected a bit of ground and sold it for a song
To see it yield a fortune to some fool that came along;
That's sunk a dozen bed-rock holes, and not a speck in sight,
Yet sees them take a million from the claims to left and right?

Now aren't things like that enough to drive a man to boose?
But Hard-Luck Smith was hoodoo-proof—he knew the way to lose.

'Twas in the fall of nineteen four—leap year I've heard them say—
When Hard-Luck came to Hunker Creek and took a hillside lay.
And lo! as if to make amends for all the futile past,
Late in the year he struck it rich, the real pay streak at last.
The ripples of his sluicing box were choked with speckled earth,
And night and day he worked that lay for all that he was worth,
And when in chill December's gloom his lucky lease expired,
He found that he had made a stake as big as he desired.

One day while meditating on the waywardness of fate,
He felt the ache of lonely man to find a fitting mate;
A petticoated pard to cheer his solitary life,
A woman with soft, soothing ways, a confidant, a wife.
And while he cooked his supper on his little Yukon stove,
He wished that he had staked a claim in love's rich treasure-trove;
When suddenly he paused and held aloft a Yukon egg,
For there in pencilled letters was the magic name of Peg.

You know those Yukon eggs of ours—some pink, some green, some blue—
A dollar for assorted tints, assorted flavours too.
The supercilious cheechako might designate them high,
But one acquires a taste for them and likes them by and by.

Well, Hard-Luck Henry took this egg and held it to the light,
And there was more faint pencilling that sorely taxed his sight.
At last he made it out and the legend ran like this—
" Will Klondike Miner write to Peg, Plumhollow, Squashville, Wis.? "

That night he got to thinking of this far-off, unknown fair;
It seemed so sort of opportune, an answer to his prayer.

She flitted sweetly through his dreams, she haunted him by day,
She smiled through clouds of nicotine, she cheered his weary way.
At last he yielded to the spell; his course of love he set—
Wisconsin his objective point; his object Margaret.

With every mile of sea and land his longing grew and grew.
He practised all his pretty words, and these, I fear, were few.
At last one frosty evening, with a cold chill down his spine,
He found himself before her house, the threshold of the shrine.

His courage flickered to a spark, then glowed with sudden flame—
He knocked; he heard a welcome word; she came—his goddess came.
Oh, she was fair as any flower, and huskily he spoke:
"I'm all the way from Klondike, with a mighty heavy poke.
I'm looking for a lassie, one whose Christian name is Peg,
Who sought a Klondike miner and wrote it on an egg."

The lassie gazed at him a space, her cheeks grew rosy red;
She gazed at him with tear-bright eyes, then tenderly she said:
"Yes, lonely Klondike miner, it is true my name is Peg,
It is also true I longed for you and wrote it on an egg.
My heart went out to some one in that land of night and cold;
But oh, I fear that Yukon egg must have been mighty old.
I waited long, I hoped, I feared; you should have come before;
I've been a wedded woman now for eighteen months or more.
I'm sorry, since you've come so far, you ain't the one that wins;
But won't you take a step inside—*I'll let you see the twins.*"

R. W. SERVICE.

THE TRAIL OF GOLD

UNDER the ward of the Polar Sea,
Where the great Auroras snap and blaze,
There are crashing blows on the icy bar
That is set at the end of the open ways.
There are axes ringing across the crest,
The sluices shackle the streams that rolled,
As the gamesters gather from east and west,
The men that follow the Trail of Gold.

A black line crawls o'er the glacier's face,
Where the worn pack-horses scrape and slide;
The muskeg swallows and leaves no trace,
The boats go down on the snow-swelled tide.
Blood and bones on the snow and sod,
From the cañons black to the barrens gray,
Blaze the trail that the vanguard trod,
That those who follow may find the way.

There are strange ships west of the lonely isles
Where the red volcanoes burn and freeze;
There's a fading wake o'er the misty miles,
There are smokes that trouble the Smoky Seas.
There are corpses swept from the sinking hull,
As the steamer dips to the swelling gale,
For the rising shark and the wheeling gull
That hunt the sea on the Golden Trail.

The storm sweeps out from its Polar den,
Till the air grows dense with the cutting snow;
The north makes mock of the sons of men,
As the diggers lie in the drifts below.
The workers lie where the last work ceased,
The strong men scatter the lifeless wold;
And the tall wolves howl at the gathered feast—
The hounds that hunt on the Scent of Gold.

FRANK L. POLLOCK.

THE DEACON AND HIS DAUGHTER

He saved his soul an' saved his pork
With old time preservation;
He didn't hold with creosote
Or new plans of salvation:
He said that " works would show the man,
The smoke house tell upon the ham."

He didn't when he sunk a well
Inspect the stuns and gravel
Tew prove that Moses was a dunce
Unfit for furin travel;
He marvelled at them works uv God—
An' broke 'em up tew mend the road.

An' when the circus cum around,
He hitched his sleek old horses,
An' in his rattling waggon took
His dimpled household forces—
The boys tew wonder at the clown
An' think his lot life's highest crown.

He wondered at the zebra wild,
Nor knew 'em painted donkeys;
An' when he gev the boys a dime
Fur cakes to feed the monkeys,
He never thought in enny shape,
He hed descended from an ape.

An' when he saw some shallow-pate,
With smallest brain possession;
He uttered no filosophy
On natur's retrogression
Tew ancient types, by Darwin's rule;
He simply sed, " Wali, durn a fool! "

He never had an enemy
But once a year, tew meetin'

When he and deacon Maybee fought
On questions uv free seatin',
Or which should be the one t' rebuke
Pastor for kissin' sister Luke.

His farm was well enough, but stones
Kind uv stern, ruthless facts is;
And he jest made out tew save a mite
An' pay his righteous taxes,
An' mebbe tote sum flour an' pork
Tew poor old critters past their work.

But on the neatest thing he had
Around the place or dwellin'
I guess he never paid a red
Uv taxes. No mush melon
Was rounder, pinker, sweeter than
The old man's daughter, Minta Ann.

I've been at Philadelfy's show
An' other similar fusses,
An' seen a mighty sight uv stone
Minarveys and Venusses,
An' Sikeys clad in flowers an' wings,
But not much show of factory things.

I've seen the hull entire crowd
Uv Jove's female relations,
An' I feel tew make a solemn swar
On them thar "Lamentations,"
That as a sort of general plan
I'd rather spark with Minta Ann.

You'd ought tew see her dimpled chin,
With one red freckle on it,
Her brown eyes glancing underneath
Her tilted shaker bonnet;
I vow I often did desire
They'd set the plaguey thing a-fire.

You'd ought tew hear that gal sing
On Sabbath, up tew meetin',

You'd kind uv feel high lifted up,
  Yer soul fur heaven fleetin'.
An' then came supper, down she'd tie
Ye tew the earth with pumpkin pie!

I tell ye, stranger, 'twas a sight
  Fur poetry and speeches
Tew see her sitten' on the stoop,
  A-peelin' scarlet peaches
Inter the kettle at her feet—
I tell ye, 'twas a show complete.

Drip-droppin' thru the rustlin' vine
  The sunbeams came a-flitten',
An' sort uv danced upon the floor,
  Chased by the tabby kitten;
Losh, tew see the critter's big surprise
When them beams slipped into Minta's eyes.

An' down her brow her pretty har
  Cum curlin', crinklin', creepin'
In leetle yaller mites uv rings,
  Inter them bright eyes peepin',
Es run the tendrils uv the vine
Tew whar the merry sunbeams shine.

But losh! her smile was dreffful shy
  An' kept her white lids under;
Jest as when darkens up the sky
  An' growls away the thunder,
Them sheeny speckled trout will hide
Beneath them white pond-lilies' pride.

An' then her heart, 'twas made clar thru
  Uv Caleforny metal,
Chock full uv things es sugar sweet
  Es a presarvin' kettle,
The beaux went crazed for menny a mile
When I got the kettle on the bile.

The good old deacon's gone to whar
  Thar ain't no mild contentions

On Buildin' Funds Committees an'
No taxes or exemptions;
Yet still I sorter feel he preaches
An' Minta Ann presarves my peaches.

LA BLANCHISSEUSE

MARGATON at early dawn
Thro' the vineyard takes her way,
With her basket filled with lawn
And with kerchiefs red and gay,
To the stream which bubbles past
Grove, chateau, and clanking mill.
As it runs it chatters fast
Like a woman with a will:
"Blanchisseuse, Blanchisseuse,
Here I come from Picardy!
Hurry off thy wooden shoes,
I will wash thy clothes with thee!"

Margaton's a shapely maid;
Laughter haunts her large soft eye;
When she trips by vineyard shade
Trips the sun with her, say I.
Wooden shoes she lays aside,
Puts her linen in the rill,
And the stream in gossip's pride
Chatters to her with a will:
"Blanchisseuse, Blanchisseuse,
I—I know a thing or two!
Thus this is the latest news,
Some one dreams of eyes of blue!"

Margaton her linen wrings
White beneath her ruddy hands;
O'er her feet the rillet sings
Dimpling all its golden sands:
Hawthorn blushes touch her hair,
Birdlings twitter sweet and shrill,

Sunbeams seek her everywhere;
Gossips on the wordy rill:
"Blanchisseuse, Blanchisseuse,
He who dreams has land and flocks!
Margaton may idly choose
Pebbles in the place of rocks!"

Margaton her linen treads,
Ankle-dimple deep her feet;
Nod the stately green fern heads,
Nod the violets damp and sweet;
Dewy places in the wood
With the ruddy morning fill;
Silenter the downy brood
Chatters on the gossip rill:
"Blanchisseuse, Blanchisseuse,
He who dreams is rich and great!
Margaton may idly choose
Golden sorrow for a mate!"

Margaton her linen wrings;
Day's gold goblet overflows;
Leaves are stirred with glancing wings;
One can smell the distant rose.
"Silly stream, the curé said
Just such warning yesterday!"
Rippling o'er its pebbly bed,
Still the stream would have its say:
"Blanchisseuse, Blanchisseuse,
Yet another tale I know—
Some one dreams of, runs my news,
Golden heart in bosom's snow!"

Margaton her linen spreads,
On the violet bank to dry;
Droop the willows low their heads,
Curious, for her low reply:
"Dearest stream, but yesternight
Whispered Jean those words to me!"
And the rillet in its flight
Buzzed and murmured like a bee:

" Blanchisseuse, Blanchisseuse,
He who dreams is good and true!
How can Margaton refuse?
Blanchisseuse, adieu, adieu."

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER CHERRY

THE farmer quit what he was at,
The bee-hive he was smokin';
He tilted back his old straw hat—
Says he, " Young man, you're jokin'!
O Lordy!—Lord forgive the swar—
Ain't ye a cheeky sinner?
Come, if I give my girl thar,
Where would you find her dinner?

" Now, look at *me*, I settled down
When I was one-and-twenty,
Me, and my axe, and Mrs. Brown,
And stony land a plenty.
Look up thar! ain't that homestead fine?
And look at them thar cattle:
I tell ye, since that early time
I've fit a tidy battle.

" It kinder wrestles down a man
To fight the stuns and mire:
But I sort of clutch'd to that thar plan
Of David and Goliar.
Want was the mean old Philistine
That strutted round the clearin',
Of pebbles I'd a hansum line,
And flung 'em, nothin' fearin'.

" They hit him square, right whar they ought;
Them times I *had* an arm!
I lick'd the giant, and I bought
A hundred acre farm.

My gal was born about them days—
I was mowin' in the medder,
When some one comes along and says,
"The wife's gone thro' the shadder!"

"Times thought it was God's will she went—
Times thought she work'd too slavin';
And for the young one that was sent
I took to steady savin'.
Just cast your eyes on that thar hill
The sugar bush just tetches,
And round by Miller Jackson's Mill,
All round the farm stretches.

"'Ain't got a mind to give that land
To any snip-snap feller
That don't know loam from mud or sand,
Or if corn's blue or yaller.
I've got a mind to keep her yet;—
Last fall her cheese and butter
Took prizes; sakes! I can't forget
Her pretty pride and flutter.

"Why, you be off! her little face
For me's the only summer;
Her gone, 'twould be a queer old place—
The Lord smile down upon her!
All goes with her, the house and lot—
You'd like to get 'em, very!
I'll give 'em when the maple bears
A bouncin' ripe-red cherry!"

The farmer fixed his hat and specks,
And pressed his lips together;
The maple wav'd above his head,
Each gold and scarlet feather;
The teacher's honest heart sank down—
Hou could his soul be merry?
He knew—though teaching in a town—
No maple bears a cherry.

Soft blew the wind; the great old tree,
Like Saul to David's singing,

Nodded its jewelled crown, as he
  Swayed to the harp-strings' ringing;
A something rosy—not a leaf—
  Stirs up among the branches;
A miracle *may* send relief
  To lovers fond and anxious!

O rosy is the velvet cheek
  Of one 'mid red leaves sitting!
The sunbeams played at hide-and-seek
  With the needles in her knitting.
"O Pa!" the farmer prick'd his ears;
  Whence came that voice so merry?
The teacher's thoughtful visage clears—
  "The maple bears a cherry!"

The farmer tilted back his hat;
  "Well, gal—as I'm a human
I'll always hold as doctrine that
  Thar's nothin' beats a woman!
When crown'd that maple is with snow,
  And Christmas bells are merry,
I'll let you have her, Jack—that's so!
  Be sure you're good to Cherry!"

ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

I'LL FOLLOW JANE

I PUT my faith in Janey Smith,
  Religion doesn't bother me;
It's somethin' I don't monkey with;
  I never learned the trick—d'ye see?
They say I'm on the road to hell;
  Jes so—I think my course is plain,
Fer I'm all right and doin' well—
  I've put my faith in little Jane.

Religious folk hev struv and raved,
  An' dun their best at "savin'" me—
What nonsense this fer I've bin saved;
  The pen'tent bench was Janey's knee.

I promised Jane I wouldn't fight,
  Ne'r chaw, ne'r swear, ne'r drink again;
My Saviour kem to me that night—
  A well-worked scheme of Him and Jane.

I uster go to church and sich,
  An' take pertracted meetins in,
They flammixed me, an' which was which
  I couldn't tell amonxt the din.
This hell menagerie business hit
  The wrong side up—it wasn't plain;
I can't surround the church a bit,
  But I can understand my Jane.

She doesn't nag me 'bout my soul:
  She doesn't say I'm soaked in sin;
She sits and sings Roll, Jordan, Roll,
  An' I jest drop a chorus in;
An' when I tell her what they say,
  Thet I am damned an sway behind,
She looks up in her gentle way
  With " Do what's right an' never mind."

The Lord's right hand holds Janey's hand;
  An' her right hand is holdin' me;
Their love is my salvation, an'
  I'm proud to say salvation's free;
An' when I've kep my word a year,
  An' wore off all the old-time stain,
Then I will read my title clear
  To heaven on earth—and little Jane.

R. K. KERNINGHAM.

THE HABITANT'S JUBILEE ODE

I READ on de paper mos' ev'ry day all about Jubilee
An' grande procession movin' along an' passin' across de sea,
Dats chil'ren of Queen Victoriaw comin' from far away
For tole madame wa't dey t'ink of her, an' wishin' her bonne santé,

An' if any wan want to know pourquoi les Canayens should be dere
Wit 'res' of de worl' for shout " Hooraw " an' t'row hees cap on de air,
Purty quick I will tole heem de reason w'y we feel lak de oder do,
For if I'm only poor habitant, I am not on the sapré fou.

Of course w'en we t'ink it de firs' go off, I know very strange it seem
For fader of us dey was offen die for flag of L'Ancien Regime,
From day w'en de voyageurs out all de way from ole St. Malo,
Flyin' dat flag from de mas' above, a' long affer dat also.

De English fight wit' de Frenchmen den over de whole contree,
Down by de reever, off in de wood, and out on the beeg, beeg sea,
Killin' and shootin', and raisin' row, half tam dey don't know wa't for,
W'en its jus' as easy get settle down, not makin' de crazy war.

Sometam' de be quiet for leetle w'ile, you tink dey don't fight no more,
An' den w'en dey' ere feelin' all right agen, Bang! jus' lak' she was before.
Very offen we're beaten dem on de fight, sometam' dey can beat us too,
But no feller's scare in de 'noder man, and bote got enough to do.

An' all de long year she be go lak' dat, we never was know de peace,
Not'ing but war from de wes' contree down to de St. Maurice;
Till de las' fights comin' on Canadaw, an' brave Generale Montcalm
Die lak' a sojer of France is die on battle of Abraham.

Dat's finish it all, an' de English king is axin' us stayin' dere
We're we have sam' right as de 'noder peep comin' from Angleterre.

Long tam for our moder so far away de poor Canayens is cry,
But de new step-moder she's good an' kin', an' its all right bi' me by.

If de moder come dead w'en you're small garçon, leavin' you dere alone,
Wit' nobody watchin' for fear you fall and hurt yourse'f on de stone,
An' noder good woman she tak' your han' de sam' your own moder do,
Is it right you don't call her moder, is it right you don't love her too?

Bâ non, am dat was de way we feel w'en de ole Regime's no more,
An' de new one come, but don't change moche, w'y its jus' lak' it be before,
Spikin' Francais lak' we always do, an' de English dey mak' no fuss
An' our law de sam', wall, I don't know me 't'was better mebbe for us.

So de sam' as two broder we settle down, leevin' dere han' in han',
Knowin' each oder, we lak each oder de French an' de Englishman.
For its curi's t'ing on dis worl', I'm sure you see it agen and agen,
Dat offen de mos' worse ennemi, he's comin' de bes', bes' frien'.

So we're kipin' so quiet long affer dat, w'en las' of de fightin's done,
Dat plaintee is say, de new Canayens forget how to shoot de gun;
But Yankee man's smart, all de worl' know dat, so he's firs' fin' mistak' won day—
W'en he's try cross de line, fusil on hees han', near place dey call Chateaugay.

Of course it's bad t'ing for poor Yankee man, De Salaberry be dere
Wit' habitant farmer from down below, an' two honder Voltigeurs.
Dem feller come off de State, I s'pose was fightin' so hard dey can,
But the blue coat soger he don't get kill, is de locky Yankee man!

Since den w'en dey'se comin on Canadaw we always be treat dem well,
For dey're speennin' de monee lak' gentilhommes an' stay on de bes' hotel.
Den " Bienvenue," we will spik dem, an " Come back agen nex' week,
So long you was kip on de quiet an' don't talk de politique."

Yaas, dat is de way Victoraw fin' us dis Jubilee,
Sometam' we mak' fuss about not'ing, but it's all on de familee,
An' w'enever dere's danger roun' Her, no matter on sea or lan',
Sh'll find that les Canayens can fight de sam' as bes' Englishman.

An' onder de flag of Angleterre, so long as dat flag was fly—
Wit' deir English broder les Canayens is satisfy leev' an' die.
Dat's de message our fader geev us w'en dey're fallin' on Chateaugay,
An' de flag was kipin' dem safe den, dats de wan we will kip alway!

LITTLE BATEESE

You bad little boy, not moche you care
How busy you're kipin' your poor gran'pere
Tryin' to stop you ev'ry day
Chasin' de hen aroun' de hay—
W'y don't you geev' dem a chance to lay?
Little Bateese!

Off on de fiel' you foller de plough
Den w'en you're tire you scare de cow
Lickin' de dog till dey jomp de wall
So de milk ain't good for not'ing at all—
An' you're only five an' a half dis fall,
Leetle Bateese!

Too sleepy for sayin' de prayer to-night?
Never min', I s'pose w'll be all right;
Say dem to-morrow—ah! dere he go!
Fas' asleep in a minute or so—
An' he'll stay lak dat till de rooster crow,
Leetle Bateese!

Dèn wake us up right away tout suite
Lookin' for somet'ing more to eat,
Makin' me t'ink of dem long leg crane
Soon as dey swaller, dey start again,
I wonder your stomach don't get no pain,
Leetle Bateese!

But see heem now lyin' dere in bed,
Look at de arm onderneat' hees head;
If he grow lak dat till he's twenty year
I'll bet he'll be stronger dan Louis Cyr
An' beat all de voyageurs leevin' here,
Leetle Bateese!

Jus' feel de muscle along his back,
Won't geev heem much bodder for carry pack
On de long portage, any size canoe,
Dere's not many t'ing dat boy wont do,
For he's got double joint on hees body too,
Leetle Bateese!

But leetle Bateese! please don't forget
We rader you stayin' de small boy yet,
So chase de chicken an' mak' dem scare,
An' do w'at you lak wit' your old gran'pere,
For w'en you're beeg feller he won't be dere—
Leetle Bateese!

JOHNNIE CORTEAU

JOHNNIE CORTEAU of de mountain,
Johnnie Corteau of de hill,
Dat was de boy can shoot the gun,
Dat was de boy can jomp an' run,
An' it's not very offen you ketch heem still,
Johnnie Corteau!

Ax dem along de reever,
Ax dem along de shore,
Who was the mos' bes' fightin'-man
From Managance to Shaw-in-i-gan?
De place w'ere de great beeg rapide roar,
Johnnie Corteau!

Sam't'ing on ev'ry shaintee
Up on de Mekinac,
Who was de man can walk de log
W'en w'ole of de river she's black wit' fog
An' carry de beeges' load on hees back?
Johnnie Corteau.

On de rapid you want to see heem
If de raf she's swingin' roun',
An' he's yellin', "Hooraw, Bateese, good man!"
W'y de oar come double on hees han'
W'en he's makin' dat raf' go flyin' down,
Johnnie Corteau.

An' Tete de Bouli chief can tole you
De feller w'at save hees life
W'en big moose ketch heem up a tree
Who's shootin' dat moose on de head, sapree!
An' den run off wit' hees Injun wife?
Johnnie Corteau.

An' he only have pike pole wit' heem
On Lac a la Tortue

W'en he meet de bear comin' down de hill,
But de bear very soon is get hees fill!
An' he sole dat skin for ten dollar too,
Johnnie Corteau.

Oh, he never was scare for not'ing
Lak de old coureurs de bois,
But w'en he's getting hees winter pay
De bes' t'ing sure is kip out de way
For he's goin' right off on de Hip Horraw!
Johnnie Corteau.

Den pullin' hees sash aroun' heem
He dance on hees botte sauvage
An' shout " all aboar' if you want to fight! "
Wall you never can see de finer sight
W'en he go lak dat on de w'ole village!
Johnnie Corteau!

But Johnnie Corteau get marry
On Philomene Beaurepaire,
She's nice leetle girl was run de school
On w'at you call parish of Sainte Ursule
An' he see her off on de pique-nique dere,
Johnnie Corteau.

Den somet'ing come over Johnnie
W'en he marry on Philomene,
For he stay in de farm de w'ole year roun',
He chop de wood an' he plough de groun',
An' he's quieter feller was never seen,
Johnnie Corteau.

An' ev'ry wan feel astonish
From La Tuque to Shaw-in-i-gan
W'en dey hear de news was goin' around',
Along on de reever up an' down,
How wan leetle woman boss dat beeg man,
Johnnie Corteau.

He never come out on de evening
No matter de hard we try,

An' he stay on de kitchen an' sing hees song,
" A la clair fontaine,
M'en allant promener,
J'ai trouve l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigner!
Lui y'a longtemps que je t'aime
Jamais je ne t'oublierai,"
Rockin' de cradle de w'ole night long
Till baby's asleep on de sweet bimeby,
Johnnie Corteau.

An' de house, wall! I wish you see it,
De place she's so nice an' clean,
Mus' wipe your foot on de outside door,
You're dead man sure if you spit on de floor,
An' he never say not'ing on Philomene,
Johnnie Corteau!

An' Philomene watch de monee
An' put it all safe away
On very good place; I dunno w'ere,
But anyhow nobody see it dere,
So she's buyin' new farm de noder day,
Madame Corteau.

THE CURÉ OF CALUMETTE

DERE's no voyageur on de reever never run hees canoe d'ecorce
T'roo de roar and de rush of de rapide, w'ere it jump lak a beeg w'ite horse,
Dere's no hunter man on the prairie, never wear w'at you call raquette
Can beat leetle Fader O'Hara de Curé of Calumette.

Hees fader is full-blooded Irish, and hees moder is pure Canayenne,
Not offen dat stock go togedder, but she's fine combination, ma frien';

For de Irish he's full of de devil, an' de French dey got savoir faire,
Dat's mak' it de very good balance an' tak' you mos' ev'ryw'ere.

But dere's wan t'ing de Curé won't stan' it; mak' fun on de Irlandais,
An' of course on de French we say not'ing, cos' de parish she's all Canayen,
Den you see on account of de moder, he can't spik hese'f very moche,
So de ole joke she's all out of fashion, an' wan of dem t'ing we don't touch.

Wall! wan of dat kin' is de Curé, but w'en he be comin' our place
De peop on de parish all w'isper, " How young he was look on hees face,
Too bad of de wedder she keel heem de firse tam he got leetle wet,
An' de Bishop might sen' beeger Curé, for its purty tough place Calumette! "

Ha! ha! how I wish I was dere, w'en he go on de mission call,
On de shaintee camp way up de reever, drivin' his own cariole,
An' he meet blaggar' feller been drikin' jus' enough mak heem act lak' fou,
Joe Vadeboncoeur, dey was call heem, an' he's purty beeg feller too!

Mebbe Joe he don't know it's de Curé, so he's hollerin' " Get out of de way,
If you don't geev me whole of de roadside, saprée! you go off on de sleigh."
But de Curé he never say not'ing, jus' poule on de line leetle bit,
An' w'en Joe try for kip heem hees promise, hees nose it get badly hit.

Maudit! he was strong, leetle Curé, an' he go for Joseph en masse,
An w'en he is mak' it de finish, poor Joe isn't feel it firse classe,

So nex' tam de Curé he's going for visit de shaintee encore
Of course he was mak' beeges' mission never see on dat place before.

An' he know more, I'm sure, dan de lawyer, and dere's many poor habitant
Is glad for see Fader O'Hara, an' ax w'at he t'ink of de law
W'en dey get leetle troub' wit' each oder, an' don't know de bes' t'ing to do,
Dat's makin' dems ave plaintee monee, and kip de good neighbour too.

But w'en we fin' out how he paddle, till canoe she was nearly fly,
An' travel racquette on de winter, w'en snow drif' is pilin' up high,
For visit some poor man or woman dat's waitin' de message of peace,
An' get dem prepare for de journey, we're proud on de leetle pries'.

O! many dark night w'en de chil'ren is put away safe on de bed,
An' mese'f an' ma femme mebbe sittin' and watchin' de small curly head,
We hear somet'ing else dan de roar of de tonder, de win', an' de rain;
So we're bote passin' out on de doorway, an' lissen an' lissen again.

An' its lonesome for see de beeg cloud sweepin' across de sky,
An' lonesome for hear de win' cryin' lak somebody goin' to die,
But de soun' away down de valley, creepin' aroun' de hill
All de tam gettin' closer, closer, dat's de soun' mak' de heart stan' still.

It's de bell[1] of de leetle Curé, de music of deat' we hear,
Along on de black road ringin', an' soon it was comin' near.

[1] The Curé of a French Canadian parish when summoned to a death-bed always carries a bell in his buggy or sleigh. It clears a passage for him and also calls to prayer those within reach of its sound.

Wan minute de face of de Curé we see by de lantern light,
An' he's gone from us, jus' lak a shadder, into de stormy night.

An' de buggy rush down de hillside an' over de bridge below,
W'ere creek run so high on de spring-tam, w'en mountain t'row off de snow,
An' so long as we hear heem goin, we kneel on de floor an' pray,
Dat God will look after de Curé, an' de poor soul dat's passin' away.

I dunno if he need our prayer, but we geev it heem jus' de sam',
For w'en a man's doin' hees duty lak de Curé do all de tam
Never min' all de t'ing may happen, no matter he's riche or poor,
Le Bon Dieu was up on de heaven, will look out for dat man I'm sure.

I'm only poor habitant farmer, an' mebbe I know not'ing at all,
But dere's wan t'ing I'm always wishin', an' dat's w'en I get de call
For travel de far away journey, ev'ry wan on de worl' mus' go,
He'll be wit' me de leetle Curé 'fore I'm leffin' dis place below.

For I know I'll be feel more easy, if he's sittin' dere by de bed
An' he'll geev me de good-bye message, an' place hees han' on my head,
Den I'll hol' if he'll only let me, dat han' till he las', las' breat'
An' bless leetle Fader O'Hara, de Curé of Calumette.

LE DOCTEUR FISET

Oh Docteur Fiset of Saint Anicet,
  Sapré tonnerre! he was leev long tam!
I'm sure he's got ninety year or so
Beat all on de parish 'cept Pierre Corteau,
  An' day after day he work all de sam!

Dat house on the hill, you can see it still,
  She's sam' place he buil' de firs' tam' he came;
Behin' it dere's one leetle small jardin
Got plaintee de bes' tabac Canayen
  Wit' fameuse apple an' beeg blue plum.

An' dey're all right dere for de small boy's scare
  No matter de apple look nice and red,
For de small boy know if he's stealin' some
Den Docteur Fiset on dark night he come,
  An' cut the leetle feller right off hees head.

But w'en dey was rap, an' tak' off de cap,
  M'sieu le Docteur he will say "Entrez,"
Den all de boy pass on jardin behin'
W'ere dey eat mos' ev'ryt'ing good dey fin',
  Till dey can't go on school nearly two t'ree day.

But Docteur Fiset, not moche fun he get,
  Drivin' all over de whole contree,
If de road she's bad, if de road she's good,
W'en ev'ryt'ing's drown on de spring-tam flood,
  An' workin' for not'ing half tam' mebbe!

Let her rain or snow, all he want to know
  Is jus' if anywan's feeling sick,
For Docteur Fiset's de ole fashion kin',
Doin' good was de only 'ting on hees min',
  So he got no use for de politique.

An' he's careful too, 'cos firs' t'ing he do,
  For fear dere was danger some fever case,

Is tak' w'en he's come leetle w'isky chaud,
Den noder wan too jus' before he go,
He's so scare carry fever aroun' de place!

On nice summer day w'en we're makin' hay
Dere's not'ing more pleasant for us I'm sure
Dan see de ole man come joggin' along,
Always singin' some leetle song,
An' hear heem say, " Tiens, mes amis, bonjour! "

An' w'en de cole rain was commence again
An' we're sittin' at home on some warm cornerre,
If we hear the buggy an' see de light
Tearing along t'roo the black, black night,
We know right off dat's de ole docteur!

An' he's smart horse sure, w'at he call " Faubourg,"
Ev'ry place on de parish he know dem all,
An' you ought to see the nice way he go
For fear he's upsettin' upon de snow,
W'en ole man's asleep on de cariole.

I 'member when poor Hormisdas Couture
Get sick on hees place twenty mile away
An' hees boy Ovide he was come " Raquette,"
W'at you call " Snowshoe," for Docteur Fiset,
An' docteur he start wit' hees horse and sleigh.

All de night before de beeg storm she roar,
An' mos' of de day it's de sam' also,
De drif' was filin' up ten feet high
You can't see not'ing dis side de sky,
Not'ing but wan avelanche of snow.

I'm hearing de bell w'en I go on de well
For water de cattle on barn close by,
But I only catch sight of hees cheval blanc
An' hees coonskin coat wit' de capuchon
An' de storm tak' heem off jus' de sam' he fly.

Mus' be le Bon Dieu dat is help him t'roo,
Ole Docteur Fiset an' hees horse " Faubourg,"

T'was somet'ing for splain me, wall I don't care,
But somehow or 'noder he's gettin' dere,
An' save de life Hormisdas Couture.

But it's sam' alway, lak' dat ev'ry day,
He never was spare hese'f pour nous autres,
He don't mak' moche monee, Docteur Fiset,
An' often de only 'ting he get
Is de prayer of poor man, an' wan bag of oat.

Wall! Docteur Fiset of Anicet
He's not dead yet! An' I'm purty sure,
If you're passin' dat place about ten year more,
You will see heem go roun' lak' he go before
Wit' de ole cariole an' hees horse " Faubourg! "

DE NICE LEETLE CANADIENNE

You can pass on de worl' w'ever you lak;
Tak' de steamboat for go Angleterre!
Tak' car on de State, an' den you come back;
An' go all de place, I don't care—
Ma frien', dat's a fack, I know you will say,
W'en you come on dis contree again,
Dere's no girl can touch, w'at we see every day,
De nice leetle Canadienne.

Don't matter how poor dat girl she may be,
Her dress is so neat an' so clean,
Mos' ev'ry wan t'ink it was mak' on Paree,
An' she wear it, wall! jus' lak de queen.
Den come for fin' out she is mak' it herse'f,
For she ain't got moche monee for spen',
But all de sam' tam, she was never get lef',
Dat nice leetle Canadienne.

W'en " un vrai Canayen " is mak' it mariée,
You t'ink he go leev on beeg flat,
An' bodder hese'f all de tam night and day
Wit' housemaid, and cook, an' all dat?

Not moche, ma dear frien', he tak' de maison,
Cos' only nine dollar or ten,
W'ere he leev lak' blood rooster, an' save de l'argent,
Wit' hees nice leetle Canadienne.

I marry ma femme w'en I jus' twenty year,
An' now we got fine familee,
Dat skip roun' de place lak' leetle small deer,
No smarter crowd you never see—
An' I t'ink as I watch dem all chasin' about,
Four boy an' six girl, she mak' ten,
Dat's help mebbe kip it, de stock from run out
Of de nice leetle Canadienne.

O she's quick, an' she's smart, an' got plaintee heart,
If you know correc' way go about,
An' if you don't know, she soon tole you so
Den tak' de firs' chance an' get out;
But if she love you, I spik it for true,
She will mak' it more beautiful den,
An' sun on de sky can't shine lak' de eye
Of dat nice leetle Canadienne.

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND.

ON THE TRAIL

OH, there's nothing like the prairie
When the wind is in your face,
And a thunderstorm is brewing,
And night comes down apace—
'Tis then you feel the wonder
And immensity of space!

Far in the gathering darkness
Against the dying day
The ghostly hills are lying,
The hills that stand for aye—
How in the dusk they glimmer
And palpitate away!

Behind them still there lingers
A hint of sunset gold;
The trail before you stretches,
A long black ribbon unrolled—
Long and black and narrow,
Where the buffalo trod of old.

Though motionless forever,
The prairies seem to keep
The rolling swell and billow
Of some undulating deep,
As to the edge of heaven
And still beyond they sweep.

Between your knees the bronco
Goes hotly o'er the plain,
With rhythmic swing and measure
You feel him give and strain,
And on your cheek come stinging
The first wild drops of rain.

How vast the wild and void!
No living thing in sight,
As to the lonely prairie
Comes down the lonely night,
But in your heart what freedom—
What sense of buoyant flight!

Once more the pulses quicken
With life's exultant pride,
With hope and high ambition,
As on and on you ride,
Till all the old desires
Come galloping beside!

Oh, there's nothing like the prairie
When the wind is in your face,
And the boom of distant thunder
Comes rolling up apace—
'Tis then you feel the wonder
And immensity of space!

FOREST TRAGEDY

AFLOAT upon the tide one summer night,
Dreamily watching how the moonbeams bright
Made little broken rings of fancy light,

And vaguely lost in that half-conscious mood
That steals upon the sense in solitude,
I drifted near a shadowy island wood

Where all was silent, scarce a leaf was stirred
So still the air—when suddenly I heard
The piercing, anguished cry as of a bird

In such distress it made the echoes ring
And set the startled silence quivering—
The wild appeal of some sweet feathered thing

In its extremity. And then a sound,
Half muffled, faint, and all again was drowned
In silence inarticulate, profound.

I went my way, but through that helpless cry,
Unanswered and unheeded from on high,
Rang Fate to me with pitiless reply,

And in my restless heart the old deep strain—
The bitter doubt and wild rebellious pain
I thought were laid—came surging up again.

HELEN COLEMAN.

ON THE CREEK

DEAR Heart, the noisy strife
  And bitter carpings cease;
Here is the lap of life,
  Here are the lips of peace.

Afar from the stir of streets,
The city's dust and din,
What healing silence meets
And greets us gliding in!

Our light birch silent floats;
Soundless the paddle dips;
Yon sunbeam thick with motes
A-thro' the leafage slips.

To light the iris wings
Of dragon-flies alit
On lily leaves, and things
Of gauze that float and flit.

Above the water's brink
Hush'd winds make summer riot;
Our thirsty spirits drink
Deep, deep, this summer quiet.

We slip the world's gray husk,
Emerge, and spread new plumes
In sunbeam-fretted dusk,
Thro' populous golden glooms.

Like thistledown we slide,
Two disembodied dreams
With spirits, alert, wide-eyed,
Explore the perfume-streams.

For scents of various grass
Stream down the veering breeze;
Warm puffs of honey pass
From flowering linden trees;

And fragrant gusts of gum
From clammy balm-tree buds,
With fern-brake odours, come
From intricate solitudes.

The elm-trees are astir
With flirt of idle wings;
Hark to the grackle's chirr
Whene'er the elm-bough swings.

From off yon ash-limb sere,
  Out thrust amid green branches,
Keen like an azure spear
  A kingfisher down launches.

Far up the creek his calls
  And lessening laugh retreat;
Again the silence falls,
  And soft the green hours fleet.

They fleet with drowsy hum
  Of insects on the wing—
We sigh—the end must come!
  We taste our pleasure's sting.

No more then need we try
  The rapture to regain;
We feel our day slip by,
  And cling to it in vain.

But, Dear, keep thou in mind
  These moments swift and sweet!
Their memory shalt thou find
  Illumes the common street.

And thro' the dust and din,
  Smiling thy heart shall hear
Quiet waters lapsing thin,
  And locusts shrilling clear.

THE FOREST FIRE

The night was grim and still with dread,
  No star shone down from heaven's dome;
The ancient forest closed around
  The settler's lonely home.

There came a glare that lit the north;
  There came a sound that roused the night;

But child and father slumbered on,
Nor felt the growing light.

There came a noise of flying feet,
With many a strange and dreadful cry;
And sharp flames crept and leapt along
The red verge of the sky.

There came a deep and gathering roar,
The father raised his anxious head;
He saw the light like a dawn of blood
That streamed across his bed.

It lit the old clock on the wall,
It lit the room with splendour wild,
It lit the fair and tumbled hair
Of the still sleeping child.

And zig-zag fence, and rude log barn,
And chip-strewn yard, and cabin gray,
Glowed crimson in the reddening glare
Of that untimely day.

The boy was hurried from his sleep;
The horse was hurried from his stall;
Up from the pasture clearing came
The cattle's frightened call.

The boy was snatched to the saddle bow,
Wildly, wildly, the father rode,
Behind them swooped the hordes of flame
And harried their abode.

The scorching heat was at their heels;
The huge roar hounded them on their flight;
Red smoke and many a flying brand
Flew o'er them through the night.

And past them fled the wild-wood forms—
Far-striding moose, and leaping deer,
And bounding panther, and coursing wolf,
Terrible eyed with fear.

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And closer drew the fiery death;
Madly, madly, the father rode;
The horse began to heave and fall
Beneath the double load.

The father's mouth was white and stern,
But his eyes grew tender with long farewell.
He said: "Hold fast to your seat, sweetheart,
And ride old Jerry well!"

"I must go back. Ride on to the river,
Over the ford and the long marsh ride,
Straight on to the town, and I'll meet you, sweetheart,
Somewhere on the other side."

He slipped from the saddle, the boy rode on,
His hand clung fast in the horse's mane;
His hair blew over the horse's neck;
His small throat sobbed with pain.

"Father! Father!" he cried aloud,
The howl of the fire-wind answered him
With the hiss of roaring flames, and crack
Of shattering limb on limb.

But still the good horse galloped on,
With sinew braced and strength renewed.
The boy came safe to the river ford,
And out of the deadly wood.

. . . . . .

And now with his kinsfolk, fenced from fear,
At play in the heart of the city's hum,
He stops in his play to wonder why
His father does not come!

C. G. D. Roberts.

THE RAPID

All peacefully gliding,
The waters dividing,
The indolent bateau moved slowly along,
The rowers light hearted,

From sorrow long parted,
Beguiled the dull moments with laughter and song;
" Hurrah for the Rapid! that merrily, merrily,
Gambols and leaps on its tortuous way;
Soon we will enter it, cheerily, cheerily,
Pleased with its freshness and wet with its spray."

More swiftly careering,
The wild rapid nearing,
They dash down the stream like a terrified steed;
The surges delight them,
No terrors afright them,
Their voices keep pace with the quickening speed;
" Hurrah for the Rapid! that merrily, merrily,
Shivers its waves against us in play;
Now we have entered it, cheerily, cheerily,
Our spirits are light as its feathery spray."

Fast downward they're dashing,
Each fearless eye flashing,
Though danger awaits them on every side;
Yon rock—see it frowning!
They strike—they are drowning!
But downward they speed with the merciless tide;
No voice cheers the rapid, that angrily, angrily,
Shivers their bark in its maddening play;
Gaily they entered it—heedlessly, recklessly,
Mingling their lives with its treacherous spray!

CHARLES SANGSTER.

IN THE SHADOWS

I AM sailing to the leeward,
Where the current runs to seaward
Soft and slow,
Where the sleeping river grasses
Brush my paddle, as it passes
To and fro.

On the shore the heat is shaking,
All the golden sands awaking
In the cove;
And the quaint sandpiper winging
O'er the shallows, ceases singing
When I move.

On the water's idle pillow
Sleeps the overhanging willow,
Green and cool;
Where the rushes lift their burnished
Oval heads from out the tarnished
Emerald pool.

Where the very water slumbers,
Water lilies grow in numbers,
Pure and pale;
All the morning they have rested,
Amber crowned and pearly crested—
Fair and frail.

Here impossible romances,
Undefinable sweet fancies,
Cluster round;
But they do not mar the sweetness
Of this still September fleetness
With a sound.

I can scarce discern the meeting
Of the shore and stream retreating,
So remote;
For the laggard river, dozing,
Only wakes from its reposing
Where I float.

Where the river mists are rising,
All the foliage baptising
With their spray;
Then the sun gleams far and faintly,
With a shadow soft and saintly
In its ray.

And the perfume of some burning
Far-off brushwood, ever turning
To exhale;
All its smoky fragrance dying,
In the arms of evening lying,
Where I sail.

My canoe is growing lazy,
In the atmosphere so hazy,
While I dream;
Half in slumber I am guiding
Eastward, indistinctly gliding
Down the stream.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

THE BEECH-NUT GATHERER

ALL over the earth like a mantle,
Golden, and green, and grey,
Crimson, and scarlet, and yellow,
The autumn foliage lay;
The sun of the Indian summer
Laughed at the bare old trees,
As they shook their leafless branches
In the soft October breeze.

Gorgeous was every hill-side,
And gorgeous every nook,
And the dry old log was gorgeous,
Spanning the little brook;
Its holiday robes the forest
Had suddenly cast to earth,
And, as yet, seemed scarce to miss them,
In its plenitude of mirth.

I walked where the leaves the softest,
The brightest and goldenest lay;
And I thought of a forest hillside,
And an Indian day,

Of an eager little child face
O'er the fallen leaves that bent,
As she gathered her cup of beech-nuts
With innocent content.

I thought of the small, brown fingers
Gleaning them one by one,
With the partridge drumming near her
In the forest bare and dun,
And the jet-black squirrel, winking
His saucy, jealous eye
At those tiny pilfering fingers,
From his sly nook on high.

Ah, barefooted little maiden!
With thy bonnetless, sunburnt brow,
Thou gleanest no more on the hillside—
Where art thou gleaning now?
I knew by the lifted glances
Of thy dark, imperious eye,
That the tall trees bending o'er thee
Would not shelter thee by and by.

The cottage by the brookside
With its mossy roof is gone;
The cattle have left the uplands,
The young lambs left the lawn;
Gone are thy blue-eyed sister,
And thy brother's laughing brow;
And the beech-nuts lie ungathered
On the lonely hillside now.

What have the returning seasons
Brought to thy heart since then,
In thy long and weary wanderings
In the paths of busy men?
Has the angel of grief or gladness
Set his seal upon thy brow?
Maiden, joyous or tearful,
Where art thou gleaning now?

MRS. YULE.

THE FISHERMAN'S LIGHT

THE air is still—the night is dark—
No ripple breaks the dusky tide,
From isle to isle the fisher's bark,
Like fairy meteor, seems to glide—
Now lost in shade—now flashing bright
On sleeping wave and forest tree,
We hail with joy the ruddy light,
Which far into the darksome night
Shines redly, cheerily.

With spear high poised and steady hand,
The centre of that fiery ray,
Behold the skilful fisher stand,
Prepared to strike the finny prey—
"Now, now!" the shaft has sped below—
Transfixed the shining prize we see,
On swiftly glides the birch canoe—
The woods send back the long halloo
In echoes loud and cheerily!

Around yon bluff whose pine-crest hides
The noisy rapids from our sight,
Another bark—another glides—
Red spirits of the murky night.
The bosom of the silent stream
With mimic stars is dotted free,
The tall woods lighten in the beam,
Through darkness shining cheerily.

MRS. MOODIE.

THE CANADIAN HERD-BOY

(*A Song of the Backwoods*)

THROUGH the deep woods, at peep of day,
The careless herd-boy wends his way,
By piny ridge and forest stream,
To summon home his noisy team—
Cobos! Cobos! from distant dell
Sly echo wafts the cattle bell.

A blythe reply he whistles back,
And follows out the devious track,
O'er fallen tree and mossy stone,
A path to all save him unknown—
Cobos! Cobos! far down the dell,
There faintly falls the cattle bell.

See the dark swamp before him throws
A tangled maze of cedar boughs,
On all around deep silence broods,
In nature's boundless solitudes—
Cobos! Cobos! the breezes swell,
And nearer floats the cattle bell.

He sees them now—beneath yon trees
His motley herd recline at ease;
With lazy pace and sullen stare
They slowly leave their shady lair—
Cobos! Cobos! far up the dell,
Quick jingling comes the cattle bell.

MRS. MOODIE.

THE FISHERS

WHERE the fishers rocking, resting,
Or anon the billows breasting,
Feel the pathos of the ocean
Where they toss with constant motion,
Drifting on the sea;

All its subtle odours breathing,
When its surges foaming, seething,
Blending with the moving cloud-rifts,
Woo the soft winds and the star-drifts
O'er the mighty sea;

Whether going forth or homing,
In the midnight or the gloaming,
They are drawing in the gladness
Of the sunshine, or the sadness
Of the boundless sea.

One they are with all surrounding,
With the angry surf, resounding,
From the far-off coast and shallows,
One with all that makes and hallows
Memories of the sea.

Lonely dwellers on the ocean,
Evermore your brave devotion
Lives in all your sons, abiding,
Leavening their souls, and guiding
O'er life's fitful sea.

All the ocean's moods and tenses,
Whispers, whimsies, subtle senses,
All its deafening boom and thunder,
All the terror gloom and wonder
Of the stormful sea;

All the restless moaning, shifting,
Mists and shadows, cloud-forms drifting,
Heaving waters, vast unbounded,
Deep, mysterious, unsounded,
Of the changeful sea,

Builded into soul and sinew
Of the fisher, draw and win you,
By the pleasure and the power,
Born of changeful wind and shower
Of the wind-swept sea.

In our nation's many races,
May we never miss the traces
Of the sweep and width and wonder,
Of the calm and storm and thunder,
Of the open sea.

DR. ALBERT D. WATSON.

AT A TOBOGGAN MEET

LIGHT, graceful clouds across the sky
  Are scudding swift to-night,
But fleeter than yon gauze on high
Can flaunt before the moon's full eye
  Our craft career their flight.

Bold privateers, they hurry o'er
  A foamy stretch of sea,
With cargoes laden precious more
Than fabled store on ocean-floor;
  Or wealth of Araby.

Out in the frosty atmosphere
  From their gay decks are flung
The hearty laugh, the ringing cheer,
The mirthful notes full sweet and clear
  That fall from Beauty's tongue.

Adown the long incline they glide,
  And over fields below,
Trim vessels with the wind allied,
The playthings of our northern pride,
  Toboggans o'er the snow.

WILLIAM T. ALLISON.

MIDDAY IN MIDSUMMER

THE sky's great curtains downward steal,
  The earth's fair company
Of trees and streams and meadows feel
  A sense of privacy.

Upon the vast expanse of heat
  Light-footed breezes pace;
In waves of gold they tread the wheat,
  They lift the sunflower's face.

The cruel sun is blotted out,
  The west is black with rain,
The drooping leaves in mingled doubt
  And hope look up again.

The weeds and grass on tiptoe stand,
  A strange exuberant thrill
Prepares the dazed, uncertain land
  For the wild tempest's will.

The wind grows big and breathes aloud
  As it runs hurrying past;
At one sharp blow the thunder-cloud
  Lets loose the furious blast.

The earth is beaten, drenched, and drowned,
  The elements go mad;
Swift streams of joy flow o'er the ground,
  And all the leaves are glad.

Then comes a momentary lull;
  The darkest clouds are furled,
And, lo, new washed and beautiful
  And breathless gleams the world!

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

A CANADIAN SUMMER EVENING

THE rose-tints have faded from out of the west,
From the mountain's high peak, from the river's broad breast,
And silently shadowing valley and rill
The twilight steals noiselessly over the hill.
Behold in the blue depths of ether afar,
Now softly emerging each glittering star;
While later the moon, placid, solemn, and bright,
Floods earth with her tremulous silvery light.

Hush! list to the whip-poor-will's soft plaintive notes,
As up from the valley the lonely sound floats;
Inhale the sweet breath of yon shadowy wood,
And the wild flowers blooming in hushed solitude.

Start not at the whispering, 'tis but the breeze,
Low restling 'mid maple and lonely pine trees,
Or willows and alders that fringe the dark tide,
Where canoes of the red men oft silently glide.

See, rising from out of that copse, dark and damp,
The fire-flies, each bearing a flickering lamp!
Like meteors gleaming and streaming they pass
O'er hillside, and meadow, and dew-laden grass;
Contrasting with ripple on river and stream,
Alternately playing in shadow and beam,
Till fullness of beauty fills hearing and sight
Throughout the still hours of a calm summer night.

MRS. LEPROHON.

MY SUMMER FALLOW

FOR years my summer fallow lay
A wealthy waste of grass and hay—
A wilder place you scarce could match—
The maiden's famous berry-patch.
I've counted, when the skies were fair,
Twenty-and-six bonnets there,
And saw them all in terror break
Before a modest garter-snake!
I ever felt a joy intense
To help each fair one o'er the fence,
And praise her ankles or her face,
And get her thanks with artless grace.
Many a ground-hog I have dug
From out his habitation snug;
And when high hung the noiseless moon
I've laid in wait to meet the coon.

One spot I noticed as the best:
'Twas always greener than the rest:
A deeper, richer, sweeter green
Than elsewhere on the field was seen.
On high the goose-grass waved her plumes;
The sweet white clover spread her blooms;

The red-top grew so thick and rank
That on its knees it swooned and sank!
That spot had always furnished, free,
The village dames with boneset tea:
There 'neath the sheltering mandrake's lid,
The fledgling Bob Whites softly hid;
And none but I the secret knew
Of where the precious ginsing grew.

One autumn, when the woods were brown,
I ploughed the old-time fallow down,
And worked away with tireless feet,
Until 'twas seeded down with wheat.

Next summer—it was plain to view—
Thereon the harvest richer grew;
To keep its feet it did its best—
Then lodged—prone lay its golden crest;
A tangled moist luxuriant square—
The ground-hogs all foregathered there—
And—one famous, wise, and skilled
Will understand—it never "filled."
Ere winter winds began to blow
I took my spade and dug below,
And found some curious carven stones;
Some broken skulls and scattered bones;
A precious string of wampum beads;
A little pot of roasted seeds:
Some needles made of polished bone;
Some broken pipes—an axe of stone—
For I had found the quiet graves
Of long forgotten Indian braves!

O! splendid Resurrection, here!
Renewed with each returning year!
To rise in grass and flowers and trees;
To feed the wild deer and the bees;
To fill with wealth their sheltering sod—
A yearly sacrifice to God!

May I return to thee, O Earth—
The mother dear that gave me birth—

And pay to thee, whene'er I go,
A little of the debt I owe.
Thus, resurrected every spring
I'll hear the merry blue birds sing—
Their voices every May-day morn
Will sweeter sound than Gabriel's horn!
And oft, I hope, my grateful soul
Shall thro' my summer fallow stroll!

R. K. KERNINGHAM.

CANADIAN WOODS IN EARLY AUTUMN

I HAVE passed the day 'mid the forest gay,
In its gorgeous autumn dyes,
Its tints as bright and as fair to the sight
As the hues of our sunset skies;
And the sun's glad rays, veiled by golden haze,
Streamed down 'neath its arches grand,
And with magic power made scene and hour
Like a dream of Fairie Land.

The emerald sheen of the maple green
Is turned to deep, rich red,
As the boughs entwine with the crimson vine
That is climbing overhead;
While, like golden sheaves, the saffron leaves
Of the sycamore strew the ground,
'Neath birches old, clad in shimmering gold,
Or the ash with red berries crowned.

Stately and tall, o'er its sisters all,
Stands the poplar, proud and lone,
Every silver leaf in restless grief
Laments for the summer flown;
While each oak and elm of the sylvan realm,
In brilliant garb arrayed,
With each other vie, 'neath the autumn sky,
In beauty of form and shade.

When wearied the gaze with the vivid blaze
Of rich tints before it spread—

Gay orange and gold, with shades untold
Of glowing carmine and red—
It can turn 'mid the scene to the sombre green
Of the fir, the hemlock, the pine,
Ever keeping their hue, and their freshness too,
Mid the season's swift decline.

Though the bird's sweet song, that the summer long
Hath flowed so sweet and clear,
Through the cool, dim shades of the forest glades,
No longer charms the ear,
A witching spell, that will please as well
As his glad notes, may be found
In the solemn hush, or the leaves' soft rush,
As they thickly strew the ground.

For, though they tell of summer's farewell,
Of their own decay and doom,
Of the wild storm-cloud and snow's cold shroud,
And the days of winter's gloom,
The heart must yield to the power they wield—
Alike tender, soothing, gay—
The beauties that gleam and reign supreme
In our woods, this autumn day.

MRS. LEPROHON.

HARVEST TIME

PILLOWED and hushed on the silent plain,
Wrapped in her mantle of golden grain,

Wearied of pleasuring weeks away,
Summer is lying asleep to-day—

Where winds come sweet from the wild-rose briars,
And the smoke of the far-off prairie fires.

Yellow her brow as the golden rod,
And brown her cheeks as the prairie sod;

Purple her eyes as the mists that dream
At the edge of some laggard sun-drowned stream;

But over their depths the lashes sweep,
For summer is lying to-day asleep.

The north wind kisses her rosy mouth,
His rival frowns in the far-off south,

And comes caressing her sun-burnt cheek,
And summer awakes for one short week—

Awakes and gathers her wealth of grain
Then sleeps and dreams for a year again.

E. Pauline Johnson.

SONG OF THE GOLDEN SEA

Sing, ye ripening fields of wheat,
Sing to the breezes passing by,
Sing your jubilant song and sweet,
Sing to the earth, the air, the sky!

Earth that held thee and skies that kissed
Morning and noon and night for long,
Sun and rain and dew and mist,
All that has made you glad and strong.

The harvest fields of the far, far west
Stretch out a shimmering sea of gold!
Every ripple upon its breast
Sings peace, and plenty, and wealth untold!

Far as the eye can reach it goes,
Farther yet, till there seems no end,
Under a sky where blue and rose
With the gold and turquoise softly blend.

Here, where sweep the prairies lone,
Broad and beautiful in God's eyes,
Here in this young land, all our own,
The garner-house of the old world lies.

Jean Blewett.

AN AUGUST WOOD ROAD

When the partridge coveys fly
In the birch-tops cool and high;

When the dry cicadas twang
When the purpling fir-cones bang;

When the bunch-berries emboss—
Scarlet beads—the roadside moss:

Brown with shadows, bright with sun,
All day long till day is done

Sleeps in murmuring solitude
The worn old road that threads the wood.

In its deep cup—grassy, cool—
Sleeps the little roadside pool.

Sleeps the butterfly on the weed,
Sleeps the drifted thistle seed.

Like a great and blazing gem,
Basks the beetle on the stem.

Up and down the shining rays
Dancing midges weave their maze,

High among the moveless boughs,
Drunk with day, the night hawks drowse.

Far up, unfathomably blue,
August's heaven vibrates through.

The old road leads to all things good;
The year's at full, and time's at flood,

C. G. D. Roberts.

THE SILENT SNOW

To-DAY the earth has not a word to speak.
The snow comes down as softly through the air
As pitying heaven to a martyr's prayer,
Or white grave roses to a blooming cheek.
The footsteps of the snow, as white and meek
As angel travellers, are everywhere—
On fence and briar and up the forest stair,
And on the wind's trail o'er the moorland bleak.
They tread the rugged road as tenderly
As April venturing her first caress;
They drown the old earth's furrowed griefs and scars
Within the white foam of a soundless sea,
And bring a deeper depth of quietness
To graves asleep beneath the silent stars.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

FROST SONG

HERE where the bee slept and the orchis lifted
Her honeying pipes of pearl, her velvet lip,
Only the swart leaves of the oak lie drifted
In sombre fellowship,
Here where the flame-weed set the lands alight
Lies the bleak upland, webbed and crowned with white.

Build high the logs, O love, and in thine eyes
Let me believe the summer lingers late.
We shall not miss her passive pageantries
We are not desolate,
When on the sill, across the window bars,
Kind winter flings her flowers and her stars.

MAJORIE C. L. PICKTHALL.

TREE MEMORIES

THE woodland stretched its arms to me,
And into its heart I went;
While by my side invisibly
Walked musing-eyed Content.

The woodland spake no word to me,
But, oh, its thoughts were sweet;
Against my spirit like a sea
I felt the thought-waves beat.

Before my vision, stained and dull,
The wood-shapes dropped their gold;
The young child-trees were beautiful,
More beautiful the old.

Within their halls of memory
What heavenly scenes are drawn:
The stream, the wild bird's company,
The sky's cool face at dawn;

The golden lances of the sun,
The rain that feels its way,
The twilight steps that one by one,
Lead to the moon's white ray;

The multitude of light leaf-forms
Engraved on earth and air,
The black and gold of midnight storms,
The blue that violets wear:

The wind that brings from clover farms
A picture white and red,
Or later gathers in his arms
The woodland's fragile dead.

These throng the woodland memories;
Upon this perfumed track

The thoughts of all the silent trees
Go wandering back and back.

This is the charm that cometh last,
Of all these sweets the sum:
The feelings of green summers past,
And fair green springs to come.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

THE MAPLE

ALL hail to the broad-leaved Maple!
With its fair and changeful dress—
A type of our youthful country
In its pride and loveliness;
Whether in spring or summer
Or in the dreary fall,
'Mid Nature's fairest children,
She's fairest of them all.

Down many slopes and valleys
Her graceful form is seen,
Her wide umbrageous branches
The sun-burnt reaper screen;
'Mid the dark brown firs and cedars
Her livelier colours shine,
Like the dawn of a brighter future
On the settler's hut of pine.

She crowns the pleasant hill-top,
Whispers on breezy downs,
And casts refreshing shadows
O'er the streets of our busy towns;
She gladdens the aching eyeball,
Shelters the weary head,
And scatters her crimson glories
O'er the graves of the silent dead.

When winter frosts are yielding
To the sun's returning sway,
And merry groups are speeding
To sugar woods away,

The sweet and welling pieces,
  Which form their welcome spoil,
Tell of the teeming plenty
  Which here waits honest toil.

When sweet-voiced spring soft breathing,
  Breaks Nature's icy sleep,
And the forest boughs are swaying
  Like the green waves of the deep;
In her fair and budding beauty,
  A fitting emblem she
Of this our land of promise,
  Of hope, of liberty.

And when her leaves, all crimson,
  Drop silently and fall,
Like drops of life-blood welling
  From a warrior brave and tall,
They tell how fast and freely
  Would her children's blood be shed,
Ere the soil of our faith and freedom
  Should echo a foeman's tread.

Then hail to the broad-leaved Maple!
  With her fair and changeful dress—
A type of our youthful country
  In its pride and loveliness;
Whether in spring or summer
  Or in the dreary fall,
'Mid Nature's forest children,
  She's fairest of them all.

REV. H. F. DARNELL.

AMONG THE PINES

LIKE Druid priests, dark vestured, slim,
  Burdened with mysteries,
They wake throughout their green aisles dim
  Weird melodies.

Rhythmic within their swaying limbs
The prisoned music swells,
Far cadence of cathedral hymns
And calling bells.

The infinite loneliness of night,
Bereft of joy or pain,
And passion of long-lost delight
Ebb in the strain.

The wash of low monotonous waves
On shores unvisited,
The grasses whispering on graves
Where hearts have bled,

The travail of a world that lies
Below our consciousness,
These wandering and plaintive sighs
Faintly express.

The dreaming and unconscious things
Imprisoned in the clod,
Voice through these fitful murmurings
Their thought of God.

HELENA COLEMAN.

THE PINES

O HEARD ye the pines in their solitude sigh,
When the winds were awakened and night was nigh?
When the elms breathed out a sorrowful tale,
Which was wafted away on the wings of the gale;

When the aspen leaf whispered a legend dread,
And the willows waved darkly over the dead;
And the poplar shone with a silvery gleam,
And trembled like one in a troubled dream;

And the cypresses murmured of grief and woe,
And the linden waved solemnly to and fro,
And the sumach seemed wrapt in a golden mist,
And the soft maple blushed where the frost had kissed;

And the spectral birch stood alone in the gloom,
Like an unquiet spirit uprist from the tomb;
And the cedar outstretched its lone arms to the earth,
To feed with sweet moisture the place of its birth;

And the hemlock, uplifted above the crowd,
Drank deeply of mist at the brink of a cloud;
And the balsams with curtains of shaggy green,
Like tents in the distance were dimly seen.

I heard the pines in their solitude crying,
When the winds were awakened, and the day was dying;
And fierce the storm grew, and darker its pall,
But the voice of the pines was louder than all.

CHARLES MAIR.

THE INDIAN PIPE

AROUND the clustering beeches, hidden deep,
When scarce at noon the July sunbeams creep,
Where on the bough the humming bird's small nest
Seems, like a knot of lichen, light to rest,
From the dead leaves of last autumn ripe
Rise the white clusters of the Indian pipe.

Is it an earthly flower or ghostly shade,
From fields Tartarean to our forest strayed?
Or wrought from stainless marble, carven fine
By cunning sculptor in a quaint design,
In mimic semblance of the pipe of peace
That warriors smoke when war and havoc cease?

All waxen white in stem, and leaf, and flower
It stands—a vision strange in summer bower;
But whence the form its bending blossoms wear?
Does the pale bloom a runic legend bear?
Then murmuring rose the breeeze of eventide,
And, whispering low, an ancient sorrow sighed!

Here, long ago, amid this sylvan shade,
There grew in budding bloom an Indian maid,

Her father's only child—his joy and pride—
She seemed a lily by a cedar's side;
Careless she roamed, until one fatal day
A pale-face stranger stole her heart away,

Could a chief's daughter with such lover go?
Leave sire and nation for her people's foe?
Nay! better death than baseness such as this!
Yet youth and joy went with his parting kiss,
And, like another Iphigenia brave,
Swift-ebbing life for sire and race she gave!
But one last boon she sought with parting life—
That with her death should end the vexing strife:
'Twixt white and red man war and feud should cease,
While o'er her grave they smoked the pipe of peace;
And there, ere maize and wilding rice were ripe,
Sprang the pale clusters of the Indian pipe!

THE MAY-FLOWER[1]

When the maple wears its tassels and the birch buds grow apace,
And the willows gleam out golden in the sunset's tender grace,
And the ferns amid the rushes first their curly heads uprear,
Then awakes our wilding blossom, first and fairest of the year—
The May-flower—oh, the May-flower!—sweet of scent and fair to see,
Tiny trailing pink arbutus—chosen flower of Acadie!

Sheltered 'neath the sloping pear-boughs—see its tendrils creeping low,
Gleam in freshly glistening verdure through the swiftly melting snow,
Till the pink buds in the sunshine open wide their throats to fling
From their censers, rarest incense on the balmy air of spring—

[1] The trailing arbutus, the special flower of Nova Scotia.

The May-flower—oh, the May-flower!—sweet of scent and fair to see,
How we hail thee in the springtime—chosen flower of Acadie!

There's the robin plaintive, fluting in the budding boughs above,
And the cat-bird sweetly warbling for the pleasure of his love;
Are they telling the old story, how a gentle Indian maid,
Vainly seeking her lost lover, through the forest tireless strayed?
The May-flower—oh, the May-flower!—sweet of scent and fair to see,
All the woodland feels thy fragrance, chosen flower of Acadie!

Do they tell how—mid her sorrow for the one she held so dear—
Every sad and suffering creature still she sought to help and cheer,
Till there sprang up in the pathway of her ministering feet,
The bright May-flower's tender blossom—full of fragrance rare and sweet?
The May-flower—oh, the May-flower!—sweet of scent and fair to see,
Filled with all the springtime's sweetness—chosen flower of Acadie!

Passing years bring many changes—joy and sorrow come and go,
Yet unchanged the May-flower wakens at the melting of the snow;
Though unseen, its fragrance, breathing through the budding woodland maze,
Brings sweet foretaste of the summer to the changeful April days.
The May-flower—oh, the May-flower! sweet of scent and fair to see,
With love's fragrant breath thou'rt laden, chosen flower of Acadie!

Years have glided into ages, and the centuries grown gray,
Still as fresh and sweet as ever does the May-flower greet the May;

And the heaviest heart grows lighter as it hails thy promise true,
Of the love that lives for ever, and shall make all old things new!
The May-flower—oh, the May-flower!—sweet of scent and fair to see,
Shedding spring's divinest fragrance through the woods of Acadie!

AGNES MAUDE MACHAR.

WHY BLOSSOMS FALL

DEAR Mother Earth her children trees
Clads well in robes of white,
That they may rest in perfect peace
Through all the winter night.

When Spring, the morning, softly dawns,
She calls each sleeping one,
Who wakens, slowly sighs, and yawns,
Till day is well begun.

Soon April brings a shower bath,
And May fresh garments clean;
Bright trimmings gay each maiden hath,
The lads wear sober green.

The sister-winds their playmates are,
The gentle South and West,
And quickly come they from afar
To help them all get drest.

Each garment new is soon unrolled,
And smoothed well in its place,
Till not a crease or crumpled fold
Can anybody trace.

And then they hum a tuneful song
And play at in-and-out,
Until their brothers come along,
And join them with a shout.

The brothers, North and East are rough,
And play with such wild glee,
They tear the pretty trimming stuff
Off every maiden tree.

So this is why the blossoms fall
And leaves oft times look creased;
The boisterous brothers do it all,
The merry North and East.

ALMA FRANCES MCCOLLUM.

THE INDIGO BIRD

WHEN I see,
High on the tip-top twig of a tree,
Something blue by the breezes stirred,
But so far up that the blue is blurred,
So far up no green leaf flies
'Twixt its blue and the blue of the skies,
Then I know, ere a note be heard,
That is naught but the Indigo bird.

Blue on the branch and blue in the sky,
And naught between but the breezes high,
And naught so blue by the breezes stirred
As the deep, deep blue of the Indigo bird.

When I hear
A song like a bird laugh, blithe and clear,
As though of some airy jest he had heard
The last and most delightful word;
A laugh as fresh in the August haze
As it was in the full-voiced April days;
Then I know that my heart is stirred
By the laugh-like song of the Indigo bird.

Joy on the branch and joy in the sky,
And naught between but the breezes high;
And naught so glad on the breezes heard
As the gay, gay note of the Indigo bird.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

SAND PIPERS

MORNING on the misty highlands,
On the outer, shining islands;
Gulls their grey way seaward winging
To the blinking zones of blue—
South winds in the sallows singing,
Where I wander far with you,
Little pipers, careless, free,
On the sandlands of the sea.

. . . .

All day on the amber edges
Of the pools and silver ledges
Of the sedgelands in the sun
Restlessly the pipers run.
Weet, a-weet, a-weet, a-weet—
Sun, and wind, and sifting sand,
Joy of June on sea and land,
Weet, a-weet, a-weet, weet weet.

. . . . .

Evening on the fading highlands,
On the outer, amber islands;
Grey wings folded in the sedges,
In the glimmer of a star
Where the lamps of Algol are,
Shining on a world's white edges.

. . . . .

Moonlight on the sombre forelands,
On the outer, silver shorelands;
Peaceful mists that pale and drift
Seaward like a phantom fleet,
Through a sapphire, shadowed rift—
Weet, a-weet, weet weet, weet weet—
Night, and stars, and empty hushes,
Darkness in the purple rushes,
Weet, weet weet, weet weet, weet weet.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

WHIP-POOR-WILL

THERE is a lonely spirit,
  Which wanders through the wood,
And tells its mournful story,
  In every solitude.
It comes abroad at eventide,
  And hangs beside the rill,
And murmurs to the passer-by,
  "Whip-poor-will."

Oh, 'tis a hapless spirit,
  In likeness of a bird!
A grief that cannot utter
  Another woeful word.
A soul that seeks for sympathy,
  A woe that won't be still;
A wandering sorrow murmuring,
  "Whip-poor-will."

A. MCLACHLAN.

THE NIGHT BIRD

DOWN where the cedars are bending,
Down by the side of the river,
Where the dark waters are wending
Their way to the ocean for ever,
  One night I heard
  A lonely bird
Singing, Oh! so sadly singing,
  There was such pain
  In its wild strain
So plaintive and so ringing.
I paused to listen and methought
The sounds were into meaning wrought;
  While, faint and low
    As sobs of woe,

The lone bird kept repeating
The strange refrain
Of its wild strain,
Where crowded shadows meeting
Made that solitary grove
Like to a grave of love.

"Rolled, rolled in the greedy mould
That taketh and nothing giveth,
Where, where, in a dumb despair,
No hope of the future liveth;
Lies, lies, with o'er-shaded eyes,
A being of many the fairest,
While, while, like a desert isle,
My bosom the night wind barest.
Strong, strong, is the Giant Wrong,
And he mates with a demon cruel;

"Higher, higher, he buildeth a fire,
And human hearts are the fuel;
Bright, bright, in the morning light,
Beauty and love came flying,
Laid, laid, in deathly shade
Ere eve they were crushed and dying!
Woe, woe, against all below
That liveth and loveth is written:
Life, life, is a bitter strife,
Where the best are the soonest smitten.

"Here, here, on this hapless sphere,
All that are beautiful perish;
Hope, hope, hath no wider scope
Than faint recollections we cherish.
Earth, earth, had its hours of mirth,
But woe is an old, old story;
Fast, fast, in the gliding past,
Fleeth our dreams of glory!"

O hush! unhappy thing, I cried,
Though fate hath left thee naught beside
Hast thou not faith and duty?
What matters the loss of a toy of clay—

The perishing birth of a perishing day—
Though it were a thing of beauty!
Can death destroy
The lasting joy
That springs from a hope immortal,
Or can grieving bring
Thee back the thing
That has passed beyond life's portal?
Still, still, from the grave you fill,
Cometh a voice supernal;
Trust, trust, in thy God—He is just—
And thy sorrows will not be eternal!

CAROLL RYAN.

THE CANADIAN WHITETHROAT

FROM the leafy maple ridges,
From the thickets of the cedar,
From the alders by the river,
From the bending willow branches,
From the hollows and the hillsides,
Through the lone Canadian forest,
Comes the melancholy music,
Oft repeated—never changing—
"All—is—vanity-vanity-vanity!"

When the farmer ploughs his furrow,
Sowing seed with hope of harvest,
In the orchard white with blossom,
In the early field of clover,
Comes the little brown-clad singer,
Flitting in and out of bushes,
Hiding well behind the fences,
Piping forth his song of sadness—
"Poor—hu—manity-manity-manity!"

J. D. EDGAR.

THE PELICAN

Upon a Western prairie once I met
A flock of pelicans—a glorious sight!
Now in the sun they gleamed a dazzling white,
Now, circling, darkened to a silhouette;
Great-breasted things with sweeping pinions set
To rhythmic curves of slow, majestic flight,
They rose into the measureless blue height,
Undaunted, radiant—I see them yet.

I see them yet! for when I turn my eyes
Beyond the city walls of my despite,
Behold their buoyant forms still sweep the skies
Like spirits of the air, incarnate, bright,
And something untamed in me seems to rise
And with them breast those boundless seas of light!

Helena Coleman.

THE INJUN

(*An incident of the Minnesota massacre of* 1862)

Ye say the Injuns all alike,
A bad an' sneakin' lot;
An' ain't no use for nuthin',
So the cusses should be shot?

Well, p'raps they is, and p'raps they ain't,
A lazy wuthless crowd;
Yet durn my skin if I kin see
Why white men chin so loud.

Ef some o' them poor devils kicks
'Cause things ain't run quite squar;
An' jumps an Indian agent's ranch,
An' yanks his bloomin' har,

Thar' ain't no thought uv causes,
An' no one cares a cuss,

It's jes' call out the Blue Coats,
An' give 'em somethin' wuss.

Thar's good an' bad in Injuns
An' thar's good an' bad in White;
But somehow they is always wrong,
An' we is allus right.

But I'm an old, old timer,
I've jes' bin here so long,
That I kin mostly allus tell
The ones that's right an' wrong.

An' ye can bet yer sainted life,
When things get steamin' hot,
That some white fool or knave has lit
The fire that biles the pot.

Ye think the Injun isn't squar',
That's jes' whar' ye mistake;
For bein' true to them that's true
The Injun scoops the cake.

For I kin tell ye what occurr'd
Way back in sixty-two,
When things in Minnesota State
Wuz lookin' kinder blue.

The Sioux wer up an' on the shoot,
A-slingin' round their lead,
An' scalpin' every mother's son
That wasn't bald or dead.

Thar warn't a living Yankee—
An' lots sing brave and bold—
That would have crossed the plains alone
For a waggon-load uv gold.

'Cause why? We know'd the Guv'ment
Wuzn't treatin' Injuns fair;
That's why they riz an' painted things
An' raised the settlers' har.

That summer a fur trader
Came up from Montreal,
An' on his way to Gany
He landed at Saint Paul.

An' all the guides an' hunters said
He couldn't cross the plains,
Fo them thar' painted devils
Wuz layin' low fer trains.

He only laffed and said he know'd
The Injuns all his life,
An' he wuz goin' to mosey through
An' take along his wife.

An' she, you bet, wuz plucky,
An' said she'd go along,
For Injuns only went for them
As allus done them wrong.

Now I should smile, 'twuz risky—
An' all the fellers sed
The chances of thar gettin' through
Warn't worth an ounce of lead.

But sure's yer born they started,
Right out the northern trail,
Aboard a prairee schooner,
With a Texan steer fer sail.

An' right a-top that creekin' cart,
Upon the highest rack
That trader nailed a bloomin' rag—
An English Union Jack.

So thar' he'd gone an' done it,
Es stubborn as a mule;
An' knowin' fellers said we's seen
The last of that damn fool.

They wuzn't long upon the trail
Before a band of Reds

Got on their tracks, an' foller'd up
  Agoin' to shave thair heads.

But when they see that little flag
  A-stickin' on that cart
They jes' said, " Hudson Bay, go on.
  Good trader with good heart! "

An' when they struck the river,
  An' took to their canoe,
'Twuz that thar' bit of culler
  That seen 'em safely through.

Fer that cussed little rag
  Went floatin' through the state—
A-flappin' in the face uv death,
  An' smilin' right at fate.

That wuz the way them 'tarnal fools
  Crossed them thar' blazin' plains,
An' floated down the windin' Red
  Through waves with bloody stains.

What give that flag its virtoo?
  What's thar' in red an' blue,
To make a man an' woman dar'
  What others doesn't do?

Jes' this—an' Injuns knowed it—
  That whar' them cullers flew
The men that lived beneath them
  Wuz mostly straight an' true.

That when they made a bargain,
  'Twuz jes' as strong an' tight
As if 'twere drawn on sheep-skin,
  An' signed in black an' white.

That's how them Hudson traders done,
  Fer mor'n two hundred year;
That's why that trader feller crossed
  Them plains without a fear.

An' jes' so long es white men
Don't try some little game,
To euchre out the red man,
So long he'll act the same.

But when the men beneath that flag
Tries any monkey ways,
Then, good-bye, old time friendship,
Fer the Injuns goin' to raise.

But jes' believe me, onst fer all,
To them that treats him fair,
The Injun mostly allus wuz,
And is, and will be, square.

JOHN E. LOGAN.

THE HURON CHIEF'S DAUGHTER

THE dusky warriors stood in groups around the funeral pyre;
The scowl upon their knitted brows betrayed their vengeful ire.
It needed not the cords, the stake, the rites so stern and rude,
To tell it was to be a scene of cruelty and blood. . . .

O lovely was that winsome child of a dark and rugged line,
And e'en 'mid Europe's daughters fair, surpassing she might shine:
For ne'er had coral lips been wreathed by brighter, sunnier smile,
Or dark eyes beamed with lustrous light more full of winsome wile.

And yet it was not wonderful, that haughty high-born grace,
She stood amid her direst foes a princess of her race;
Knowing they'd met to wreak on her their hatred 'gainst her name,
To doom her to a fearful death, to pangs of fire and flame. . . .

One moment—then her proud glance fled, her form she humbly bowed,
A softened light stole o'er her brow, she prayed to heaven aloud:
"Hear me, Thou great and glorious One, Protector of my race,
Whom in the far-off Spirit-land I'll soon see face to face!

"Pour down Thy blessings on my tribe, may they triumphant rise
Above the guileful Iroquois—Thine and our enemies;
And give me strength to bear each pang with courage high and free,
That, dying thus, I may be fit to reign, O God, with Thee."

Her prayer was ended, and again, like crowned and sceptred queen,
She wore anew her lofty smile, her high and royal mien,
E'en though the chief the signal gave, and quick two warriors dire
Sprang forth to lead the dauntless girl to the lit funeral pyre.

Back with an eye of flashing scorn recoiled she from their grasp,
"Nay, touch me not, I'd rather meet the coil of poisoned asp!
My aged sire and all my tribe will learn with honest pride
That, as befits a Huron's child, their chieftain's daughter died."

She dashed aside her tresses dark with bright and fearless smile,
And like a fawn she bounded on the fearful funeral pile;
And even while those blood-stained men fulfilled their cruel part
They praised that maiden's courage rare, her high and dauntless heart.

MRS. LEPROHON.

HOW THE MOHAWKS SET OUT FOR MEDOCTEC

When invading Mohawks captured the outlying Melicite village of Madawaska, they spared two squaws to guide them down stream to the main Melicite town of Medoctec below Grand Falls. The squaws steered themselves and their captors over the Falls.

I

Grows the great deed, though none
Shout to behold it done!
To the brave deed done by night
Heaven testifies in the light.

Stealthy and swift as a dream,
Crowding the breast of the stream,
In their paint and plumes of war,
And their war canoes four-score,

They are threading the Oolastook,
Where his cradling hills outlook,
The branchy thickets hide them;
The unstartled waters guide them.

II

Comes night to the quiet hills
Where the Madawaska spills—
To his slumbering huts no warning,
Nor mirth of another morning!

No more shall the children wake
As the dawns through the hut-door break;
But the dogs, a trembling pack,
With wistful eyes steal back.

And to pilot the noiseless foe
Through the perilous passes, go
Two women who could not die—
Whom the knife in the dark passed by.

III

Where the shoaling waters froth,
Churned thick like devil's broth,
Where the rocky shark-jaw waits,
Never a bark that grates.

And the tearless captives' skill
Contents them. Onward still!
And the low-voiced captives tell
The tidings that cheer them well:

How a clear stream leads them down
Well-nigh to Medoctec town,
Ere to the Great Falls' thunder
The long wall yawns asunder.

IV

The clear stream glimmers before them,
The faint night fallen o'er them;
Lashed lightly bark to bark,
They glide the windless dark.

Late grows the night. No fear
While the skilful captives steer!
Sleeps the tired warrior, sleeps
The chief; and the river creeps.

V

In the town of the Melicite
The unjarred peace is sweet,
Green grows the corn and great,
And the hunt is fortunate.

This many a heedless year
The Mohawks come not near.
The lodge-gate stands unbarred;
Scarce even a dog keeps guard.

No mother shrieks from a dream
Of blood on the threshold stream—
But the thought of those mute guides
Is where the sleeper bides!

VI

Gets forth those caverned walls
No roar from the giant Falls,
Whose mountainous foam treads under
The abyss of awful thunder.

But the river's sudden speed!
How the ghost-grey shores recede!
And the tearless pilots hear
A muttering voice creep near.

A tremor! The blanched waves leap,
The warriors start from sleep.
Faints in the sudden blare
The cry of their despair,

And the captives' death chant shrills,
But afar, remote from ills,
Quiet under the quiet skies,
The Melicite village lies.

C. G. D. Roberts.

SILHOUETTE

The sky-line melts from russet into blue,
Unbroken the horizon, saving where
A wreath of smoke curls up the far thin air,
And points the distant lodges of the Sioux.

Etched where the lands and cloudlands touch and die
A solitary Indian tepee stands,
The only habitation of these lands,
That roll their magnitude from sky to sky.

The tent poles lift and loom in their relief,
The upward floating smoke ascends between,
And near the open doorway, gaunt and lean,
And shadow-like there stands an Indian chief.

With eyes that lost their lustre long ago,
With visage fixed and stern as fate's decree,
He looks towards the empty west, to see
The never-coming herd of buffalo.

Only the bones that bleach upon the plains,
Only the fleshless skeletons that lie
In ghastly nakedness and silence, cry
Out mutely that naught else to him remains.

THE QUILL WORKER

PLAINS, plains, and the prairie land which the sunlight floods and fills,
To the west the open country, southward the Cypress hills;
Never a bit of woodland, never a rill that flows,
Only a stretch of cactus beds, and the wild, sweet prairie rose;
Never a habitation, save where in the far south-west,
A solitary tepee lifts its solitary crest,
Where Neykia in the doorway, crouched in the red sunshine,
Broiders her buckskin mantle with the quills of the porcupine.

Neykia, the Sioux chieftain's daughter, she with the foot that flies,
She with the hair of midnight, and the wondrous midnight eyes,
She with the deft, brown fingers, she with the soft, slow smile,
She with the voice of velvet, and the thoughts that dream the while,
"Whence come the vague to-morrows? Where do the yesters fly?
What is beyond the border of the prairie and the sky?
Does the maid in the Land of Morning sit in the red sunshine,
Broidering her buckskin mantle with the quills of the porcupine?"

So Neykia in the westland wonders and works away,
Far from the fret and the folly of the "Land of waking day."

And many the pale-faced trader who stops at the tepee door
For a smile from the sweet, shy worker, and a sigh when the hour is o'er.
For they know of a young red hunter who oftentimes has stayed
To rest and smoke with her father, tho' his eyes were on the maid;
And the moons will not be many ere she in the red sunshine
Will broider his buckskin mantle with the quills of the porcupine.

E. Pauline Johnson.

THE FORSAKEN

I

Once in the winter,
Out on a lake
In the heart of the Northland,
Far from the fort
And far from the hunters,
A Chippewa woman
With her sick baby,
Crouched in the last hours
Of a great storm.
Frozen and hungry,
She fished through the ice
With a line of the twisted
Bark of the cedar,
And a rabbit-bone hook
Polished and barbed;
Fished with the bare hook
All through the day,
Fished and caught nothing;
While the young chieftain
Tugged at her breasts,
Or slept in the lacings
Of the warm *tikanagan*.[1]
All the lake surface
Steamed with the hissing

[1] Tikanagan is Opbeway word for Indian cradle.

Of millions of ice flakes,
Hurled by the wind;
Behind her the sound
Of a lonely island
Roared like a fire
With the voice of the storm
In the deep of the cedars.
Valiant, unshaken,
She took of her own flesh,
Baited the fish-hook,
Drew in a gray trout,
Drew in his fellow,
Heaped them beside her
Dead in the snow.
Valiant, unshaken,
She faced the long distance,
Wolf-haunted and lonely,
Sure of her goal
And the life of her dear one;
Tramped for two days,
On the third in the morning,
Saw the strong bulk
Of the fort by the river,
Saw the wood smoke
Hang soft in the spruces,
Heard the keen yelp
Of the ravenous huskies[1]
Fighting for white fish:
Then she had rest.

II

Years and years after;
When she was old and withered,
When her son was an old man
And his children filled with vigour,
They came in their northern tour on the verge of winter,
To an island in a lonely lake.
There one night they camped, and on the morrow
Gathered their kettles and birch-bark,
Their rabbit-skin robes and their mink-traps,
Launched their canoes and slunk away through the islands,

[1] Huskies—sledge dogs.

Left her alone forever,
Without a word of farewell,
Because she was old and useless,
Like a paddle worn and warped,
Or a pole that was splintered.
Then, without a sigh,
Valiant, unshaken,
She smoothed her dark locks under her kerchief,
Composed her shawl in state,
Then folded her hands ridged with sinews and corded with veins,
Folded them across her breasts spent with the nourishing of children,
Gazed at the sky past the tops of the cedars,
Saw two spangled nights arise out of the twilight,
Saw two days go by filled with the tranquil sunshine,
Saw without pain or dread, or even a moment of longing:
Then on the third great night there came thronging and thronging
Millions of snowflakes out of a windless cloud;
They covered her close with a beautiful crystal shroud;
Covered her deep and silent.
But in the frost of the dawn,
Up from the life below,
Rose a column of breath
Through a tiny cleft in the snow,
Fragile, delicately drawn,
Wavering with its own weakness,
In the wilderness a sign of the spirit,
Persisting still in the light of the sun
Till day was done.
Then all light was gathered up by the hand of God and hid in His breast,
Then there was born a silence deeper than silence,
Then she had rest.[1]

[1] The story is true. Told the author by the Hudson Bay Company's factor at Nepigon House.

THE HALF-BREED GIRL

SHE is free of the trap and the paddle,
The portage and the trail,
But something behind her savage life
Shines like a fragile veil.

Her dreams are undiscovered,
Shadows trouble her breast,
When the time for resting cometh
Then least is she at rest.

Oft in the morns of winter,
When she visits the rabbit snares,
An appearance floats in the crystal air
Beyond the balsam firs.

Oft in the summer mornings
When she strips the nets of fish,
The smell of the dripping net-twine
Gives to her heart a wish.

But she cannot learn the meaning
Of the shadows in her soul,
The lights that break and gather,
The clouds that part and roll,

The reek of rock-built cities,
Where her fathers dwelt of yore,
The gleam of loch and shealing,
The mist on the moor,

Frail traces of kindred kindness,
Of feud by hill and strand,
The heritage of an age-long life
In a legendary land.

She wakes in the stifling wigwam,
Where the air is heavy and wild,
She fears for something or nothing
With the heart of a frightened child.

She sees the stars turn slowly
  Past the tangle of the poles,
Through the smoke of the dying embers,
  Like the eyes of dead souls.

Her heart is shaken with longing
  For the strange, still years,
For what she knows and knows not,
  For the wells of ancient tears.

A voice calls from the rapids,
  Deep, careless, and free,
A voice that is larger than her life
  Or than her death shall be.

She covers her face with her blanket,
  Her fierce soul hates her breath,
As it cries with a sudden passion
  For life or death.

ON THE WAY TO THE MISSION

THEY dogged him all one afternoon
Through the bright snow,
Two white men servants of greed;
He knew that they were there,
But he turned not his head;
He was an Indian trapper;
He planted his snow-shoes firmly,
He dragged the long toboggan
Without rest.

The three figures drifted
Like shadows in the mind of a seer;
The snow-shoes were the whisperers
On the threshold of awe;
The toboggan made the sound of wings,
A wood pigeon sloping to her nest.

The Indian's face was calm,
He strode with the sorrow of fore-knowledge,
But his eyes were jewels of content
Set in circles of peace.

They would have shot him;
But momently in the deep forest,
They saw something flit by his side;
Their hearts stopped with fear.

Then the moon rose.
They would have left him to the spirit,
But they saw the long toboggan
Rounded well with furs,
With many a silver fox-skin,
With the pelts of mink and otter,
They were the servants of greed;
When the moon grew brighter
And the spruces were dark with sleet,
They shot him.

When he fell on a shield of moonlight
One of his arms clung to his burden;
The snow was not melted:
The spirit passed away—
Then the servants of greed
Tore off the cover to count their gains;
They shuddered away into the shadows,
Hearing each the loud heart of the other,
Silence was born.

There in the tender moonlight,
  As sweet as they were in life,
Glimmered the ivory features
  Of the Indian's wife.

In the manner of Montagnai's women
  Her hair was rolled with braid;
Under her waxen fingers
  A crucifix was laid.

He was drawing her down to the mission,
To bury her there in the spring,
When the blood root comes and the windflower
To silver everything.

But as a gift of plunder
Side by side were they laid,
The moon went on with her setting
And covered them with shade.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

THUNDERCHILD'S LAMENT

WHEN the years grew worse, and the tribe longed sore
For a kinsman bred to the white man's lore,
To the mission school they sent forth me
From the hunting life and the skin tepee.

In the mission school eight years I wrought
Till my heart grew strange to its boyhood's thought,
Then the white men sent me forth from their ways
To the Blackfoot lodge and the roving days.

" He tells of their God," said the chiefs when I spake,
" But naught of the magic our foemen make,
'Tis a Blackfoot heart, with a white man's fear,
And all skill forgot that could help him here."

For the mission priest had bent my will
From the art to steal and the mind to kill,
Then out from the life I had learned sent me
To the hungry plain and the dim tepee.

When the moon of March was great and round,
No meat for my father's teeth I found;
When the moon of March was curved and thin,
No meat for his life could hunting win.

Wide went the track of my snow-shoe mesh,
Deep was the white, and it still fell fresh

Far on the foothills, far on the plain,
When I searched for the elk and grouse in vain.

In the lodge lay my father, grim in the smoke,
His eyes pierced mine as the gray dawn broke,
He gnawed on the edge of the buffalo hide,
And I must be accurst if my father died.

He spoke with wail, " In the famine year
When my father starved as I starve here,
Was my heart like the squaw's who has fear to slay
'Mongst the herds of the white man far away? "

From the mission school they sent forth me
To the gaunt wild life of the dark tepee ;
With the fear to steal, and the dread to kill,
And the love of Christ they had bent my will.

But my father gnawed on the buffalo hide;
Toward the sunrise trod my snow-shoe stride,
Straight to the white man's herd it led,
Till the sun sank down at my back in red.

Next dawn was bleak when I slew the steer,
And I ate of the raw, and it gave me cheer;
So I set my feet in the track once more,
With my father's life in the meal I bore.

Far strode the herder, fast on my trail;
Noon was high when I heard his hail;
I fled in fear, but my feet moved slow,
For the load I shouldered sunk them low.

Then I heard no sound but the creak and clack,
Of his snow-shoes treading my snow-shoe track,
And I saw never help in plain or sky
Save that he should die, or my father die.

The mission priest had broke my will,
With the curse on him who blood would spill,
But my father starved in the black tepee,
And the cry of his starving shrieked to me.

The white world reeled to its cloudy rim,
The plain reeled red as I knelt by him—
Oh, the spot in the snow, how it pulsed and grew,
How it cried from the snow-white up to the blue!

For the mission priest had sent forth me
To the work and deeds of the wild tepee,
Yet the fear of God's strong curse fulfilled
Cried with the blood that would not be stilled.

They found me not while the year was green,
And the rose blew sweet where the slain had been,
They found me not when the fall-flowers flare,
But the red in the snow was ever there.

To the jail I fled from the safe tepee,
And the mission priest will send forth me,
A Blackfoot soul cleansed white from stain—
Yet never the red spot fades from the plain.

It glares in my eyes when sunbeams fall,
Through the iron gate of my stone-grey wall,
And I see, through starlight, foxes go
To track and to taste of the ruddy snow.

E. W. THOMSON.

TAAPOOKAA

(*A Huron Legend*)

THE clouds roll over the pine trees,
Like waves that are charged with ire;
Golden and glory-hued their crests,
Ablaze with a gorgeous fire.

The sun has gone down in splendour,
The heavens are wild with flame,
And all the horizon is burning
With colours that have no name.

And over the mighty forests
The mystical hues are spread,

As calm as the smiles of angels,
  As still as the peaceful dead.

And the isle serene and thoughtful,
  And the river deep in dreams,
And the purple cliff in the distance,
  Are robed with the glory-gleams,

Until earth seems a sacred temple,
  Where spirits of light have trod,
Where man should not dare to enter;
  Too sacred for aught but God.

Calm eve over lovely Huron,
  Calm eve in the sombre wild,
And over the rude bark wigwam
  Of the swarthy forest child.

There's a gathering of the red men,
  Of their youths and maidens fair,
Of the mothers of braves and heroes,
  And the feast is spreading there.

From the banks of the Cadaraiqui,
  From Niagara's solitudes,
Where the song of the Water-Spirit
  Rolled vast through the primal woods;

From Superior's rocky défiles,
  Her grand and rugged shores,
From Otuwa and blue-waved Erie,
  Came the Chiefs and Sagamores,

Bringing gifts from the distant lodges,
  Rare gifts for the lovely bride—
Taapookaa, the fairest maiden
  That ever for true love sighed.

Taapookaa, the loved, the lovely,
  No beauty was there like hers,
And through all the tribes of the forest
  The braves were her worshippers.

But where is her young Sioux lover,
The pride of her trusting heart?
The brave that her love has chosen,
Whose life is of hers a part.

Away from the bridal revels,
Away from the feast he roves,
Alone over lonely rivers,
Alone in the lonely groves!

Taapookaa must wed another
The chief of a neighbouring tribe;
Neither force nor friends can save her,
Neither tears nor prayer can bribe!

For this have the chieftains gathered,
Great chiefs from the wilds afar;
They have prayed to Manitou freely,
And saluted the bridal star.

All things for the feast are ready,
All ripe for the revelry,
And the bridegroom-chief is waiting—
But Taapookaa, where is she?

Like the zephyr that bends the flowers,
That bendeth but may not break,
So lightly her footstep treadeth
The cliff o'er the calmy lake.

The stars are all weeping for her,
The moon has a look forlorn,
For the beautiful maid all blushes,
All blushes, and truth, and scorn!

The breeze has a mournful cadence,
A sigh for the fairest fair;
It cooleth her maiden blushes,
And fingers her jetty hair.

Like a tragic queen she standeth
On the jagged cliff alone;

All nature has paused to shudder,
And the stricken forests moan.

A prayer for her young Sioux lover,
That wanders the wilds forlorn,
And she leaps from the cliff, all daring,
And maidenly truth, and scorn.

At night when the stars are shining,
And the moon, with silvery hue,
Illumines the lake with radiance,
Is seen a white canoe;

Two shadowy forms within it,
Two faces that seem to smile—
The maid and her brave Sioux lover
Returned from the Spirit Isle.

CHARLES SANGSTER.

THE LEGEND OF QU'APELLE VALLEY

I AM the one who loved her as my life,
Had watched her grow to sweet young womanhood;
Won the dear privilege to call her wife,
And found the world, because of her, was good.

I am the one who heard the spirit voice,
Of which the pale-face settlers love to tell;
From whose strange story they have made their choice
Of naming this fair valley the "Qu'Apelle."

She had said fondly in my eager ear:
"When Indian summer smiles with dusky lip,
Come to the lakes, I will be first to hear
The welcome music of thy paddle dip.
I will be first to lay in thine my hand,
To whisper words of greeting on the shore;
And when thou would'st return to thine own land,
I'll go with thee, thy wife for evermore."

Not yet a leaf had fallen, nor a tone
Of frost upon the plain, ere I set forth,
Impatient to possess her as my own—
This queen of all the women of the North.
I rested not at even or at dawn,
But journeyed all the dark and daylight through—
Until I reached the lakes, and hurrying on,
I launched upon their bosom my canoe.

Of sleep and hunger then I took no heed,
But hastened o'er these leagues of waterways;
But my hot heart outstripped my paddle's speed
And waited not for distance or for days,
But flew before me swifter than the blade
Of magic paddle ever cleaved the lake,
Eager to lay its love before the maid,
And watch the love-light in her eyes awake.

So the long days went slowly drifting past;
It seemed that half my life must intervene
Before the morrow, when I said at last—
"One more day's journey and I win my queen!"
I rested then, and drifted, dreamed the more
Of all the happiness I was to claim—
When suddenly from out the shadowed shore
I heard a voice speak tenderly my name.

"Who calls?" I answered; no reply; and long
I stilled my paddle blade and listened. Then
Above the night-wind's melancholy song
I heard distinctly that strange voice again—
A woman's voice, that through the twilight came
Like to a soul unborn—a song unsung.
I leaned and listened—Yes, she spake my name,
And then I answered in the quaint French tongue,
"Qu'Apelle? Qu'Apelle?" No answer, and the night
Seemed stiller for the sound, till round me fell
The far-off echoes from the far-off height—
"Qu'Apelle?" my voice came back, "Qu'Apelle?
/ Qu'Apelle?"
This—and no more; I called aloud until
I shuddered as the gloom of night increased,

And like a pallid spectre wan and chill
The moon rose in silence from the East.

I dare not linger on the moment when
My boat I beached beside her tepee door;
I heard the wail of women and of men,
I saw the death-fires lighted on the shore.
No language tells the torture or the pain,
The bitterness that flooded all my life,
When I was led to look on her again,
That queen of women pledged to be my wife.

To look upon the beauty of her face,
The still closed eyes, the lips that knew no breath;
To look to learn—to realise my place
Had been usurped by my one rival—Death.
A storm of wrecking sorrow beat and broke
About my heart, and life shut out its light
Till through my anguish some one gently spoke,
And said, " twice did she call for thee last night."
I started up—and bending o'er my dead,
Asked when did her sweet lips in silence cease.
" She called thy name—then passed away," they said,
" Just on the hour whereat the moon arose."
Among the lonely lakes I go no more,
For she who made their beauty is not there;
The pale face loves his tepee on the shore
And says the vale is fairest of the fair.

Full many years have vanished since, but still
The voyageurs beside the camp fire tell
How, when the moon rise tips the distant hill,
They hear strange voices through the silence swell.
The pale face loves the haunted lakes, they say,
And journeys far to watch their beauty spread
Before his vision; but to me the day,
The night, the hour, the seasons all are dead.
I listen heartsick, while the hunters tell
Why white men named the valley the Qu'Apelle.

E. Pauline Johnson.

THE PASSING OF CLOTE-SCARP (OR GLOOSCAP)[1]

HARK! through the twilight stillness,
Across the sleeping lake,
What notes of mournful cadence
The charmed stillness break!

Is it a wailing spirit
That lingers on its flight,
Or voice of human sorrow
That echoes through the night?

Nay, not from man or spirit
Does that weird music flow;
'Tis the bird that waits for Clote-Scarp,
As the ages come and go.

. . . . .

Still in the Micmac lodges
Is the old story told
How Clote-Scarp passed, and ended
Acadia's age of gold;

In the primeval forests,
In the happy old days,
The men and beasts lived peaceful
Among the woodland ways.

The forest knew no spoiler;
No timid beast or bird
Feared fang or spear or arrow;
No cry of pain was heard;

For all loved gentle Clote-Scarp,
And Clote-Scarp loved them all,
And men and beasts and fishes
Obeyed his welcome call.

[1] Clote-Scarp or Glooscap is the Micmac Hiawatha, with something of the western Balder and Hiawatha combined.

The birds came circling round him
With carols gay and sweet;
The little wilding blossoms
Sprang smiling at his feet.

All spake one simple language,
And Clote-Scarp understood,
And in his tones of music,
Taught them that love was good!

But in the course of ages
An alien spirit woke,
And men and woodland creatures
Their peaceful compact broke.

Then through the gloomy forest
The hunter tracked his prey;
The bear and wolf went roaming
To ravage and to slay;

Through the long reeds and grasses
Stole out the slimy snake;
The hawk pounced on the nestling,
Close cowering in the brake;

The beaver built his stronghold
Beneath the river's flow;
The partridge sought the covert
Where beeches closest grow.

In mute and trembling terror
Each timid creature fled,
To seek the safest refuge
And hide its hunted head!

In sorrow and in anger
The gentle Clote-Scarp spake:
"My soul can bear no longer
The havoc that ye make!

"Ye will not heed my bidding;
I cannot stay your strife,
And so I needs must leave you
Till love renew your life."

. . .

Then by the great wide water
He made a parting feast;
The men refused his bidding,
But there came bird and beast.

There came the bear and walrus,
The wolf with bristling crest;
There came the busy beaver,
The deer with bounding breast;

There came the mink and otter,
The seal with wistful eyes;
The birds in countless numbers,
With sad imploring cries!

But when the feast was over
He launched his bark canoe;
The wistful creatures watched him
Swift gliding from their view.

They heard his far-off singing
Through the fast-falling night,
Till on the dim horizon
He vanished from their sight!

And then a wail of sorrow
Went up from one and all,
Then echoed through the twilight
The loon's long mournful call.

But all in vain the wailing,
In vain that wistful cry,
Alone, through deepening shadows,
The echoes made reply!

. . . . .

Still, through the twilight echoes
That cadence wild and shrill,
But on a blessed island
Clote-Scarp is waiting still.

No darkness, cold, or tempest
Comes near that happy spot;
It fears no touch of winter,
For winter's self is not.

And there waits gentle Clote-Scarp
Till happier days shall fall,
Till strife be fled for ever,
And Love be Lord of all!

AGNES MAUDE MACHAR.

FROM "SONG WAVES"

PURE lily, open on the breast
Of toiling waters' much unrest,
Thy simple soul mounts up in worship
Like ecstasy of a spirit blest!

Thy wealth of ivory and gold,
All that thou hast, thou dost unfold!
Fixed in the unseen thy life breathes upward
A heavenly essence from out earth's mould.

Now comes the chill and dark of night,
Folds up thy precious gold and white!
Thy casket sinks within veiled bosom,
To ope the richer on to-morrow's light.

THEODORE H. RAND.

DAWN

THE night had brooded long, the air was chill,
Across the open fields the frost bit deep,
The restless, formless mists, that seemed to creep
Like ghostly wraiths, had swallowed up the hill;
The sombre pines had ceased their plaint of ill
But yet uplifted pleading arms; the sheep
And stiff-necked kine were huddled half asleep,
And all the forest hung inert and still;

When on the silence fell a tenser hush,
A film of greyness smote the dark and spread,
And slowly in the east a trembling flush
Shot upward, till the sullen mists, withdrawn,
Showed all the vanquished shadows fled,
And myriad heralds cried, "The Dawn! The Dawn!"

HELENA COLEMAN.

AT WAKING

WHEN I shall go to sleep and wake again
  At dawning in another world than this,
  What will atone to me for all I miss?
The light melodious footsteps of the rain,
The press of leaves against my window pane,
  The sunset wistfulness and morning bliss,
  The moon's enchantment and the twilight kiss
Of winds that wander with me through the lane.

Will not my soul remember evermore
  The earthly winter's hunger for the spring,
    The wet sweet cheek of April, and the rush
Of roses through the summer's open door;
  The feelings that the scented woodlands bring
    At evening with the singing of the thrush?

THE SUNFLOWERS

WHEN lamps are out and voices fled,
  And moonlight floods the earth like rain,
  I steal outside and cross the lane
And stand beside the sunflower bed;
Each blind, unopened face is turned
To where the western glories burned,
  As though the sun might come again
With some last word he left unsaid.

When dawn with slender shining hand
  Inscribes a message on the wall,
  I follow at the silent call
To where my tall sun-lovers stand.
Their wistful heads are lifted high
Toward the flaming eastern sky,
  As though some voice had turned them all,
Some secret voice of strong command.

Ah, should I from the windowed height
  Keep vigil in the room above
  And see them lightly, surely move
Through the chill stretches of the night,
Would not the heart within me burn,
As loyally I watched them turn,
  With sweet undoubting faith and love
From vanished light to dawning light?

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

ORIGINS

OUT of the dreams that heap
The hollow hand of sleep,
Out of the dark sublime,
The echoing deeps of time,
From the averted Face
Beyond the bournes of space,
Into the sudden sun
We journey, one by one.
Out of the hidden shade
Wherein desire is made,
Out of the pregnant stir
Where death and life confer,
The dark and mystic heat
Where soul and matter meet,
The enigmatic will,
We start, and then are still.

Inexorably decreed
By the ancestral deed,
The puppets of our sires,
We work out blind desires,
And for our sons ordain
The blessing or the bane.
In ignorance we stand
With fate on either hand,
And question stars and earth
Of life, and death, and birth.

With wonder in our eyes
We scan the kindred skies,
While through the common grass
Our atoms mix and pass.
We feel the sap go free
When spring comes to the tree;
And in our blood is stirred
What warms the brooding bird.

The vital fire we breathe
That bird and blade bequeathe,
And strength of native clay
In our full veins hath sway.
But in the urge intense
And fellowship of sense,
Suddenly comes a word
In other ages heard;
On a great wind our souls
Are borne to unknown goals,
And past the bourne of space
To the unaverted Face.

C. G. D. Roberts.

THE PROSPECTOR

Lured by the golden glamour of the West,
He crossed the pathless plains and scaled the bold
Titanic forms that, rising fold on fold,
Touch heaven's blue; and toiling, strove to wrest
From nature's rugged and reluctant breast
The treasure she had hidden there of old—
The treasure of her hoarded gold—
Seductive hope of many a hapless quest!

For this he left all other hopes behind,
And gave his manhood's prime and powers away,
Content to be forgotten of his kind—
Yet all the while within himself there lay
The unregarded treasure of the mind,
Deep-buried, priceless, wasting day by day.

Helena Coleman.

SUNRISE ON THE OCEAN

THE sails are idly hanging from the spars;
The dreaming waves are crooning lullabies;
While mounting towards the zenith slowly rise
With noiseless tread the retiring sentinel stars,
Whose watch is past. The gate of Orient jars,
And lo! the golden sun in heavenly guise,
Divinely glorious sight for angel eyes—
Comes forth full-robed to meet at heaven's bars
Her bridegroom, Ocean, with his wealth of ships—
A galaxy of sails, an endless fleet—
With which he greets her; and her flaming lips
Kiss every passing wave which shoreward beat;
And from the foaming crystal cup she sips
The life-wine of the flood, and calls it sweet.

Mrs. S. E. SHERWOOD FAULKNER.

A GOOD WOMAN

HER eyes are the windows of a soul
Where only the white thoughts spring,
And they look as the eyes of the angels look,
For the good in everything.

Her lips can whisper the tenderest words
That weary and worn can hear,
Can tell of the dawn of a better morn
Till only the cowards fear.

Her hands can lift up the fallen one
From an overthrow complete,
Can take a soul from the mire of sin
And lead it to Christ's dear feet.

And she can walk wherever she will—
She walketh never alone.
The work she does is the Master's work,
And God guards well His own.

JEAN BLEWETT.

A SISTER OF CHARITY

SHE made a nunnery of her life,
  Plain duties hedged it round,
No echoes of the outer strife
  Could reach its hallowed ground.

Her rule was simple as her creed,
  She tried to do each day
Some act of kindness that might speed
  A sad soul on its way.

She had no wealth, and yet she made
  So many rich at heart;
Her lot was hidden, yet she played
  No inconspicuous part.

Some wondered men had passed her by,
  Some said she would not wed,
I think the secret truth must lie
  Long buried with the dead.

That cheery smile, that gentle touch,
  That heart so free from stain,
Could have no other source but such
  As lies in conquered pain.

All living creatures loved her well,
  And blessed the ground she trod;
The pencillings on her Bible tell
  Her communing with God.

And when the call came suddenly,
  And sleep preceded death,
There was no struggle we could see,
  No hard and laboured breath.

Gently as dawn the end drew nigh;
  Her life had been so sweet,
I think she did not need to die
  To reach the Master's feet.

F. G. SCOTT.

BE MERCIFUL TO THE HORSE

Do the beasts of burden that strive and groan
And writhe and crouch 'neath the pitiless rod—
Are they never allowed to make their moan
And lay their wrongs at the feet of God?

All day I've watched from my window high
The infamous street where the horsewhips hiss,
And I asked myself, will the day e'er come
When man will answer for all of this?

For I saw a horse with starting eyes,
With straining nerves and a throbbing flank;
I saw him strive till his strength gave out
And he on the murderous pavement sank;

I heard a curse from a lower beast:
I heard his whip lash crack like shot:
I watched and heard till my heart was sore,
And all the blood in my veins was hot.

Thou wretch with the whip, remember this,
Remember, thou knight of the curse and rod:
The voiceless cry of a stricken beast
Is heard by the pitying ears of God.

R. K. KERNINGHAM.

SWALLOW SONG

OH, little hearts, beat home, beat home,
Here is no place to rest.
Night darkens on the falling foam
And on the fading west.
Oh, little wings, beat home, beat home,
Love may no longer roam.

O love has touched the fields of wheat,
And love has crowned the corn,

And we must follow love's white feet
Thro' all the ways of morn;
Through all the silver roads of air
We pass, and have no care.

The silver roads of love are wide,
O winds that blow, O stars that guide,
Sweet are the ways that love has trod
Thro' the clear skies that lead to God;
But in the cliff-grass love builds deep
A place where wandering wings may sleep.

THE SHEPHERD BOY

WHEN the red moon hangs over the fold
And the cypress shadow is rimmed with gold,
O little sheep, I have laid me low,
My face against the old earth's face,
Where one by one the white moths go
And the brown bee has his sleeping-place.
And then I have whispered, " Mother, hear,
For the owls are awake and the night is near,
And whether I lay me near or far,
No lip shall kiss me,
No eye shall miss me,
Saving the eye of a cold white star."

And the old brown woman answers mild,
" Rest you safe on my heart, O child.
Many a shepherd, many a king,
I fold them safe from their sorrowing.
Gwenever's heart is bound with dust,
Tristram dreams of the dappled doe,
But the bugle moulders, the blade is rust.
Stilled are the trumpets of Jericho,
And the tired men sleep by the walls of Troy.
Little and lonely,
Knowing me only,
Shall I not comfort you, shepherd boy? "

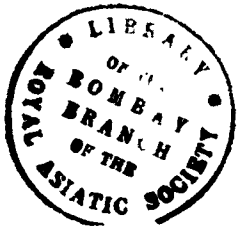
When the wind wakes in the apple tree
And the shy hare feeds on the wild fern stem,
I say my prayers to the Trinity,
The prayers that are three and the charms that are seven
To the angels guarding the towers of heaven,
And I lay my head on her raiment's hem,
Where the young grass darkens the strawberry star,
Where the iris buds and the bellworts are.
All night I hear her breath go by,
Under the arch of the empty sky,
All night her heart beats under my head,
And I lie as still as the ancient dead,
Warm as the young lambs there with the sheep.
I and no other,
Close to my mother,
Fold my hands in her hands and sleep.

THE IMMORTAL

BEAUTY is still immortal in our eyes.
When sways no more the spirit-haunted reed,
When the wild grape shall build
No more her canopies,
When blows no more the moon-grey thistle seed,
When the last bell has lulled the white flocks home,
When the last eve has stilled
The wandering wind and touched the dying foam,
When the last moon burns low, and spark by spark
The little worlds die out along the dark.

Beauty that rosed the moth-wing, touched the land
With clover horns and delicate faint flowers,
Beauty that bade the showers
Beat on the violet's face,
Shall hold the eternal heavens within their place
And hear new stars come singing from God's hand.

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL.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AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND

AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND

THE DOMINION, 1883

Oh, fair Ideal, unto whom
Through days of doubt and nights of gloom,
  Brave hearts have clung, while lips of scorn
    Made mock of thee as but a dream—
  Already on the heights of morn
    We see thy golden sandals gleam,
And, glimmering through the clouds that wrap thee yet,
The seven stars that are thy coronet.

Why tarriest thou 'twixt earth and heaven?
Go forth to meet her, sisters seven!
  'Tis but your welcome she awaits
    Ere, casting off the veil of cloud,
  The bodied Hope of blending States,
    She stands revealed, imperial, proud;
As from your salutation sprung full-grown,
With green for raiment and with gold for zone.

From where beneath unclouded skies
Thy peerless haven glittering lies;
  From where o'er peasant-pastures rove
    The flocks from which thy greatness sprang;
  From vine-clad slope and orange grove:
    From " grave mute wood " the Minstrel sang,
From Alpine peaks aglow with flush of morn,
Go forth to meet her, thou, the eldest born.

From where, reverberant at thy feet,
The billows of two oceans meet;
  From where the rocks thy treasures hide;
    From mart and wharf, and harbour mouth;
  From where the city of thy pride
    Ennobles all the teeming South—
To meet her, there with loftiest zeal inflamed,
Go forth, Victoria, queen and queenly named.

And thou, the youngest, yet most fair,
First to discern, and first to dare;
Whose lips sun-smitten earliest spoke
The herald-words of coming good,
And with their clarion summons broke
The slumber of the sisterhood—
Foremost of all thy peers press on to greet
Her advent, strewing flowers before her feet.

And thou, around whose brow benign
Vine-leaf and olive intertwine;
Upon whose victories the Star
Of Peace looks down with no rebuke,
The weapons of whose warfare are
The ploughshare and the pruning hook—
Take with thee gifts of corn, and wine, and oil,
To greet thy liege with homage of the soil.

Thou, too, whom last the morning beams
Wake from thy sleep by peaceful streams,
Slow westering to the Indian main—
Thou, too, beneath thy later sun
Conspire with them in glad refrain
Of welcome to the coming one,
And from thy fragrant forests tribute bring
Of grateful incense for thine offering.

And thou, Pomona of the south,
Ruddy of cheek and ripe of mouth,
Who from thy couch of orchard bloom
With fearless foot are wont to stray
By mountain lakes, or in the gloom
Of forest depths unknown of day—
Be thy shrill greetings borne upon the breeze
Above the thunder of thy girdling seas.

Nor thou delay, who dwell'st apart,
To join thy peers with gladsome heart—
Whether the summons thee o'er take
On icy steep or fruitful plain,
Or where thy craggy bulwarks break
The onslaught of the warring main,

Or find thee couched within some ferny lair,
Flax-flower and hyacinth mingling with thy hair.

Bind ye the sevenfold cord apace;
Weave ye the sevenfold wreath to grace
The brow of her whose avatar
The mighty mother waits to bless;
In sevenfold choir be borne afar
The music of your joyfulness.
Till o'er the world's disquiet your song prevail—
Australia Fœderata! Hail! All hail!

BRUNTON STEPHENS.

CHRISTMAS CREEK

PHANTOM streams were in the distance—mocking lights of lake and pool—
Ghosts of trees of soft green lustre—groves of shadows deep and cool!
Yea, some devil ran before them changing skies of brass to blue,
Setting bloom where curse is planted, where a grass blade never grew.
Six there were, and high above them glared a wild and wizened sun,
Ninety leagues from where the waters of the singing valleys run.
There before them, there behind them, was the great, stark, stubborn plain,
Where the dry winds hiss for ever, and the blind earth moans for rain!
Ringed about by tracks of furnace, ninety leagues from stream and tree,
Six there were with wasted faces, working northward to the sea!

. . . . . .

Ah, the bitter, hopeless desert! Here these broken human wrecks
Trod the wilds, where sand of fire is with the spiteful spinifex,

Toiled through spheres that no bird knows of, where with fiery emphasis
Hell hath stamped its awful mind-mark deep on everything that is!
Toiled and thirsted, strove and suffered! This was where December's breath
As a wind of smiting flame is on weird, haggard wastes of death!
This was where a withered moon is, and the gleam of weak wan star,
And a thunder full of menace sends its mighty voices far!
This was where black execrations, from some dark tribunal hurled,
Set the brand of curse on all things in the morning of the world!

. . . . . .

One man yielded—then another—then a lad of nineteen years
Reeled and fell,—with English rivers singing softly in his ears,
English grasses started round him—then the grace of Sussex Lea
Came and touched him with the beauty of a green land by the sea!
Old world faces thronged about him—old world voices spoke to him;
But his speech was like a whisper, and his eyes were very dim.
In a dream of golden evening, beaming on a quiet strand,
Lay the stranger till a bright One came and took him by the hand.
England vanished, died the voices! but he heard a holier tone,
And an angel that we know not led him to the lands unknown!

. . . . . .

Six there were, but three were taken! three were left to struggle still;
But against the red horizon flamed a horn of brindled hill!
But beyond the northern skyline, past a wall of steep austere,
Lay the land of light and coolness in an April-coloured year!

"Courage, brothers!" cried the leader, "On the slope of yonder peak
There are tracts of herb and shadow, and the channels of the creek!"
So they made one last great effort—haled their breasts through brake and briar—
Set their feet on spurs of furnace—grappled spikes and drags of fire—
Fought the stubborn mountain forces, smote down naked, natural powers,
Till they gazed from thrones of Morning on a sphere of streams and flowers.

Out behind them was the desert, glaring like a sea of brass!
Here before them were the valleys, fair with moonlight coloured grass!
At their backs were haggard waste-lands, bickering in a wicked blaze!
In their faces beamed the waters, marching down melodious ways!
Touching was the cool, soft lustre over laps of lawn and lea;
And majestic was the great road Morning made across the sea.
On the sacred day of Christmas, after seven months of grief,
Rested three of six who started, on a bank of moss and leaf—
Rested by a running river in a hushed, a holy week;
And they named the stream that saved them—named it fitly—"Christmas Creek."

THE HUT BY THE BLACK SWAMP

Now comes the fierce north-easter—bound
About with clouds and racks of rain,
And dry dead leaves go whirling round
In rings of dust, and sigh like pain
Across the plain.

Now twilight, with a shadowy hand
Of wild dominionship, doth keep
Strong hold of hollow straits of land,
And watery sounds are loud and deep
By gap and steep.

Keen fitful gusts, that fly before
The wings of storm, when day hath shut
Its eyes on mountains, flaw by flaw
Fleet down, by whistling box-tree butt,
Against the hut.

And ringed and girt with lurid pomp,
Far eastern cliffs start up, and take
Thick, steaming vapours from a swamp
That lieth like a great blind lake,
Of face opaque;

The moss that, like a tender grief,
About an English ruin clings—
What time the wan autumnal leaf
Faints, after many wanderings
On windy wings—

That gracious growth—whose quiet green
Is as a love in days austere,
Was never seen—hath never been—
On slab or roof deserted here
For many a year.

Nor comes the bird whose speech is song—
Whose songs are silvery syllables
That unto glimmering woods belong,
And deep meandering mountain dells
By yellow wells.

But rather here the wild-dog halts,
And lifts the paw, and looks, and howls;
And here in ruined forest vaults,
Abide dim, dark, death-featured owls,
Like monks in cowls.

Across this hut the nettle runs,
And livid adders make their lair
In corners dank of suns,
And out of fœtid furrows stare
The growths that scare.

Here Summer's grasp of fire is laid
On bank and slabs that rot, and breed
Squat ugly things of deadly shade,
The scorpion and the spiteful seed
Of centipede.

Unhallowed thunders, harsh and dry,
And flaming noontides, mute with heat
Beneath the breathless, brazen sky,
Upon these rifted rafters beat
With torrid feet:

And night by night the fitful gale
Doth carry past the bittern's boom,
The dingo's yell, the plover's wail,
While lumbering shadows start, and loom,
And hiss through gloom:

No sign of grace—no hope of green
Cool blossomed seasons mark the spot;
But chained to iron doom, I ween,
'Tis left like skeleton to rot
Where ruth is not.

For on this hut hath murder writ,
With bloody fingers, hellish things;
And God will never visit it
With flower or leaf of sweet-faced Springs,
On gentle wings.

THE WARRIGAL (WILD DOG OF AUSTRALIA)

The warrigal's lair is pent in bare
Black rocks at the gorge's mouth;
It is set in ways, where summer strays
With the sprites of flame and drouth.
But when the heights are touched with lights
Of hoarfrost, sleet, and shime,
His bed is made of the dead grass-blade
And the leaves of the windy pine.

Through forest boles the storm-wind rolls,
Vex't of the sea-driv'n rain;
And up in the clift, through many a rift
The voices of torrents complain.
The sad march-fowl and the lonely owl
Are heard in the fog-wreaths grey,
When the warrigal wakes, and listens, and takes
To the woods that shelter the prey.

In the gully-deep the blind creek sleeps,
And the silver showery moon
Glides over the hills, and floats, and fills,
And dreams in the dark lagoon;
While halting hard by the station yard,
Aghast at the hut-flame nigh,
The warrigal yells and flats and fells
Are loud with his dismal cry.

On the topmost peak of the mountains bleak
The south wind sobs, and strays
Through moaning pine and turpentine,
And the rippling runnel ways;
And strong streams flow, and dank mists go,
Where the warrigal starts to hear
The watch-dog's bark break sharp in the dark,
And flees like a phantom of fear.

AFTER MANY YEARS

THE song that once I dreamed about,
The tender, touching thing,
As radiant as the rose without,
The love of wind and wing;
The perfect verses, to the tune
Of woodland music set,
As beautiful as afternoon,
Remain unwritten yet.

It is too late to write them now—
The ancient fire is cold;
No ardent lights illume the brow,
As in the days of old.
I cannot dream the dream again;
But, when the happy birds
Are singing in the sunny rain,
I think I hear its words.

I think I hear the echo still
Of long-forgotten tones,
When evening winds are on the hill
And sunset fires the cones;
But only in the hours supreme,
With songs of land and sea,
The lyrics of the leaf and stream,
This echo comes to me.

No longer doth the earth reveal
Her gracious green and gold;
I sit where youth was once, and feel
That I am growing old.
The lustre from the face of things
Is wearing all away;
Like one who halts with tired wings,
I rest and muse to-day.

There is a river in the range
I love to think about;
Perhaps the searching feet of change
Have never found it out,

Ah! often-times I used to look
  Upon its banks, and long
To steal the beauty of that brook
  And put it in a song.

I wonder if the slopes of moss,
  In dreams so dear to me—
The falls of flower, and flower-like floss—
  Are as they used to be!
I wonder if the waterfalls,
  The singers far and fair,
That gleamed between the wet, green walls,
  Are still the marvels there!

Ah! let me hope that in that place
  Those old familiar things
To which I turn a wistful face
  Have never taken wings.
Let me retain the fancy still
  That, past the lordly range,
There always shines, in folds of hill,
  One spot secure from change!

I trust that yet the tender screen
  That shades a certain nook
Remains, with all its gold and green,
  The glory of the brook.
It hides a secret to the birds
  And waters only known:
The letters of two lovely words—
  A poem on a stone.

Perhaps the lady of the past
  Upon these lines may light,
The purest verses, and the last,
  That I may ever write:
She need not fear a word of blame:
  Her tale the flowers keep—
The wind that heard me breathe her name
  Has been for years asleep.

But in the night, and when the rain
The troubled torrent fills,
I often think I see again
The river in the hills;
And when the day is very near,
And birds are on the wing,
My spirit fancies it can hear
The song I cannot sing.

HENRY KENDALL.

WITH FRENCH TO KIMBERLEY

THE Boers were down on Kimberley with siege and Maxim gun;
The Boers were down on Kimberley their number ten to one!
Faint were the hopes the British had to make the struggle good,
Defenceless in an open plain the diamond city stood.
They built them forts from bags of sand, they fought from roof and wall,
They flashed a message to the south: "Help! or the town must fall!"
And down our ranks the order ran to march at dawn of day,
For French was off to Kimberley to drive the Boers away.

He made us march along the line; he made no front attack
Upon the Magersfontein heights that drove the Scotchmen back;
But eastward over pathless plains by open veldt and vley,
Across the front of Cronje's force his troopers held their way.
The springbuck feeding on the flats where Modder river runs,
Were startled by his horses' hoofs, the rumble of his guns.
The Dutchman's spies that watched his march from every rocky wall
Rode back in haste: "He marches east! He threatens Jacobsdal."
Then north he wheeled as wheels the hawk and showed to their dismay,
That French was off to Kimberley to drive the Boers away.

His column was five thousand strong—all mounted men and guns:
There met beneath the world-wide flag, the world-wide Empire's sons;
They came to prove to all the earth that kinship conquers space,
And those who fight the British Isles must fight the British race!
From far New Zealand's flax and fern, from cold Canadian snows,
From Queensland plains, where hot as fire the summer sunshine glows;
And in the front the Lancers rode that New South Wales had sent:
With easy stride across the plain the long lean Walers went.
Unknown, untried those squadrons were, but proudly out they drew
Beside the English regiments that fought at Waterloo,
From every coast, from every clime, they met in proud array,
To go with French to Kimberley to drive the Boers away.

He crossed the Riet and fought his way towards the Modder bank.
The foemen closed behind his march and hung upon his flank,
The long dry grass was all ablaze, and fierce the veldt fire runs;
He fought them through a wall of flame that blazed around the guns!
Then limbered up and drove at speed, though horses fell and died;
We might not halt for man or beast on that wild daring ride.
Black with the smoke and parched with thirst, we pressed the live-long day
Our headlong march to Kimberley to drive the Boers away.

We reached the drift at fall of night, and camped across the ford.
Next day from the hills around the Dutchman's cannons roared.
A narrow pass between the hills with guns on either side;
The boldest man might well turn pale before that pass he tried,

For if the first attack should fail then every hope was gone:
But French looked once, and only once, and then he said,
"Push on!"
The gunners plied their guns amain, the hail of shrapnel flew;
With rifle fire and lancer charge their squadron back we threw;
And through the pass between the hills we swept a furious fray
And French was through to Kimberley to drive the Boers away.

Ay, French was through to Kimberley! And ere the day was done
We saw the diamond city stand, lit by the evening sun:
Above the town the heliograph hung like an eye of flame:
Around the town the foemen camped—they knew not that we came.
But soon they saw us, rank on rank; they heard our squadrons' tread;
In panic fear they left their tents, in hopeless rout they fled;
And French rode into Kimberley; the people cheered amain,
The women came with tear-stained eyes to touch his bridle-rein,
The starving children lined the streets to raise a feeble cheer,
The bells rang out a joyous peal to say "Relief is here!"
Ay! We that saw that stirring march are proud that we can say
We went with French to Kimberley to drive the Boers away.

SALTBUSH BILL

Now this is the law of the Overland that all in the West obey,
A man must cover with travelling sheep a six-mile stage a day;
But this is the law which the drovers make, right easily understood,
They travel their stage where the grass is bad, but they camp where the grass is good;

They camp and they ravage the squatter's grass till never a blade remains,
Then they drift away as the white clouds drift on the edge of the saltbush plains,
From camp to camp and from run to run they battle it hand to hand,
For a blade of grass and the right to pass on the track of the Overland.
For this is the law of the Great Stock Routes, 'tis written in white and black—
The man that goes with a travelling mob must keep to a half-mile track;
And the drovers keep to a half-mile track on the runs where the grass is dead,
But they spread their sheep on a well-grassed run till they go with a two-mile spread.
So the squatters hurry the drovers on from dawn till the fall of night,
And the squatter's dogs and the drover's dogs get mixed in a deadly fight;
Yet the squatter's men, though they hunt the mob, are willing the peace to keep,
For the drovers learn how to use their hands when they go with the travelling sheep;
But this is the tale of a Jackaroo[1] that came from a foreign strand,
And the fight that he fought with Saltbush Bill, the King of the Overland.

Now Saltbush Bill was a drover tough, as ever the country knew,
He had fought his way on the Great Stock Routes from the sea to the Big Barcoo;
He could tell when he came to a friendly run that gave him a chance to spread,
And he knew where the hungry owners were that hurried his sheep ahead;
He was drifting down in the Eighty drought with a mob that could scarcely creep
(Where the kangaroos by the thousands starve, it is rough on the travelling sheep),

[1] New chum, stranger.

And he camped one night at the crossing-place on the edge of the Wilga run,
"We must manage a feed for them here," he said, "or the half of the mob are done!"
So he spread them out when they left the camp wherever they liked to go,
Till he grew aware of a Jackaroo with a station-hand in tow,
And they set to work on the straggling sheep, and with many a stock whip crack
They forced them on where the grass was dead on the space of the half-mile track;
So William prayed that the hand of fate might suddenly strike him blue
But he'd get some grass for his starving sheep in the teeth of that Jackaroo.
So he turned and he cursed the Jackaroo, he cursed him alive or dead,
From the soles of his great unwieldy feet to the crown of his ugly head,
With an extra curse on the moke he rode and the cur at his heels that ran,
Till the Jackaroo from his horse got down and he went for the drover-man;
With the station-hand for his picker-up, though the sheep ran loose the while,
They battled it out on the saltbush plain in the regular prize-ring style.

Now the new chum fought for his honour's sake, and the pride of the English race,
But the drover fought for his daily bread with a smile on his bearded face;
So he shifted ground and he sparred for wind and he made it a lengthy mill,
And from time to time as his scouts came on they whispered to Saltbush Bill—
"We have spread the sheep with a two-mile spread, and the grass it is something grand,
You must stick to him, Bill, for another round for the pride of the Overland."
The new chum made it a rushing fight, though never a blow got home,

Till the sun rode high in the cloudless sky and glared on the brick-red loam,
Till the sheep drew into the shelter trees and settled them down for rest,
Then the drover said he would fight no more and he gave his opponent best.
So the new chum rode to the homestead straight and he told them a story grand,
Of the desperate fight that he fought that day with the King of the Overland,
And the tale went home to the public schools of the pluck of the English swell,
How the drover fought for his very life, but blood in the end must tell.
But the travelling sheep and the Wilga sheep were boxed on the old man's plain,
'Twas a full week's work ere they drafted out and hunted them off again,
With a week's good grass in their wretched hides, with a curse and a stock whip crack,
They hunted them off on the road once more to starve on the half-mile track;
And Saltbush Bill, on the Overland, will many a time recite
How the best day's work that ever he did was the day that he lost the fight.

A. B. Paterson.

THE SICK STOCKRIDER

Hold hard, Ned! Lift me down once more, and lay me in the shade.
Old man, you've had your work cut out to guide
Both horses, and to hold me in the saddle when I sway'd,
All through the hot, slow, sleepy, silent ride.
The dawn at " Moorabinda " was a mist rack dull and dense,
The sunrise was a sullen, sluggish lamp;
I was dozing in the gateway at Arbuthnot's bound'ry fence,
I was dreaming on the limestone cattle camp.
We crossed the creek at Carricksford, and sharply through the haze,

And suddenly the sun shot flaming forth;
To southward lay " Katâwa " with the sand peaks all ablaze
And the flush'd fields of Glen Lomond lay to north.
Now westward winds the bridle path that leads to Lindisfarne,
And yonder looms the double-headed Bluff;
From the far side of the first hill, when the skies are clear and calm,
You can see Sylvester's woolshed fair enough.
Five miles we used to call it from our homestead to the place
Where the big tree spans the roadway like an arch;
'Twas here we ran the dingo down that gave us such a chase
Eight years ago—or was it nine?—last March.

'Twas merry in the glowing morn, among the gleaming grass,
To wander as we've wandered many a mile,
And blow the cool tobacco cloud, and watch the white wreaths pass,
Sitting loosely in the saddle all the while.
'Twas merry 'mid the blackwoods, when we spied the station roofs,
To wheel the wild scrub cattle at the yard,
With a running fire of stock whips and a fiery run of hoofs;
Ah! the hardest day was never then too hard!

Aye! we had a glorious gallop after " Starlight " and his gang,
When they bolted from Sylvester's on the flat;
How the sun-dried reed beds crackled, how the flint-strewn ranges rang
To the strokes of " Mountaineer " and " Acrobat."
Hard behind them in the timber, harder still across the heath,
Close beside them through the tea-tree scrub we dash'd;
And the golden-tinted fern leaves, how they rustled underneath!
And the honeysuckle osiers, how they crash'd!

We led the hunt throughout, Ned, on the chestnut and the grey,
And the troopers were three hundred yards behind,
While we emptied our six-shooters on the bushrangers at bay,
In the creek with stunted box-trees for a blind!

There you grappled with the leader, man to man and horse to horse,
And you roll'd together when the chestnut rear'd;
He blaz'd away and missed you in that shallow water course—
A narrow shave—his powder singed your beard.

In these days when life is ebbing, how those days when life was young
Come back to us; how clearly I recall
Even the yarns Jack Hall invented, and the songs Jem Roper sang;
And where are now Jem Roper and Jack Hall?

Aye! nearly all our comrades of the old colonial school,
Our ancient boon companions, Ned, are gone;
Hard livers for the most part, somewhat reckless as a rule,
It seems that you and I are left alone.
There was Hughes who got in trouble through that business with the cards,
It matters little what became of him;
But a steer ripped up MacPherson in the Cooraminta yards,
And Sullivan was drowned at Sink-or-Swim;
And Mostyn—poor Frank Mostyn—died at last a fearful wreck
In "the horrors" at the upper Wandinong,
And Carisbrook, the rider, at the Horsefall broke his neck,
Faith! The wonder was he saved his neck so long!

Ah! those days and nights we squandered at the Logans' in the glen—
The Logans, man and wife, have long been dead.
Elsie's tallest girl seems taller than your little Elsie then;
And Ethel is a woman grown and wed.

I've had my share of pastime, and I've done my share of toil,
And life is short—the longest life a span;
I care not now to tarry for the corn or for the oil,
Or for the wine that maketh glad the heart of man.
For good undone and gifts mis-spent and resolutions vain,
'Tis somewhat late to trouble. This I know—
I should live the same life over, if I had to live again;
And the chances are I go where most men go.

The deep blue skies wax dusky, and the tall green trees grow dim,
The sward beneath me seems to heave and fall;
And sickly, smoky shadows through the sleepy sunlight swim,
And on the very sun's face weave their pall.
Let me slumber in the hollow where the wattle blossoms wave,
With never stone or rail to fence my bed;
Should the sturdy station children pull the bush flowers on my grave,
I may chance to hear them romping overhead.

WOLF AND HOUND

" The hills like giants at a hunting lay,
Chin upon hand to see the game at bay."—BROWNING.

YOU'LL take my tale with a little salt,
But it needs none, nevertheless;
I was foiled completely, fairly at fault,
Dishearten'd too, I confess.
At the splitters' tent I had seen the track
Of horsehoofs fresh on the sward,
And though Darby Lynch and Donovan Jack
(Who could swear through a ten-inch board)
Solemnly swore he had not been there,
I was just as sure that they lied,
For to Darby all that is foul was fair,
And Jack for his life was tried.

We had run him for seven miles and more
As hard as our nags could split;
At the start they were all too weary and sore,
And his was quite fresh and fit.
Young Marsden's pony had had enough
On the plain, where the chase was hot;
We breasted the swell of the Bittern's Bluff,
And Mark couldn't raise a trot;

When the sea, like a splendid silver shield,
To the southward suddenly lay;
At the brow of the Beetle the chestnut reel'd,
And I bid good-bye to McCrea—
And I was alone when the mare fell lame,
With a pointed flint in her shoe,
On the stony flats; I had lost the game,
And what was a man to do?

I turned away with no fixed intent
And headed for Hawthorn dell;
I could neither eat at the splitter's tent
Nor drink at the splitter's well;
I knew that they gloried in my mishap,
And I cursed them between my teeth—
A blood-red sunset through Brayton's gap
Flung a lurid fire on the heath.

Could I reach the dell? I had little reck,
And with scarce a choice of my own
I threw the reins on Miladi's neck—
I had freed her foot from the stone.
That season most of the swamps were dry,
And after so hard a burst
In the sultry noon of so hot a sky
She was keen to appease her thirst—
Or by instinct urged and impelled by fate—
I care not to solve these things—
Certain it was that she took me straight
To the Warrigal water springs.

I can shut my eyes and recall the ground
As though it were yesterday—
With a shelf of the bare grey rocks girt round,
The springs in their basin lay;
Woods to the east and wolds to the north
In the sundown sullenly bloomed;
Dead black on a curtain of crimson cloth
Large peaks to the westward loomed.
I led Miladi through weed and sedge,
She leisurely drank her fill;
There was something close to the water's edge,
And my heart with one bound stood still,

For a horse's shoe and a rider's boot
Had left clean prints on the clay;
Some one had watered his beast on foot,
'Twas he, he had gone—Which way?
Then the mouth of the cavern faced me fair,
As I turned and fronted the rocks;
So at last I had pressed the wolf to his lair,
I had run to his earth the fox.

I thought so. Perhaps he was resting. Perhaps
He was waiting, watching for me.
I examined all my revolver caps,
I hitched my mare to a tree—
I had sworn to have him, alive or dead,
And to give him a chance was loth;
He knew his life had been forfeited—
He had even heard of my oath.
In my stockinged soles to the shelf I crept,
I crawled safe into the cave—
All silent—if he was there he slept;
Not there—all dark as the grave.

Through the crack I could hear the leaden hiss!
See the livid face through the flame!
How strange it seems that a man should miss
When his life depends on his aim!
There couldn't have been a better light
For him, nor a worse for me.
We were cooped up, caged like beasts for a fight,
And dumb as dumb beasts were we.

Flash! flash! bang! bang! and we blazed away
And the grey roof reddened and rang;
Flash! flash! and I felt his bullet flay
The tip of my ear. Flash! bang!
Bang! flash! and my pistol arm fell broke;
I struck with my left hand then—
Struck at a corpse through a cloud of smoke—
I had shot him dead in his den!

FROM THE WRECK

"TURN out, boys!"—"What's up with our super to-night?
The man's mad—Two hours to daybreak I'd swear,
Stark mad—why there isn't a glimmer of light."
"Take Bolingbroke, Alec, give Jack the young mare,
Look sharp! A large vessel lies jammed on the reef,
And many on board still, and some washed on shore.
Ride straight with the news—they may send some relief
From the township; and we, we can do little more.
You, Alec, you know the near cuts; you can cross
The "Sugar-loaf" ford with a scramble, I think;
Don't spare the blood filly, nor yet the black horse.
Should the wind rise, God help them! the ship will soon sink.
Old Peter's away down the paddock, to drive
The nags to the stockyard as fast as he can—
A life and death matter; so, lads, look alive."
Half dress'd in the dark to the stockyard he ran.

There was bridling with hurry and saddling with haste,
Confusion and cursing for lack of a moon;
"Be quick with those buckles, we've no time to waste."
"Mind the mare; she can use her hind legs to some tune."
"Make sure of the crossing place: strike the old track,
They've fenced off the new one; look out for the holes
On the wombat hills." "Down with the slip rails. Stand back!
And ride, boys, the pair of you, ride for your souls."

In the low branches heavily laden with dew,
In the long grasses spoiling with dead wood that day,
Where the blackwood, the box, and the bastard oak grew
Between the tall gum trees we galloped away—
We crashed through a bush fence, we splashed through a swamp—
We steered for the north, near "The Eagle-hawk's Nest."
We bore to the left; just beyond "the Red camp,"
And round the black tea-tree belt wheel'd to the west—

We crossed a low range sickly scented with musk
From wattle-tree blossom—we skirted a marsh—
Then the dawn faintly dappled with orange the dusk,
And peal'd overhead the jay's laughter note harsh,
And shot the first sunstreak behind us, and soon
The dim dewy uplands were dreamy with light.
And full on our left flash'd "The Reedy Lagoon,"
And sharply "The Sugar-loaf" reared on our right.
A smothered curse broke through the bushman's brown beard.
He turned in his saddle, his brick-colour'd cheek
Flush'd feebly with sundawn, said, "Just what I feared.
Last fortnight's late rainfall has flooded the creek."

Black Bolingbroke snorted, and stood on the brink
One instant, then deep in the dark sluggish swirl
Plunged headlong. I saw the horse suddenly sink
Till round the man's armpits the waves seemed to curl.
We followed—one cold shock, and deeper we sank
Than they did, and twice tried the landing in vain,
The third struggle won it; straight up the steep bank
We stagger'd, then out on the skirts of the plain.

The stockrider, Alec, at starting had got
The lead, and had kept it throughout; 'twas his boast
That through thickest of scrub he could steer like a shot,
And the black horse was counted the best on the coast.
The mare had been awkward enough in the dark
She was eager and headstrong, and barely half broke;
She had had me too close to a big stringy-bark,
And had made a near thing of a crooked she oak;
But now on the open lit up by the morn,
She flung the fleecy white foam-flakes from nostril to neck,
And chased him—I hatless, with shirt sleeves all torn
(For he may ride ragged who rides from a wreck)—
And faster and faster across the wide heath
We rode till we raced. Then I gave her her head,
And she—stretching out with the bit in her teeth—
She caught him, outpaced him, and passed him, and led.
We neared the new fence; we were wide of the track;
I looked right and left—she had never been tried
At a stiff leap. 'Twas little he cared on the black.
"You're more than a mile from the gateway," he cried,

I clung to her head, touched her flank with the spurs,
(In the red streak of rail not the ghost of a gap),
She shortened her long stroke, she pricked her sharp ears,
She flung it behind her with hardly a rap—
I saw the post quiver where Bolingbroke struck,
And guessed the pace we had come the last mile
Had blown him a bit (he could jump like a buck).
We galloped more steadily then for a while.

The heath was soon pass'd, in the dim distance lay
The mountain. The sun was clearing the tips
Of the ranges to eastward. The mare—could she stay?
She was bred very nearly as clean as Eclipse:
She led, and as oft as he came to her side,
She took the bit free and untiring as yet;
Her neck was arched double, her nostrils were wide
And the tips of her tapering ears nearly met—
"You're lighter than I am," said Alec at last,
The horse is dead beat and the mare isn't blown.
She must be a good one—ride on and ride fast,
You know your way now." So I rode on alone.

Still galloping forward we pass'd the two flocks
At McIntyre's hut and M'Allister's hill—
She was galloping strong at the Warrigal Rocks—
On the Wallaby Range she was galloping still—
And over the wasteland and under the wood,
By down and by dale, and by fell and by flat,
She gallop'd, and here in the stirrup I stood
To ease her and there in the saddle I sat
To steer her. We suddenly struck the red loam
Of the track near the troughs—then she reeled on the rise—
From her crest to her croup covered over with foam,
And blood-red her nostrils and bloodshot her eyes,
A dip in the dell where the wattle fire bloomed—
A bend round the bank that had shut out the view—
Large framed in the mild light the mountain had loom'd
With a tall purple peak bursting out from the blue.

I pull'd her together, I press'd her and she
Shot down the decline to the Company's yard,
And on by the paddocks, yet under my knee
I could feel her heart thumping the saddle flaps hard.

Yet a mile and another and now we were near
  The goal, and the fields and farms flitted past,
And 'twixt the two fences I turned with a cheer,
And labourers, roused by her galloping hoofs,
  Saw bare-headed rider and foam-sheeted steed;
And shone the white walls and the slate-covered roofs
  Of the township. I steadied her then—I had need—
Where stood the old chapel (where stands the new church—
  Since chapels to churches have changed in that town),
A short sidelong stagger, a long forward lurch,
  A slight choking sob, and the mare had gone down.
I slipped off the bridle, I slackened the girth,
  I ran on and left her and told them my news;
I saw her soon afterwards. What was she worth?
  How much for her hide? She had never worn shoes.

WHISPERINGS IN WATTLE BOUGHS

Oh, gaily sings the bird! and the wattle boughs are stirr'd
And rustled by the scented breath of spring;
Oh, the dreary wistful longing! Oh, the faces that are thronging!
Oh, the voices that are vaguely whispering!

Oh, tell me, father mine, ere the good ship cross'd the brine,
On the gangway one mute hand-grip we exchang'd,
Do you, past the grave, employ, for your stubborn, reckless boy,
Those petitions that in life were ne'er estrang'd?

Oh, tell me, sister dear, parting word and parting tear
Never pass'd between us;—let me bear the blame,
Are you living, girl, or dead? bitter tears since then I've shed
For the lips that lisp'd with mine a mother's name.

Oh, tell me, ancient friend, ever ready to defend
In our boyhood, at the base of life's long hill,
Are you working yet or sleeping? Have you left this vale of weeping?
Or do you, like your comrade, linger still?

Oh, whisper, buried love, is there rest and peace above?—
There is little hope or comfort here below;—
On your sweet face lies the mould, and your bed is straight and cold—
Near the harbour where the sea-tides ebb and flow.

. . . . . .

All silent—they are dumb—and the breezes go and come
With an apathy that mocks at man's distress;
Laugh, scoffer, while you may! I could bow me down and pray
For an answer that might stay my bitterness.

Oh, harshly screams the bird; and the wattle-bloom is stirr'd,
There's a sullen wend-like whisper in the bough:
"Aye, kneel, and pray, and weep, but HIS BELOVED SLEEP
CAN NEVER BE DISTURB'D BY SUCH AS THOU!"

A. LINDSAY GORDON.

HEARTS OF GOLD

Though poets have not yet sung you
Nor writers your true worth told,
I, who have wrought among you,
I know you for Hearts of Gold!

TOILING with shovel and dray,
With reaper and harrow and drill,
For the old folks wrinkled and gray
In the old home under the hill;
Brave, broad-shouldered, and brown,
With the width of the world to roam,
Staying to battle a mortgage down
That a mother may keep her home. . . .
Hearts of Gold! O, Hearts of Gold!

Toiling out on the blue-grass plains
With plunging leaders and ringing chains;
Working early and working late
To the click of the dusty drafting gate;
Steadying ponies scared and wild:
All for a mother, a wife, a child. . . .
Hearts of Gold! O, Hearts of Gold!

Out in the scorching pitiless sun
Under the reeling, rocky sky,
With a comrade gasping, "Mate, I'm done!"
Making the last two drinks in one
Lest a good, true mate should die. . . .
Hearts of Gold! O, Hearts of Gold!

Lending your arms when the floods are down,
Lest a neighbour's stock in the dark should drown;
Sweating with green boughs, turn and turn,
Lest a neighbour's crop in the night should burn;
Riding the hills at the risk of life
For a doctor's aid for a neighbour's wife. . . .
Hearts of Gold! O, Hearts of Gold!

Men who have ridden all day,
Hungry and saddle sore,
Snatching a morsel and riding away
Maybe for ten hours more,
In the lined advance,
That the range may give
One more faint chance
To a child to live. . . .
Hearts of Gold! O, Hearts of Gold!

Women alone in the Bush,
Mothers and wives,
Keeping your guard in the weird night-hush
Over the sleeping lives;
In woe or weal
Staunch and fond,
True as steel
To the marriage bond. . . .
Hearts of Gold! O, Hearts of Gold!

Fighting the fires and floods and drought,
The nights of terror and days of doubt,
Shifting the outposts farther out. . . .
Hearts of Gold! O, Hearts of Gold!

Facing your fate as the years go by
With a hidden grief and a silent cry,
Dying gamely as bull-dogs die. . . .
Hearts of Gold! O, Hearts of Gold!

By the trouble that will never tame you,
By the toil that will never withhold,
Whatever the dull world name you
I know you for Hearts of Gold!

WILL OGILVIE.

THE MAILS

The tail rods leap in their bearings,
They rise with a rush and a ring;
They sink to the sound of laughter,
And hurried and short they sing—
We carry the Mails—
His Majesty's Mails—
Make way for the mails of the king!

We've swung her head for the open bay,
And, spun by the prisoned steam,
The screws are drumming the miles away
Where the light star-shadows dream.
She lifts and sways to the ocean swell—
The lighthouse glares on high,
And the fisher lads in the boats will tell
How they saw the mail go by;
A-thrill from keel to her quiv'ring spars—
With the screw-foam boiling white,
And black smoke dimming the watching stars,
As she soared through the soundless night.
"Full speed ahead!" shout the racing rods—
"Full speed!" and spray on the rail!
We'll heed no order to stop save God's,
For we are the Ocean Mail.

The log fish shudder to hear the thud
And stamp of our engine room,
As we thunder on with our decks aflood
Through the blind bewildering gloom.
A faint hoarse hail, and a warning light,
The whirr of our steering gear,
And we are staggering in our flight
With a fishing boat just clear.
We carry the wealth of the world I trow,
And the power and fame of men—
The angry word, and the lover's vow,
All held to the turn of a pen.
And stars swing out in the skies athrill,
And the weary stars grow pale;
But night and day we are driving still
For we are the Ocean Mail.

The sailing craft and the clumsy tramps
Loom up and are lost astern,
And the stars of their bridge and mast-head lamps
Are the only stars that burn.
To the clash and ring of the whirling steel,
And the crash and swing of the seas,
We carry the grief that the mothers feel
As they sob and pray on their knees,
The cares and joys of the throbbing world
Are measured in piston-strokes,
When the bright prow-smother is split and hurled
And the hot wake steams and smokes,
To the surging blows of the heavy throws,
And the slide-valves' moaning wail,
We'll swing and soar with our flues a-roar,
For we are the Ocean Mail.

They watch for us at the harbour-mouth,
And wait for us on the quay,
Looking ever to East and South
For our head-light on the sea.
And onward, surging, we're racing fast
Where the shy mermaiden dwells,
And the crested kings of the deep ride past—
(Oh! the pomp of the rolling swells).

Some lighthouse-men when they see our star
  Lift clear of the starry maze,
Will watch us swagger across the bar
  And swing to the channelled ways,
Yet never a sign or a sound we give—
  No blast of horn or a hail—
For we must race that the world may live,
  And we are the Ocean Mail.

The good screws labouring under,
  Laugh loud as they lift and fling
The eddying foam behind them,
  And muttering low they sing—
    Make way for the Mails—
    His Majesty's Mails—
We carry the mails for the king.

WHEN THE GUNS GO INTO BATTLE

With Death on the off-side lead,
  And Duty stern on the limber,
The men of the British breed
  Strain sinews, steel, and timber.
With jangling bar and trace,
  And trail-eyes all a rattle,
The guns rush thundering in the race,
Where " last gun in " is a sore disgrace:
For the drivers drive at a reckless pace
  When the guns go into battle.

See them breasting the rise,
  With trace a-sweat and steaming,
Till the white hot lather flies
  And the axles roar complaining!
Clatter! Bump! Bang! They come
  Galloping hard on the level—
Never a note of fife or drum—
Only the whirr of the wheels that hum,
(The fearless winds from the hills crouch dumb
  When the guns crash on to the revel).

The hard-drawn trace-chains twang
  And the trace-hooks grip and rattle,
The hammering trail-eyes bang
  When the guns go into battle.
The drivers urge their teams
  With whip and speer and curses . . .
A gun on the foot-hills glints and gleams—
A flashing roar! And a shot horse screams—
I have dreamed what I see, in horrid dreams
  Which the morning light disperses.

They have loosed the shot horse out,
  And left a gunner groaning.
They are off with never a doubt
  Where the long death-song is moaning.
The limbers leap and sway
  To the pole-bars' noisy banging—
One horse's breath is a crimson spray,
But he shakes his head and pegs away,
For he does not want his mates to say
  They saw his short-trace hanging.

Oh! hear the riotous beat
  Of racing hoofs on the gravel—
You can judge from their flashing feet
  'Tis their utmost pace they travel.
The linch-pins clatter and ring—
  The harness strains and shivers,
Each driver then is a battle-king;
Each leaping gun a living thing,
And the war-god's song their stout hearts sing,
  Tho' maybe a boy's lip quivers.

They're reining the right-flank team—
  The centre driver is falling,
By his life-blood's pulsing stream
  His last réveillé's calling.
But a comrade takes his place,
  And so, with scarce a falter,
The gun is off again in the race,
When " last gun in " is a sore disgrace.
Oh! the British drivers' rollicking pace
  Is a pace that nothing can alter.

To the firing line they sweep!
  Then—" Action Front "—and swiftly
The active gunners leap,
  And the gun's unlimbered deftly.
The limber goes; it's " Waggon Supply; "
  The brass-capped shell is handed
From waggon to trail; and the strong hands ply
To many a jest and quick reply,
While the shells rush past with a shriek or sigh,
  And the earth lifts where they landed.

Arms signal " Shot! " And the range?
  " Eighteen hundred, with fuse seven! "
Ah! the men at the trails will change
  As their bellowing guns shake heaven;
For, steadily spitting hate,
  The rifle-bullets find them—
One moves too soon, and one too late,
When the tough spades lift the spent gun's weight.
Yet steady the fight, and grim the fate,
  Though the grime and the sweat-streams blind them.

With Death on the off-side lead,
  And Duty stern on the near one,
The men of the fighting breed
  Ride in where the hot shells sear one.
With jangling bar and trace,
  And fast big-hearted cattle,
The guns go thundering in the race
Where " last gun in " is a sore disgrace;
Oh! the drivers drive at a madman's pace
  When the guns go into battle.

THE CATTLE BOATS

Four weeks from Monte Video,
And sights that few Men sees—
A-prayin' that the clouds will blow
A healthy spankin' breeze;
With glass a-showin', down below,
A hundred odd degrees.

WHEN God made out His shippin'-notes
And sent this world to sea,
He must have missed the cattle-boats
And cattle-men like me,
He meant all farms to be ashore,
Not sailin' full and by
With chokin' bullocks sweatin' gore
And layin' down to die.
He didn't authorise that hells
Should wander on His seas,
A-liftin' to the swingin' swells—
Such reekin' hells as these,
That squatter out and tumble in
To be the shippers' gain,
With cattle-keepers spoutin' sin,
And cattle mad with pain.

The sharks they slink around our flanks—
The sharks are very wise;
And oh! they love the cattle tanks
And every beast that dies.

We ships 'em at the River Plate,
And from the States they come,
With bleedin' horns and starin' hate—
Thank God the brutes are dumb!
We rig up win's'ls so's to try
And purify the air;
So if they go and drop and die,
That isn't our affair.
The stokers sometimes feel that God
Is workin' wonders near,

A-strengthenin' a fractured rod
That's fightin' Death and Fear.
But hoistin' up the dead and maimed
And dodgin' every roll,
A man might doubt, nor be ashamed
If he has got a soul.

The sharks they fight a bit, and then
They swim a-grinnin' by—
Instead of beasts it might be men!
And oh! them sharks are sly.

We ain't in Heaven's shippin'-notes,
And God don't surely know
That such dam things as cattle-boats
Are tradin' to and fro—
A plungin' till their stock is piled
In heaps all blood and hair,
And men are killed, to put it mild,
For facin' Death too fair.
The coal-ships most are bound for where
Good coal is rulin' high;
The liner's dinner-bugles blare;
She swaggers stately by,
With passengers a-suckin' hard
At pipes and strong cigars:
They seem to know a cattle-yard—
It must be by our spars.

Pass round that chain! Now, easy! Oh,
What cheerful tasks are these—
A-liftin' dead-uns from below
And prayin' for a breeze.
God didn't mean that Hell should go
A-howlin' on His seas.

WILL LAWSON.

THE CHRIST OF THE "NEVER"

With eyes that seem shrunken to pierce
To the awful horizons of land,
Through the haze of hot days, and the fierce
White heat-waves that flow on the sand;
Through the Never Land westward and nor'ward,
Bronzed, bearded, and gaunt on the track,
Quiet-voiced and hard-knuckled, rides forward
The Christ of the Outer Out-back.

For the cause that will ne'er be relinquished
Spite of all the great cynics on earth—
In the ranks of the bush undistinguished
By manner or dress—if by birth—
God's preacher of churches unheeded—
God's vineyard though barren the sod—
Plain spokesman when spokesman is needed—
Rough link 'twixt the bushman and God.

He works where the hearts of all nations
Are withered in flame from the sky,
Where the sinners work out their salvations
In a hell-upon-earth ere they die.
In the camp or the lonely hut lying
In a waste that seems out of God's sight,
He's the doctor—the mate of the dying
Through the smothering heat of the night.

By his work in the hells of the shearers,
Where the drinking is ghastly and grim,
Where the roughest and worst of his hearers
Have listened bare-headed to him.
By his paths through the parched desolation,
His rides and the terrible tramps;
By the hunger, the thirst, the privation
Of his work on the furthermost camps;
By his worth in the light that shall search men
And prove—ay! and justify each—
I place him in front of all churchmen
Who feel not, who *know* not, but preach.

Henry Lawson.

CAMP FIRE MUSINGS

I

THE camp fire plays upon the trees
In waves of warm caressin' light,
And on the mild and scented breeze
Come all the whispers of the night,
And now and then the dead leaves fall
With just a rustle soft and low,
But what's the meanin' of it all,
I dunno!

II

From all around me I can hear
The sounds of things that live and die,
And now and then from somewhere near
The curlew's sad and hauntin' cry,
Whilst near the fire here I sprawl,
With thoughts that ever come and go,
But what's the meanin' of it all,
I dunno!

III

There's such a lot of things that seem
Beyond the range of human ken,
The moon that shines, the stars that gleam,
The sun that warms the heart o' men,
The laugh that cheers, the tears that fall,
The joys and grief that come and go,
But what's the meanin' of 'em all,
I dunno!

IV

One hears again and yet again
Of what a fellah ought to be,
But still it don't seem very plain,
Leastways, it don't seem so to me;
I s'pose the watchword "Duty's Call"
Should mark the road one has to go,
But what one's duty is at all,
I dunno!

V

It's hard to mind what preachers say:
Give unto every man his due,
And always act in such a way
As you would have men act to you!
If any man with greedy lust
Tries hard to score and lay you low,
Well, ain't it right to "have" him fust?
I dunno!

VI

I s'pose for some the path of life
Lies smooth and easy as they tread,
For others there's the storm and strife
And dark clouds frownin' overhead;
No wonder that we trip and fall
Or at the best go very slow,
And what's the meanin' of it all,
I dunno!

VII

The good old bush is pretty rough,
And when my spirits fade and die
I sometimes think I've had enough,
It seems no sort o' use to try;
The mornin's break, the evenin's fall,
And I—well, what have I to show?
Can man e'er dare to hope at all?
I dunno.

VIII

And yet as on my back I lie
And watch the bright stars gleamin' there,
I fancy that beyond the sky
Must be a land where doubt and care
Have no more power to enthral,
A land where tired spirits go
To rest in peace, forgettin' all!
I dunno!

THE STOCKRIDER

LONG and lean and wiry,
  Hollow-cheeked and brown,
Bushbred and he stays there,
  Wants no bloomin' town;
Got no city manners,
  Couldn't if he tried!
Watch him in the saddle,
  See the beggar ride!

Hear him telling stories,
  Yarns of long ago;
See him with the children
  Laughing soft and low.
Just a great big baby,
  Mouth all gaping wide,
Fetch along a raw 'un
  See the beggar ride!

Watch his big eyes moisten
  Then light up with fun,
Reading verses writ by
  Bartie Paterson.
Swears by good old Bartie,
  'Way down Sydney side,
Says *he* knows the biz'ness
  HE knows how to ride—

Hear the beggar singing
  Songs of dreadful woe,
Telling how his mother
  Left him long ago;
Hear his cracked voice shaking,
  Droning how she died;
Stop the beggar squalking,
  Shove him up to ride!

Watch him after cattle,
  When there's work to do,

Mother, home, forgotten
Tea and damper too!
See his white teeth gleaming,
Taking in his stride
Rocks and fallen timber,
Lord, to see him ride!

Mark the maddened brumby
Bucking all he knows;
See the grim-faced rider
Blood from ears to nose;
Never yet buck-jumper
Bound in hair and hide
Knows the trick to shift him!
Gosh, to see him ride!

Hear him on the ranges
Make the stock whip crack,
Racing down the gullies
Straight to hell and back,
Hear the flint stones rattle
Down the mountain side,
Hold your breath and wonder—
That's the way to ride.

Talk of yelling Cossack
Riding on his head!
See the thing he rests on,
Bloomin' four-post bed!
Clever tricks for children!
That can't be denied;
Send him to Australia,
There he'll learn to ride!

Just a stalwart giant
Standing six foot two,
Simple as a baby,
Loyal, staunch, and true;
Put him in the saddle,
Hear the world decide,
"Hats off to the master,
He's the boy to ride."

THE WATER-BELLOW

I

TWENTY miles to travel
Through tangled scrub and rock,
Twenty miles to travel
And mostly all the Stock
Comprised of sickly heifers
With sickly calves at heel,
Well, sonny, you can fancy
Exactly how I feel!

II

Twenty miles to travel!
I'd call it easy quite
If we could camp till ev'ning
And take the road at night.
But in this rocky country
One has to go by day,
And guard the beasts at night-time,
Or else they're bound to stray.

III

Yes, now they're going nicely,
I wish that it would last,
But out across the sand-hills,
The sun is rising fast,
The heat will soon be awful
The dust be something worse,
And added to our troubles
The want of water curse!

IV

Just mark those weary heifers
And note their heaving flanks,
We'll have a job, my sonny,
To keep them in the ranks;
And look too at the leaders,
Observe their artful knack
Of stringing out for water,
Just turn and ride them back!

V

Ah! now you know what heat is,
The sun's just blazing down,
You'll have a yarn to tell 'em
When you get back to town,
Of how with cattle dying
You, in your manhood strong,
Just proudly rode among 'em
And flogged the brutes along!

IV

Yes—flogged 'em! Lord, it's awful,
And makes me sick with shame,
I mean to chuck it, sonny,
And you can do the same—
We'll follow them on foot, lad,
And see what we can do
By driving them with branches,
Perchance we'll get them through.

VII

Perchance we'll get them through, lad,
Well, we can only try,
But half of them look ready
To settle down and die—
Ah, see that brindled heifer
Just give your whip full play,
She's down, but has the cunning
To try to slip away!

VIII

Another mile—Good Heavens!
Why what is that I hear?
Yes—there it is again, lad,
Like music on the ear:
The " water-bellow," sonny,
As sure as eggs is eggs,
D'ye see that stumbling heifer
Rise up upon her legs.

IX

Just listen to the crooning
That's passing thro' the ranks,
D'ye see their eyeballs flaming,
D'ye note their heaving flanks,
The leaders in the vanguard
Have passed the word along,
They sniff the water, sonny,
And that's their joyful song.

X

Great Scott, it acts like magic,
They're going at the run,
We'll have to ride like blazes
And see what can be done
To steady them a trifle,
Or else it will be found
That in the mad confusion
Some hundreds will be drowned.

XI

Too late! they're mad for water
And naught can hold them back,
You needn't fuss or worry
To make your stock whip crack,
They mean to get there, sonny,
Despite what we can do,
So we must sit and pray, lad,
That half come safely through!

XII

D'ye see the water seething,
As in the leaders burst,
It must be simply gorgeous
To quench so great a thirst!
Just listen to their roaring,
The gruntings and the din,
Let's pray they finish, sonny,
Before the calves get in.

XIII

Hurrah! they're crawling out, lad,
The calves can have their turn,
Ah! there they go, my sonny,
See how the waters churn.
Thank God, the danger's over
And on the other side
We'll muster without losing
A single bloomin' hide.

XIV

Well, now you see what happens
And know the sort o' job
A man has got to tackle
When trav'lling with a mob;
Phew! pass the bacca, sonny,
The sun is dropping down;
Gad, there's a yarn to tell 'em
When you get back to town.

GUY EDEN.

ROMANCE

THEY say that fair Romance is dead, and in her cold grave lying low,
The green grass waving o'er her head, the mould upon her breast of snow;
Her voice, they say, is dumb for aye, that once was clarion —clear and high—
But in their hearts, their frozen hearts, they know that bitterly they lie.

Her brow of white, that was with bright rose-garland in the old days crowned,
Is now, they say, all shorn of light, and with a fatal fillet bound.
Her eyes divine no more shall shine to lead the hardy Knight and good
Unto the Castle Perilous, beyond the dark Enchanted Wood.

And do they deem, these fools supreme, whose iron wheels unceasing whirr,
That, in their rushing age of Steam, there is no longer room for Her?
That, as they hold the key of gold, that shuts or opens Mammon's Den,
Romance has vanished from the earth and left the homes and hearts of men?

Yea, some there be who fain would see this consummation drear,
And set their God Machinery with iron rod to rule the year.
They get their way, day after day, with forward-staring famished eyes,
Whose level glances never stray—fixed fast upon a sordid prize!

The sun may rise in god-like guise, the stars like burning seraphs shine,
But ah, for those sad souls unwise, nor Earth nor Heaven bears a sign.
All visions fair, in earth or air, they gaze upon with sullen scorn.
God knows His own great business best; He only knows why they were born.

They never saw, with sacred awe, the Vision of the Starry Stream,
That is the source of Love and Law; they never dreamt the wondrous dream;
They never heard the Magic Bird, whose strains the poet's soul entrance;
Their souls are in their money-bags—What should they know of fair Romance?

She still is here, the fair and dear, and walks the Earth with noiseless feet;
Her eyes are deep, and dark and clear, her scarlet mouth is honey-sweet;
A chaplet fair of roses rare and lordly laurel crowns her head;
Her path is over land and sea: she is not dead; she is not dead.

On roads of clay, 'neath skies of grey, though fate compel us to advance,
Beyond the turning of the way there sits and waits for us Romance.
Around yon cape of lion-shape, that meets the wave with lion-brow,
A ship sails in from lands unknown; Romance stands shining on her prow.

At dead of night, a fiery light from out the heart of darkness glares;
The engine, rocking in its flight, once more into the darkness flares;
The train flies fast, the bridge is past; white faces for a moment gleam—
And at the window sits Romance, and gazes down into the stream.

When first the child, with wonder wild, looks on the world with shining eyes,
Romance becomes his guardian mild, and tells to him her stories wise.
And when the light fades into night, and ended is their life's short span,
To other wonder-worlds she leads the spirit of the Dying Man.

Right grim gods be Reality, and iron-handed Circumstance.
Cast off their fetters, friend! Break free and seek the shrine of fair Romance.
And when dark days with cares would craze your brain, then she will take your hand,
And lead you on by greenwood ways unto a green and pleasant land.

There you will see brave company, all making gay and gallant cheer—
Blanaid the Fair, the Deirdre rare, and Gold Gudrun and Guinevere;
And Merlin wise, with dreaming eyes, and Tristram of the Harp and Bow;
While from the Wood of Broceliande the horns of Elfland lively blow.

VICTOR DALEY.

THE WOMEN OF THE WEST

THEY left the vine-wreathed cottage and the mansion on the hill,
The houses in the busy streets where life is never still,
The pleasures of the city and the friends they cherished best:
In love they faced the wilderness—the Women of the West.

The roar and rush and fever of the city died away,
And the old-time joys and faces—they were gone for many a day;
In their place the lurching coach wheel, or the creaking bullock chains,
O'er the everlasting sameness of the never-ending plains.

In the slab-built zinc-roofed homestead of some lately taken run,
In the tent beside the bankment of some railway newly begun,
In the huts on new selections, in the camps of man's unrest,
On the frontier of the nation, live the Women of the West.

The red sun robs their beauty, and in weariness and pain,
The slow years steal the nameless grace that never comes again;
And there are hours men cannot soothe, and words men cannot say—
The nearest woman's face may be a hundred miles away.

The wild bush holds the secret of their longings and desires,
When the white stars in reverence light their holy altar fires,
And silence, like the touch of God, sinks deep into the breast—
Perchance He hears and understands the Women of the West.

For them no trumpet sounds the call, no poet plies his arts—
They only hear the beating of their gallant loving hearts.
But they have sung with silent lives, the song all songs above—
The loftiness of sacrifice, the dignity of love.

Well have we held our father's creed, No call has passed us by,
We faced and fought the wilderness, we sent our sons to die,
And we have hearts to do and dare, and yet, o'er all the rest,
The hearts that made the Nation were the Women of the West.

GEORGE ESSEX EVANS.

BABYLON

(The City of Wild Contrasts)

O CITY of wild contrasts, meetings strange,
More magical than old Arabian tales,
More wondrous than a youthful poet's dreams,
More common than a harlot in her paint,
More soul-benumbing than a factory's wheels,
So beautiful and fair, so wan and poor,
So brave and gallant, loathsome and so foul;
Where Yesterday rubs shoulders with To-day,
And old Romance and dreary Common-place—
O! city of wild contrasts, meetings strange!

Pacing the Strand, that By-way of the World,
The prying Yankee, there inquisitive
(His women-folk with guide-books all a-row),
Spies out his Broadway partner by the church
Where Johnson prayed; and with a nasal note
They pass together to the Templar's fane!

The sun-dried squatter from his Austral run,
Yearning to meet again his old-time friend
Whose sheep once browsed the salt-bush with his own,
Takes ship to London, stalks past Bourse and band,
Sees him, and cooëes 'neath Paul's glorious dome.

OVER THE SEA

(The Ballade of the Children of New Worlds)

OVER the sea, where our kinsfolk dwell
In cities built of their golden gain,
By Maori lakes, by the South Sea's swell,
In the Austral bush, or on station plain,
However the elders may fume and complain,
The children are singing and shouting with glee
In Shakespeare's tongue—to the gay refrain
Of old English pastimes—over the Sea!

Ye who hold forth in your clubs in Pall Mall,
Or squabble o' nights in the Parliament's fane,
O dull legislators, so anxious to tell
How to bind these lands in this bountiful reign,
Hark to these voices across the main!
Grey sophists be still—you will never agree;
But the bonny young bairns may be weaving a chain
To link us at Home to those over the Sea!

They can unite us—aye firmly and well—
In the bonds of a love that should ever remain;
The youngsters who romp in a sweet English dell,
Or rouse the bush echoes again and again,
They are our law-givers honest and sane.
Ye then who pray that our flag may fly free,
That England's proud might may ne'er weaken and wane,
List to the little ones—over the Sea!

THE CYNIC OF THE WOODS

(The young poet and the laughing Jackass)

I COME from busy haunts of men,
With Nature to commune,
Which you, it seems, observe, and then
Laugh out, like some buffoon.

You cease, and through the forest drear
I pace with sense of awe,
When once again upon my ear
Breaks in your harsh guffaw.

I look aloft to yonder place
Where placidly you sit,
And tell you to your very face,
I do not like your wit.

I'm in no mood for blatant jest,
I hate your mocking song,
My weary soul demands the rest
Denied to it so long.

Besides, there passes through my brain
The poet's love of fame—
Why should not an Australian strain
Immortalise my name?

And so I pace the forest drear,
Filled with a sense of awe,
When louder still upon my ear
Breaks in your harsh guffaw.

Yet truly, Jackass, it may be
My words are all unjust;
You laugh at what you hear and see,
And laugh because you must.

You've seen Man, civilised and rude,
Of varying race and creed,
The black-skinned savage almost nude,
The Englishman in tweed.

And here the *lubra*[1] oft has strayed
To rest beneath the boughs,
Where now, perchance, some fair-haired maid
May hear her lover's vows.

[1] Black woman.

While you, from yonder lofty height,
  Have studied human ways,
And with a satirist's delight
  Dissected hidden traits.

Laugh on, laugh on! Your rapturous shout
  Again on me intrudes;
But I have found your secret out,
  O Cynic of the Woods.

Well! I confess, grim mocking elf,
  Howe'er I rhapsodise,
That I am more in love with self
  Than with the earth or skies.

So I will lay the epic by
  That I had just begun.
Why should I babble? Let me lie
  And bask here in the sun.

And let me own, were I endowed
  With your fine humorous sense,
I too should laugh—aye, quite as loud,
  At all Man's vain pretence.

A. Pachett Martin.

WOOL IS UP

Earth o'erflows with nectared gladness,
  All creation teems with joy;
Banished be each thought of sadness,
  Life for me has no alloy.
Fill a bumper, drain a measure,
  Pewter, goblet, tankard, cup,
Testifying thus our pleasure
  At the news that " wool is up."

Thwart the empires, 'neath the oceans,
  Swiftly speeds the living fire;
Who shall tell what wild emotions
  Spring from out that thridden wire?

" Jute is lower, copper weaker,"
  This will break poor neighbour Jupp;
But for me, I shout " Eureka! "
  Wealth is mine—for wool is up.

What care I for jute or cotton,
  Sugar, copper, hemp, or flax,
Reeds like these are often rotten,
  Turn to rods for owner's backs.
Fortune, ha! I have thee holden
  In what Scotia calls " a grup,"
All my fleeces now are golden,
  Full troy weight—for wool is up.

I will dance the gay fandango,
  Though to me its steps be strange,
Doubts and fears, you all can hang go,
  I will cut a dash on " Change."
Atra Cura, you will please me
  By dismounting from my crup—
Crupper, you no more shall tease me,
  Pray get down,—for wool is up.

Jane shall have that stylish bonnet
  Which my scanty purse denied;
Long she set her heart upon it,
  She shall wear it now with pride.
I will buy old Dumper's station,
  Reign as king at Gerringhup,
For my crest, a bust of Jason,
  With this motto, " Wool is up! "

I will keep a stud extensive;
  Bolter, here, I'll have those greys,
Those Sir George deemed too expensive,
  You can send them—with the bays.
Coursing, I should rather think so;
  Yes, I'll take that " Lightning " pup:
Jones, my boy, you needn't wink so,
  I can stand it—wool is up.

Wifey, love, you're looking charming,
  Years with you are but as days;
We must have a grand house-warming
  When those painters mend their ways.
Let the ball-room be got ready,
  Bid our friends to dance and sup.
Bother, how can I go steady?
  I'm worth thousands—wool is up!

WOOL IS DOWN

BLACKER than e'er the inky waters roll
  Upon the gloomy shores of sluggish Styx,
A surge of sorrow laps my leaden soul,
  For that which was at " two " is now " one six."
" Come disappointment, come," as has been said
  By some one else, who quailed 'neath fortune's frown,
" Stab to the core the heart that once has bled,"
  For " heart " read " pocket "—wool, ah! wool is down.

" And in the lowest deep, a lower deep,"
  Thou sightless seer, indeed it may be so,
The road too well we know is somewhat steep,
  And who shall stay us when that road we go?
Thrice cursed wire, whose lightning strikes to blast,
  Whose babbling tongue proclaims throughout the town
The news, which being ill, has travelled fast,
  The dire intelligence—that wool is down.

A rise in copper and a rise in jute,
  A fall alone in wool, but what a fall!
Jupp must have made a pile this trip, the brute,
  He don't deserve such splendid luck at all.
The smiles for him, for me the scalding tears,
  He's worth ten thousand if he's worth a crown;
While I—untimely shorn by fate's hard shears—
  Feel that my game is up when wool is down.

Bolter, take back those prancing greys of thine,
Remove as well the vanquished warrior's bays,
My fortunes are not stable, they decline;
Aye, even horses taunt me with their neighs,
And thou sweet puppy of the " Lightning " breed,
Through whose fleet limbs I pictured me renown,
Hie howling to thy former home with speed,
Thy course with me is up—for wool is down.

Why, Jane, what's this?—this pile of letters here?
Such waste of stamps is really very sad.
Your birthday ball? Oh come, not twice a year;
Good gracious me! the woman must be mad.
You'd better save expense at once, that's clear,
And send a bellman to invite the town!
There—there—don't cry, forgive my temper, dear,
But put those letters up—for wool is down.

My station " Gerringhup," yes, that must go,
Its sheep, its oxen, and its kangaroos;
First 'twas the home of blacks, the whites we know,
Now is it a dwelling but for " the blues."
With it I leave the brotherhood of Cash
Who form Australian fashion's tinsel crown;
I tread along the devious paths of Smash,
I go where wool has gone—down, ever down.

Thus ends my dream of greatness—not for me
The silken couch, the banquet, and the rout,
They're flown—the base residium will be
A mutton chop and half a pint of stout—
Yet will I hold a corner in my soul
Where Hope may nestle safe from Fortune's frown.
Thou hoodwinked jade! my heart remaineth whole—
I'll keep my spirits up—though wool be down.

GARNET WALCH.

THE SHIP

Bound to the wharf,
Dull-lapped on timid tides,
Thy fierce fires quenched and thy great engines stilled,
The splendid soul of thee at length asleep,
Thy latest task fulfilled,
Thou toy and tyrant of the infinite deep,
Devourer of vast distances that dwarf
Our parish miles to inches! . . .

Art thou content, O Ship?

O, great mute ship that answerest not, where is
Thy terrible voice,
That screamed derision through the thunderous night
And hurled defiance at the hurricane,
Thy voice that mocked the surges and outshrilled
The shrieking army of the dead sea-folk
Who ride for ever damned upon the wrack
Of howling storms?—where is thy mighty voice
That pealed tremendously across the dark
That guards the gates of hell,
O great mute ship?

Bound to the wharf,
Soft-lulled by timid tides,
With fierce fires quenched and great grim engines stilled,
All dead and silent, ponderous and dumb,
Art thou content, O Ship!

Frank Morton.

THE RUINED HOMESTEAD

How broodingly, this gentle day,
The sunshine lies amongst the gorse
Of this old fence beside the way
That skirts the farm of David Morse:

But David tarries here no more,
Nor any of his kith or kin;
Half-hingeless hangs the farmhouse door,
And desolation dwells within.

The roof-trees of the house and sheds
Are bent: the rafters, here and there,
Stick through the rotting thatch, and shreds
Of fastening whiten in the air:
No quiet cows in the pastures feed,
The fences all in ruin lie:
And, where the clover grew, the weed
Has reigned for many a year gone by.

A starling's song from one lone tree
In mellow snatches sweetly comes,
While here and there a vagrant bee,
Drawn by the yellow gorse blooms, hums;
And spiders' webs, where many a fly
Has met its doom, the gorse enlace;
But nothing else can ear or eye
Detect of life about the place.

Like follows like; and David's life
Was one long wreck, through witless ways,
And, only for his wiser wife,
The end had come in earlier days;
But she, with her superior sense,
And planning early, plodding late,
Contrived to earn and save the pence
Required to buy delay from Fate.

On this lean farm for thirty years
The weary strife was carried on,
With heart-aches too intense for tears,
And hopes that gleamed and then were gone;
But she—the brave, forbearing wife—
Was not the woman to despair,
Or try to mend a rueful life
By crying forth its cark and care.

So year by year she played her part
With steady hand and steadfast mind,
Whereof the memory through my heart
Keeps moaning like a wintry wind;
For I—am Mary Morse's son
(A prodigal returned to-day),
And know how well her work was done,
Yet how it wore her soul away.

JOHN CHRISTIE.

THE REAPER

WATCHING the rhythmic reaper from the hill—
Like a green sea the broken waves of wheat
Splashed with red, wilting flowers at their feet—
Two lovers in the twilight lingered still.

A breathing poppy fluttered to the air:
She touched it with her curling finger-tips,
And stooping, pressed to it her vivid lips—
'Twas like a butterfly imprisoned there.

"Thrice blessed one," said she, "that freshly blows
Safe from the swift destroyer's icy breath"—
Her lover whispered, "May the scythe of death
So spare the place whereon my flower grows."

LALA FISHER.

SPRING MORNING

WHAT clearer than this earth and air?
The birds go flying everywhere
As I ride.
See the black swans, white-vanned pair,
Soaring from the pale swamp there
Up the wide
Lower heaven, so sweet and fair.

Hark, the pulsing magpie calls
His melodious intervals
As I ride:
So my soul beyond the walls,
Where her last low fetter falls
Glorified,
Sings to God glad madrigals.

F. W. Adams.

SETTLERS

If the gods of Hellas do not tread our shaggy mountains—
Stately white and golden, with unfathomable eyes:—
Yet the lesser spirits haunt our forests and our fountains,
Seas and green-brown river-pools no thirsty summer dries.

Never through the tangled scrub we see Diana glisten,
Silver-limbed and crescent-crowned and swift to hear and turn,
When the chase is hottest and the woods are waked to listen,
While her maidens follow running knee-deep in the fern.

Of the great gods only Pan walks hourly here—Pan only,
In the warm dark gullies, in the thin clear upland air,
On the windy sea-cliffs and the plains apart and lonely,
By the tingling silence you may know that he is there.

But the sea nymphs make our shores shine gay with light and laughter,
At the sunset where the waves are mingled milk and fire,
You may see them very plain, and in the darkness after
You may hear them singing with the stars' great golden choir.

When the earth is mad with song some blue September morning,
In the grove of myall trees that rustle green and grey,
Through the plumes of trailing leaves hung meet for her adorning,
See a dark-browed Dryad peep, and swiftly draw away!

In the deep-cut river beds set thick with moss-grown boulders,
Where the wagtails come to drink and balance lest they fall,
You may see the gleaming of a Naiad's slippery shoulders,
And the water sliding cool and quiet over all.

Through the narrow gorges where the flying-foxes muster,
Hanging from the Kurrapongs like monstrous magic grapes,
Something spreads a sudden fear that breaks each heavy cluster—
See the furry prick-eared faun that chuckles and escapes!

Marble-smooth and marble-pale the blue gums guard the clearing,
When the winter fern is gold among the silver grass,
And the shy bush creatures watching bright-eyed and unfearing,
See the slender Oreads while we unheeding pass.

Wreathed with starry clematis these tread the grassy spaces,
When the moon sails up beyond the highest screening tree,
All the forest dances, and the furthest hidden places
Are astir with beauty—but we may not often see.

Centuries before the golden vision came to find us,
Showing us the southern lands, these Grecians settled here:
Now they throng the country, but our little hurries blind us,
And we must be reverent ere the least of them appear.

DOROTHEA MACKELLAR.

SEPTEMBER

THE morns are growing misty, the nights are turning cold,
The linden leaves are falling like a shower of gold;
And over where my heart is, beneath the Southern sun,
The shearing's nearly over and the spring's begun.

The crying flocks are driven to feed in peace again,
They stream and spread and scatter on the smooth green plain,
And in the sky above them the soft spring breezes keep
A flock of clouds as snowy as the new-shorn sheep.

Now later comes the sunshine, and sooner comes the dark;
The barefoot newsboys shiver; the ladies in the Park
Wear furs about their shoulders, for autumn winds are keen,
And rusty, curling edges fleck the chestnuts' green.

The mists hang gauzy curtains of pearl and pigeon-blue
Between us and the distance; the street-lamps shining through
Wear each a golden halo, diaphanous and fair—
But not one whit more lovely than my own clear air.

More clear than you can dream it, as bright as diamond,
It bathes the plains and ridges and the hills beyond,
It bathes the pillared woodlands that ring with bell-bird notes,
With mating-calls and answers from a thousand throats. . . .

The lamps are lit in London, and in their searching light
The smiling anxious faces look very strained and white:
And over where my heart is, twelve thousand miles away,
The dewy grass is glinting at the break of day.

COLOUR

THE lovely things that I have watched unthinking,
Unknowing, day by day,
That their soft dyes had steeped my soul in colour
That will not pass away:—

Great saffron sunset clouds, and larks from mountains,
And fenceless miles of plain,
And hillsides golden green in that unearthly
Clear shining after rain;

And nights of blue and pearl; and long smooth beaches,
Yellow as sunburnt wheat,
Edged with a line of foam that creams and hisses
Enticing weary feet.

And emeralds, and sunset-hearted opals,
And Asian marble, veined
With scarlet flame, and cool green jade, and moonstones
Misty and azure-stained;

And almond-trees in bloom, and oleanders,
Or a wide purple sea,
Of plain-land gorgeous with a lovely poison,
The evil Darling pea.

There is no night so black but you shine through it,
There is no morn so drear,
O colour of the world, but I can find you,
Most tender, pure, and clear.

Thanks be to God, who gave this gift of colour,
Which who shall seek shall find;
Thanks be to God, who gives me strength to hold it,
Though I were stricken blind.

DOROTHEA MACKELLAR.

THE UPPER DARLING

WHERE, like an oven in the sky,
Australia's sun is blazing high,
And from its distant inland source
The Darling winds its sinuous course,
'Mid dreary regions, parched and dry,
Whose sameness palls the wearied eye;
With sandy scrubs and salt-bush plains,
That scant reward the shepherd's pains;
And timber belts of straggling growth,
All stunted with the summer's drouth;
Where dusty clouds and teasing flies
Afflict the sight and bung the eyes:
While panting nature faints beneath
The hot sirocco's stifling breath;
Where, proper to that region rude,
Appears the Aborigine nude,
With agile form, and eye of fear,
Equipped with boomerang and spear,
A simple race, devoid of cares,
Who herd in camps, like beasts in lairs,
Exhibiting in their outlines—
As things grow coarse at their confines—
God's image's remotest trace,
The selvedge of the human race.

DUGALD FERGUSON.

DEATH IN THE BUSH

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF BURKE AND WILLS

To die, to perish in the bush alone,
With but the wilds to hear thy parting groan;
With but the winds to catch thy parting breath,
And mock the last long agony of death;
To feel some message to the true and dear
Clamour for utterance, yet with none to hear;
To long with anguish health can never know
For the last solace human hands bestow;
Yet hear no gentle tone, no soft caress
Soothing thy spirit's last and worst distress;
To feel a thousand thoughts for language rise,
Yet which must perish when the body dies;
Where no kind voice can quell the rising fears,
No gentle hand wipe off the bitter tears;
To face the awful king unarmed, alone,
Thy loss unnoticed, and thy fate unknown;
To know not if thy wasted form shall lie
And shrivel 'neath the sun's all-scorching eye;
Or if the warrigal with rapture grim
Shall tear thee piece from piece, and limb from limb;
To know thine eyes may gaze unclosed to Heaven,
Till from their orbs by crows and swamp-hawks riven;
Which to their prey, while still thou'rt conscious, rush!
God grant we face not death while in the bush.

MARGARET THOMAS.

TO ONE IN ENGLAND

"I SEND to you"
Songs of a southern isle,
Isle like a flower
In warm seas low lying:
Songs to beguile
Some wearisome hour,
When Time's tired of flying.

Songs which were sung,
To a rapt listener lying
In sweet lazy hours,
Where wild birds' nests swung
And winds came a-sighing
In nature's own bowers.

Songs which trees sung,
By summer winds swayed
Into rhythmical sound;
Sweet soul-bells rung
Through the Ngaio's green shade
Unto one on the ground.

Songs from an island
Just waking from sleep,
In history's morning;
Songs from a land
Where night shadows creep,
When your day is dawning.

. . . . .

O, songs, go your way,
Over seas, over lands;
Though friendless sometimes,
Fear not, comes a day
When the world will clasp hands
With my wandering rhymes.

ELEANOR ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY.

OLD NEW ZEALAND

(1642-1769)

FAIR lay the land and lonely, by white man's foot untrod—
It seemed another Eden fresh from the hand of God,
When ABEL TASMAN, sailing through seas unpierced before,
Beheld with joy and wonder this sunny Southern shore—

Beheld the woods and mountains, all clad in radiant dress;
Beheld the myriad songsters, arrayed in loveliness;
Beheld the swarming people, on beach or headland high,
Who walked in grace and manhood with prideful step and eye!

All this saw ABEL TASMAN;. men heard his wondrous tale,
Incredulous, unheeding; neglect let fall her veil;
Nor till another hundred years had passed in solemn train,
Did eye of white man rest upon this virgin land again.

But TASMAN—young and ardent, and fired with warmest love
For his dear native Zealand, and one he prized above
All other maids—had left here, amid the Southern foam,
Enduring tokens of his love and sweetheart and of home.

Behold where Cape Maria Van Diemen, on the north,
Proclaims of TASMAN'S lady-love the virtues and the worth;
And while we name these islands "New Zealand," as to-day,
The fame of ABEL TASMAN shall never fade away.

. . . . . .

Twelve weary decades later, the Maoris gazed again;
There came a sailor greater than TASMAN o'er the main;
'Twas Cook, the brave explorer, the fearless and the free,
Who found the lost New Zealand amid the Southern Sea.

He spied the country's borders—he spared not toil or time;
He marked its soil productive, its bright and healthy clime;
He saw its noble harbours, its lofty mountain chains,
Grand woods, pellucid waters, and broad and fertile plains;

He marked the fluttering millions of birds of various hues;
He saw the swarming people, in mighty war canoes;
He marked how strange their language, their customs and
their dress,
While every tattooed visage would 'horrent wrath express!

How wild and fierce these Maoris no words may well describe,
Rapine and rage were rampant; tribe fought 'gainst hostile
tribe;
Each village was a fortress; the sound of war ne'er ceased;
Each battle was the prelude to a bloody *human* feast!

E'en woman, formed for sweetness, for love, and tender art,
Here showed the tiger instinct, the hard and ruthless heart;
Hers was the task in battle the wounded brave to slay,
And cook the reeking corpses for the feast that closed the
fray.

How sad and strange this horrid change from the sweet age
of Gold!
And though the " why " and " wherefore " may not by man
be told,
We know that human nature is perverse, weak, and vile,
And soon ease turns to evil the good enjoyed erewhile.

As Jacob's offspring lusted for Egypt's spicy food,
Perhaps the Maori thirsted once more for human blood;
Then appetite perverted from nature's healthy course,
Though long suppressed, might wake again with all resistless
force!

Hence kindred preyed on kindred; the sire devoured the
child;
Man (made in God's own image) had sunk, debased, defiled,
Not lower than the angel, but lower than the beast,
Which preys not on its kind, but turns in loathing from the
feast.

Such the New Zealand Maori when Britons first arrived;
But 'mid her degradation some Godlike traits survived,
Brave, trustful, truthful, generous, he could at times be still;
Strange compound be of diverse traits, extremes of good
and ill.

J. Liddell Kelly.

NEW ZEALAND

(1893)

God girt her about with the surges
And winds of the masterless deep,
Whose tumult uprouses and urges
Quick billows to sparkle and leap.
He filled from the life of their motion
Her nostrils with breath of the sea,
And gave her afar in the ocean
A citadel free.

Her never the fever-mist shrouding,
Nor drought of the desert may blight,
Nor pall of dim smoke overclouding
Vast cities of clamour and night,

But the voice of abundance of waters,
The valleys that bright rivers lave,
Greets the children, the sons and the daughters
Of sunshine and wave.

Lo! here where each league hath its fountain,
The isles of deep fern and tall pine,
And breezes snow-cooled on the mountains,
Or keen from the limitless brine,
See men to the battlefield pressing
To conquer one foe—the stern soil,
Their kingship in labour expressing,
Their lordship in toil.

Though young, they are heirs of the ages,
Though few, they are freemen and peers,
Plain workers—though sure of their wages
Slow Destiny pays with the years.
Though least they and latest their nation,
Yet this they have won without sword,
That woman with man shall have station,
And Labour be lord.

The winds of the sea and high heaven
Speed pure to her kissed by the foam.
The steeds of her ocean undriven,
Unbitted and riderless roam,
And clear from her lamp newly lighted
Shall stream o'er the billows uncurled
A light as of wrongs at length righted,
Of Hope to the world.

W. P. Reeves.

NEW ZEALAND

The rippling waters
Of the Waitemata
Dance light and joyous
To the evening breeze;
The bell-bird chimeth
Pleasant anthems

To the locusts chirping
On the myrtle trees;
And orange blossoms
Around me falling,
And rosebuds smiling
Where the eye may rest;
The bright stars quiver
On the flowing river,
Like rubies shimmer
On an angel's breast.

The purple blossoms
In the woodland bowers,
The rippling brooklet
And the foaming spray;
The fern tree bending,
The tide up-surging,
And zephyrs laden
With perfumed spray.
These are thy beauties,
Oh, fair Zealandia!
And brave hearts beating—
With love and glee,
And thy lovely daughters,
Like thy laughing waters,
Trill light and joyous
Love songs to thee.

W. R. WILLS

FROM "RANOLF AND AMOHIA"

A South Sea Day Dream

THE ISLAND

O'ER scenes more fair, serenely wild,
Not often summer's glory smiled;
Where flecks of cloud, transparent, bright,
No alabaster half so white—
Hung lightly in a luminous dome
Of sapphire—seemed to float and sleep
Far in the front of its blue steep;

And almost awful, none the less
For its liquescent loveliness,
Behind them sunk—just o'er the hill
The deep abyss, profound and still—
The so immediate Infinite;
That yet emerged, the same, it seemed
In hue divine and melting balm,
In many a lake whose crystal calm
Uncrisped, unwrinkled, scarcely gleamed;
When sky above and lake below
Would like one sphere of azure show,
Save for the circling belt alone,
The softly-painted purple zone
Of mountains—bathed where nearer seen
In sunny tints of sober green,
With velvet dark of woods between,
All glossy glooms and shifting sheen;
While here and there, some peaks of snow
Would o'er their tenderer violet lean.

. . . . .

And yet within this region, fair
With wealth of waving woods—these glades
And glens and lustre-smitten shades,
Where trees of tropic beauty rare
With graceful spread and ample swell
Uprose—and that strange asphodel[1]
On tufts of stiff green bayonet-blades,
Great bunches of white bloom upbore
Like blocks of sea-washed madrepore,
That steeped the noon in fragrance wide,
Till by the exceeding sweet opprest
The stately tree-fern leaned aside
For languor, with its starry crown
Of radiating fretted fans,
And proudly-springing beauteous crest
Of shoots all brown with glistening down,
Curved like the lyre-bird's tail half-spread,
Or necks opposed of wrangling swans,
Red bill to bill—black breast to breast—
Aye! in this realm of seeming rest,

[1] Order Liliaceæ, 10 to 40 feet high, leaves 2 feet, flower densely crowded.

What sights you met and sounds of dread!
Calcareous caldrons, deep and large
With geysers hissing to their merge;
Sulphureous fumes that spout and blow;
Columns and cones of boiling snow;
And sable lazy-bubbling pools
Of spluttering mud that never cools;
With jets of steam through narrow vents
Uproaring, maddening to the sky,
Like cannon-mouths that shoot on high
In unremitting loud discharge
Their inexhaustible contents;
While oft beneath the trembling ground
Rumbles a drear persistent sound
Like ponderous engines infinite, working
At some tremendous task below!—
Such are the signs and symptoms—lurking
Or launching forth in dread display—
Of hidden fires, internal strife,
Amid that leafy, lush array
Of rank luxuriant verdurous life:
Glad haunts above where blissful live
High revel, rove, enraptured dwell;
But through them pierce such tokens fierce
Of rage beneath and frenzies fell;
As if, to quench and stifle it,
Green Paradise were flung o'er Hell—
Flung fresh with all her bowers close-knit,
Her dewy dales and dimpled streams;
Yet could not so its fury quell
But that the old red realm accurst
Would still recalcitrate, rebel,
Still struggle upward and outburst
In scalding fumes, sulphureous steams.
It struck you as you paused to trace
The sunny scenery's strange extremes,
As if in some divinest face,
All heavenly smiles, angelic grace,
Your eye at times discovered, despite
Sweet looks with innocence elate,
Some wan wild spasm of blank affright,
Or demon scowl of pent-up hate;

Or some convulsive writhe confest,
For all that bloom of beauty bright,
An anguish not to be represt.
You look—a moment bask in, bless
The laughing light of happiness;
But look again—what startling throes
And fiery pangs of fierce distress
The lovely lineaments disclose—
How o'er the fascinating features flit
The genuine passions of the nether pit!

TANGI—THE CHIEF

Such was this Tangi—such "The Wailing Sea;"
Of form almost gigantic he—
Bull-necked, square-jawed, firm-lipped, bold-eyed, broad-browed,
His looks proclaimed his character aloud:
And when he stood forth in full height and pride
In flowing vest of silky flax, undyed,
But crimson-spotted with round knobs of wool,
Black points of cord, alternate, hanging free;
And o'er it, down to the brown ankles bare
A mantle of white wild-dog fur well-dressed,
Its skirt's broad rim tan-hued; his snowy hair
Crowned with a jet-black arching crest
Of hoopöe-feathers stuck upright,
Their tips a crescent of pure white;
And in his hand, to order with or smite,
The greenstone baton broad of war or rule,
Green, smooth, and oval as a cactus leaf—
Did he not look, aye, every inch a Chief?
Did not each glance and gesture stamp him then,
Self-heralded a God-made King of Men?

THE STORM

A thunderstorm was sweeping o'er the lake,
The hills had whitened off in sudden mist
That soon grew leaden-livid; flake on flake

The fine spray smoked along the watery floor—
Till plumb-down rushed the rain's impetuous pour;
A thousand claps of thunder seemed to break
Confusedly all at once—with clattering roar
Tumbled about the air or groaning rolled,
As if some race Titanic, storming Heaven
From ponderous unimaginable wains
On rocky grating causeways headlong driven,
Shot crashing mountains on the skiey plains;
Or if the tumult for a moment stopped
You heard the torrent rain how loud it hissed,
As if a hecatomb of bulls at least
Were broiling for some sacrificial feast;
And all about the liquid lightnings dropped
In points like grapestones shaped, of molten gold.
But Tangi, while the tempest raged, was told
That where his daughter might be no one knew—
They feared, upon the lake in her canoe.
Straightway the stoutest of his clansmen staunch
He sent in search of her their boats to launch;
Then set himself to charm away the storm;
And it was rare to see the grand old chief
Now in the haughtiness of fancied power
To cope with nature in her fiercest hour,
Quick pouring forth wild-ringing chaunt on chaunt
To bid Tawhiri—God of Storms—Avaunt!
Now in a rival storm of rage and grief
Threatening—reproaching—all his stalwart form
Dilating with defiance: outstretched arms
And head thrown back and milk-white fleece of hair,
And bloodshot eyes and dark-blue visage bare
Lit up by fits in the blue lightning's glare.
So plies he his monotonous rude charms—
So on the storm his vehement passion vents,
Hoarsely upbraiding the hoarse elements.

But soon the light canoe they saw
Come bounding o'er the breaking wave;
There sate, while mixed delight and awe
Beamed from her face, the maiden brave
With rapid change from side to side
A native youth the paddle plied—

A stranger, and his hearty will
Seemed matched with equal strength and skill.
Attentive to his least command
The maiden grasped with one firm hand
The sheet that held the shortened sail
That strained and tugged beneath the gale,
And with the other strove to bale
Fast as she could the water, still
Threatening the little bark to fill.
Begemmed with spray her dark hair streamed;
Her beauteous cheek no paler seemed
Though rain and spray-drops o'er it teemed
And all around the lightnings gleamed:
For neither lightning, rain, nor spray
Could turn her from her task away.
Still stood the sail and bending mast,
And they the beach were nearing fast.
Then through the waters' boiling strife
The clansmen rushed at risk of life;
A struggling, swimming, diving crowd,
They seized with acclamations loud
The gunwale of the light canoe;
On either side, a dancing row
Of rough black heads now rising through
Now sunk beneath the foamy snow,
With great triumphant shouts they bore
Canoe and maiden to the shore.

. . . . . .

THE LEGEND OF TAWHÁKI

Then Amohia, tapping Ranolf's arm,
Said, "Listen, Pákeha[1]" —and with lifted hand,
Rounding—enchantress-wise,
When double soul she throws into a charm—
The solemn archness of her great black eyes,
Deep lighted like a well,
An ancient legend she began to tell
Of one God-hero of the land,
Of which our faithful lay presents
Precisely the main incidents,

[1] Foreigner.

Diluting only here and there
The better its intent to reach,
The language so condensed and bare,
Those clotted rudiments of speech:

"Once a race, the Pona-turi—in the oozy depths of ocean,
Fierce, uncouth, in gloomy glory, lived where light is none, nor motion.
More than anything created, light, their bane, their death, they hated;
So for night they ever waited ere ashore they seal-like clambered
To their house Manáwa-tanë—their great mansion lofty chambered;
Whence, if e'er a windy moon had caught them, you would see them hieing
Homeward—sable-shapes beneath the crisping silver floating, flying,
Swift as scattered clouds on high their snowy courses gaily plying.
Young TAWHÁKI, well he knew them—did they not his father mangle?
Hang his fleshless bones, a scarecrow, ghastly from their roof to dangle?
Keep his mother, too, a slave, each day to give them timely warning
Ere dark sky from earth uplifting left the first gold gap of morning?

"Vengeance with his mother then he plotted. So by daylight hiding
In their houseroof-thatch he couched, his slimy foes' arrival biding.
Darkness comes; they land in swarms; their spacious house they crowd and cumber;
Revel through the midnight reckless; drop at last in weary slumber.
Like the distant ocean's roaring sinks and swells the mighty snoring—
Out then steals Tawháki chuckling: long ere day begins to brighten,
Stops up every chink in doorway, window, that could let the light in:

And the snoring goes on roaring; or if any sleeper yawning
Turned him restless, thinking, 'Surely it must now be near the dawning,'
Growling, 'Slave, is daylight breaking? are you watching, are you waking?'
Still the mother answered blandly, 'Fear not, I will give you warning—
Sleep, O sleep, my Pona-turi—there are yet no streaks of morning!'

"So the snoring goes on roaring. Now above the mountains dewy,
High the splendour—God careers it—great TE RA, the TAMA NUI.[1]
Sudden cries Tawháki's mother, '*Open doors and windows quickly!*
Every stop-gap tear out, clear out! On them pour the sunbeams thickly!
Through the darksome mansion—through and through those sons of darkness streaming
Flash the spear-flights of the Day-God—deadly silent—golden-gleaming!
Down they go, the Pona-turi! vain their struggles, yells, and fury!
Like dead heaps of fishes stranded by the storm-spray, gaping—staring—
Stiffened—so astonished, helpless, lay they in the sunbeams glaring:
Fast as shrink upon the shelly beach, those tide-left discs of je'lly;
Fast as leathery fungus-balls in yellow dust-clouds fuming fly off,
So they shrink, they fade, they wither, so those Imps of Darkness die off!"

[1] Te Ra—the Sun. Tama Nui—the "great Son" of the Heavens and Earth.
"Te Ra, the Sun." A curious coincidence, if nothing more, that the Sun, personified or deified throughout Polynesia under the name "Ra," was worshipped under the same name Ra, or Rê, (*The* Sun, *Pi*-Ra = Phrah = Pharaoh, the royal title), universally throughout Egypt, and especially at Heliopolis in Lower Egypt, the "On" of the Jewish scriptures. See Wilkinson's *Ancient Egyptians*, vol. iv. p. 287, etc.

AMOHIA'S FLIGHT

Then paddling off with all her might,
Away across the lake she flew,
And left a wake of foam snow-bright,
And broadening ripple glassy-blue;
While dashing after, less expert,
Soon Ranolf finds he must exert
His utmost skill to catch her, too.
But when, though less by skill than strength,
He nears her flying skiff at length—
With nimble paddle dodging back
She slips off on another tack,
With swiftly-flitting noiseless ease;
As—when some fisher thinks to seize
With gently-dropped and stealthy spear
A flounder, down in shallows clear,
'Mid mottling tufts of dusky weeds
And white sand-patches where it feeds—
The trembling shadow shifts away
Through faintly-shimmering water grey—
'Tis there—and gone—his would-be prey!
So, hovering round with wistful eyes,
While many a feint, to cheat, surprise,
That merry mocker, Ranolf tries,
She, at a little distance staying,
And watchful, with the paddle playing,
No move of his, no glance to miss—
Now darts alert that way, now this;
And at each foiled attempt again
Provokes him in alluring strain:

"Look! I'm one of those divine ones—joy and love of all beholders,
Who had pinions, O such fine ones! growing from their stately shoulders;—
Not that fond one too confiding—so in vain your bright eyes watch me—
He, the last on earth residing . . . Ah! you need not think to catch me! . . .

Who, beside his loved-one lying, let the maid while he was sleeping,
Press his wings off, spoil his flying—lest he e'er should leave her weeping!"

Then off she skims in circuit wide,
Resolved another plan to try.
Again with paddles swiftly plied,
Again across the lake they fly;
And as her little bark he nears,
A new defiance Ranolf hears:

"I'm Wakatau, he—
That Child of the Sea!
And my dearest delight
Is flying my kite.
Down beneath, on the sand,
With the string in my hand,
Under water I stand;
Or the kite in the air,
Like the day-moon up there,
Like an albatross strong,
Draws me swiftly along
As I float to and fro
On the green sea below.—
Apakúra, my mother
Can catch me, none other;
From the quickest alive,
Down—down—would I dive!—
Whoever you be—
Though fonder, though dearer,
You, you are not she,
Apakúra, O no!—
So if you come nearer
See—down I must go!"

Scarce on the gunwale had he laid
His hand, and scarce the words were said,
Ere, slipping from her loosened dress,
Her simple kilt and cloak of flax—
Just as a chestnut you may press
With careful foot ere ripened well,

Shoots from its green and prickly shell,
With tender rind so tawny-clean
And dainty-pure and smooth as wax—
She shot into the blue serene—
A moment gleamed, then out of sight,
Swift as a falling flash of light!
All round he seeks with anxious mien
The Naiad—nowhere to be seen:
A fearful time he seems to spy—
His heart beats quick—when lo, hard by,
A mermaid! risen on the rocks,
Whose diamond glances archly play
Through shaken clouds of glittering locks,
And glancing showers of diamond-spray:
"*You are not Apakúra! O, no, no, not you!*"
She cries—and dives beneath the blue.
He follows, watching where she glides
Beneath a drooping pall profound
Of boughs, that all the water hides.
Into the gloom he pushes: sound
Or sight of her is none around.
But hark!—'twas somewhere near the bank
That sudden splash! it takes his ear
As startlingly as sometimes, near
A stream where June's hot grass is rank,
You hear the coiled-up water-snake
Your unsuspecting footsteps wake,
Flap down upon the wave below,
And wabbling through the water go.
Again to the mid-lake she hies;
In swift pursuit again he flies:
And see! she waits with face, how meek!
Till he can touch and almost clasp
The shining shoulders, laughing cheek;
Then, diving swift, eludes his grasp:
Just as, with quick astonished eye,
A wild-duck waits, until well-nigh
The ruddy-curled retriever's snap
Is gently closing like a trap
On its poor neck and broken wing,
Before with sudden jerk she dips,
Beneath the ripple vanishing.

From Ranolf so the maiden slips—
And when, the chase renewed, he nears
The spot where next she reappears,
Look! floating on the glass she lies
With close-sealed lips and fast-shut eyes,
Still as a saint in marble bloom
Carved snowy-dead upon a tomb.

ALFRED DOMETT.

A COLONIST IN HIS GARDEN

He Reads a Letter

" DIM grows your face, and in my ears,
Filled with the tramp of hurrying years,
Your voice dies, far apart.
Our shortening day draws in, alack!
Old Friend, ere darkness falls, turn back
To England, life and art.

" Write not that you content can be,
Pent by that drear and shipless sea
Round lonely islands rolled,
Isles nigh as empty as their deep,
Where men but talk of gold and sheep
And think of sheep and gold.

" A land without a past; a race
Set in the rut of commonplace,
Where Demos overfed
Allows no gulf, permits no height,
And grace and colour, music, light,
From sturdy scorn are fled.

" I'll draw you home. Lo! As I write
A flash—a swallow's arrow-flight!
O'erhead the skylark's wings
Quiver with joy at winter's rout:
A gust of April from without
Scents of the garden brings.

"The quickening turf is starred with gold;
The orchard wall, rust-red and old,
Glows in the sunlight long.
The very yew-tree warms to-day,
As the sundial, mossed and gray,
Marks with a shadow strong.

"Tired of the bold aggressive New,
Say, will your eyes not joy to view,
In a sedater clime,
How mellowing tones at leisure steal,
And age hath virtue scars to heal,
And beauty weds gray Time?"

He Speaks

Good wizard! Thus he weaves his spell.
Yet, charm he twenty times as well,
Me shall he never spur,
To seek again the old, green land,
That seems from far to stretch a hand
To sons who dream of her.

For is my England there? Ah, no.
Gone is my England, long ago,
Leaving me tender joys,
Sweet, fragrant happy-breathing names
Of wrinkled men and gray-haired dames,
To me still girls and boys.

With these in youth let memory stray
In pleasance green, where stern to-day
Works Fancy no mischance.
Dear pleasance—let no light invade
Revealing ravage Time hath made
Amid thy dim romance!

Here am I rooted. Firm and fast
We men take root who face the blast,
When, to the desert come,
We stand where none before have stood
And braving tempest, drought, and flood,
Fight Nature for a home.

Now, when the fight is o'er, what man,
What wrestler, who in manhood's span
Hath won so stern a fall,
Who, matched against the desert's power,
Hath made the wilderness to flower,
Can turn, forsaking all?

Yet that my heart to England cleaves
This garden tells with blooms and leaves
In old familiar throng,
And smells, sweet English, every one,
And English turf to tread upon,
And English blackbird's song.

"No art?" Who serve an art more great
Than we, rough architects of state
With the old earth at strife?
"No colour?" On the silent waste
In pigments not to be effaced,
We paint the hues of life.

"A land without a past?" Nay, nay.
I saw it, forty years this day,
—Nor man, nor beast, nor tree,
Wide, empty plains where shadows pass
Blown by the wind o'er whispering grass
Whose sigh crept after me.

Now when at midnight round my doors
The gale through sheltering branches roars,
What is it to the might
Of the mad gorge-wind that o'erthrew
My camp—the first I pitched—and blew
Our tents into the night?

Mine is the vista where the blue
And white-capped mountains close the view.
Each tapering cypress there
At planting in these hands was borne,
Small, shivering seedlings and forlorn,
When all the plain was bare!

Skies without music, mute through time,
Now hear the skylark's rippling climb
    Challenge their loftier dome.
And hark! A song of gardens floats,
Rills, gushes clear—the self-same notes
    Your thrushes flute at Home.

See, I have poured o'er plain and hill
Gold open-handed, wealth that will
    Win children's children's smiles,
—Autumnal glories, glowing leaves,
And aureate flowers, and warmth of sheaves,
    Mid weary pastoral miles.

Yonder my poplars, burning gold,
Flare in tall rows of torches bold,
    Spire beyond kindling spire.
Then raining gold round silver stem
Soft birches gleam. Outflaming them
    My oaks take ruddier fire.

And with my flowers about her spread
(None brighter than her shining head),
    The lady of my close,
My daughter, walks in girlhood fair.
Friend, could I rear in England's air
    A sweeter English rose?

THE PASSING OF THE FOREST

All glory cannot vanish from the hills.
  Their strength remains, their stature of command,
Their flush of colour ere calm twilight stills
  Day's clamour and the sea-wind cools the land.
Refreshed when rain-clouds swell a thousand rills,
  Ancient of days, in green old age they stand
In grandeur that can never know decay
Though from their flanks men strip the woods away.

But thin their vesture now—the restless grass,
Bending and dancing as the breeze goes by,
Catching quick gleams and cloudy shades that pass,
As running seas reflect a wind-stirred sky,
And lordlier their forest raiment was
From crown to feet that clothed them royally,
Shielding their mysteries from the glare of day,
Ere the dark woods were reft and torn away.

Well may these plundered and insulted kings,
Stripped of their robes, despoiled, uncloaked, discrowned,
Draw down the clouds with white enfolding wings,
And soft aerial fleece to wrap them round,
To hide the scars that every season brings,
Black smirch of fire, the landslip's gaping wound;
Well may they shroud their heads in mantle gray,
Since from their brows the leaves were plucked away!

Gone is the forest world, its wealth of life,
Its thrusting, climbing, coiling, strangling race,
Creeper with creeper, bush with bush at strife,
Writhing and warring for a breathing space;
Below the thicket, tangled rankness rife,
Aloft, tree columns, shafts of stateliest grace.
Gone are the forest wrestlers. None might stay;
Giant and dwarf alike have passed away.

Gone are the forest birds, arboreal things,
Eaters of honey, honey-sweet of song,
The tui, and the bell-bird—he who sings
That brief, rich music we would fain prolong.
Gone the wood-pigeon's sudden whirr of wings,
The robin, quaintly bold, unused to wrong.
Wild, harmless, hamadryad creatures, they
Lived with their trees, and died, and passed away.

And with the birds, the flowers, too, are gone
That bloomed aloft, ethereal, stars of light,
The clematis, the kowhai, like ripe corn,
Russet, though all the hills in green were dight;
The rata, draining from its tree forlorn
Rich life-blood for its crimson blossoms bright,
Red glory of the gorges, well-a-day!
Fled is that splendour, dead and passed away.

Lost is the scent of resinous sharp pines,
Of wood fresh cut, clean-smelling, for the hearth,
Of smoke from burning logs, in wavering lines
Softening the air with blue, of cool, damp earth
And dead trunks fallen among coiling vines,
Brown, mouldering, moss-coated. Round the girth
Of the green land, the winds brought hill and bay
Fragrance far-borne, now faded all away.

Lost is the sense of sudden, sweet escape
From dust of stony plain, from glare and gale,
When the feet tread where shade and silence drape
The stems with sleep below the leafy veil,
Or where a pleasant rustling stirs each shape
Creeping with whisperings that rise and fail
Through labyrinths half-lit by chequered play
Of light on golden moss now burned away.

Gone are the forest tracks, where oft we rode
Under the silver fern-fronds climbing slow,
In cool, green tunnels, though fierce noontide glowed
And glittered on the tree-tops far below.
There, mid the stillness of the mountain road,
We just could hear the valley river flow,
Whose voice through many a windless summer day
Haunted the silent woods, now passed away.

Drinking fresh odours, spicy wafts that blew,
We watched the glassy, quivering air asleep,
Midway between tall cliffs that taller grew
Above the unseen torrent calling deep;
Till, like a sword, cleaving the foliage through,
The waterfall flashed foaming down the steep:
White, living water, cooling with its spray
Dense plumes of fragile fern, now scorched away.

The axe bites deep; the rushing fire streams bright.
Clear, beautiful, and fierce it speeds for man,
The master, set to change and stern to smite,
Bronzed pioneer of nations. Ay, but scan
The ruined beauty wasted in a night,
The blackened wonder God alone could plan,
And builds not twice! A bitter price to pay
Is this for Progress—beauty swept away.

W. P. Reeves.

THE LOW LINTEL [1]

An Austral churchyard, very calm and still;
It might be some forgotten village fane,
So low the lintel, weather-worn the sill,
The narrow windows showing many a pane.

Here Selwyn spoke; and down this quiet aisle,
In troublous times, before these placid years,
Imperial soldiers entered rank and file
With vivid uniform and jangling spears.

Now Selwyn sleeps, and Cameron's men have passed;
The graves are green, the roses blossom free;
From opal hills and gloomy caverns vast
Comes in the requiem music of the sea.

Hard by the gate a paltry tablet stands
For sea-woe in the times that lie afar;
By yonder cliffs the *Orpheus* with all hands
Trapped to her doom upon the seething bar.

Full many a tale has reached its tragic close,
Full many a wave has snatched its hapless prey,
Since there were gathered here to long repose;
Their comrades sleeping in the fatal bay.

This old-time sorrow is a roughened scar
Beneath a casual hand that scarcely heeds;
That new-made grave beneath the evening star?
Forbear! Nor touch a recent wound that bleeds.

POHUTUKAWA

'Tis not the holly red I sing
'Neath Albion's snowy skies;
Nor yet the rose that blushes sweet
For lustrous Persian eyes;

[1] St. Peter's Anglican Churchyard, Onehunga, Auckland.

Nor yet the stately palm that waves
  O'er Asiatic dome:
But the dear old native Christmas flower
  Of my New Zealand home.

O'er-arched with blue in golden days
  On many a cliff and bight,
With gnarled branches far outspread,
  Bedecked with tassels bright.
I love thee well, I love thee well,
  Pohutukawa-tree;
From infancy a subtle spell
  Thy blossom cast o'er me.

Is it because I love the sea?—
  The sea thou lovest so,
Oft bending o'er until the depths
  Reflect thy crimson glow;
Or mad and merry little waves
  Veil thee with silver spray,
Dancing in gayest elfin sport
  On some fair Christmas Day?

If thou hadst bloomed on classic soil
  Where Sappho stirred the soul;
Or by the lone, wild Orcades
  Where Ossian's echoes roll;
Or even in the good old land
  When Royal Alfred sang,
And baron's hall and lady's bower
  With merry music rang,

Thy fame had reached to other shores,
  And men had talked of thee,
Our own Pohutukawa
  Beside the summer sea.
For worthy art thou meed of praise
  As myrtle-tree or lime,
As olive-tree or sandalwood
  Of cloudless Orient clime.

But far amid the ocean wide,
  And far adown the days,

Where shall we find the voice, the harp,
To sound abroad thy praise?
And yet right well we love to see
Thy plumy, rich array,
O tree of sunny mem'ries
And southern Christmas Day!

The green Karaka's golden fruit
Is ripening in the sun;
Red Rata [1] wreathes the Kauri
Where creeks in shadow run.
The white clematis long ago
Hath lost her starry flowers;
Pohutukawa's crimson plumes
Must deck our Christmas bowers.

MANUKA

Acres on acres of low, hilly, poor land
Is the Manuka's peculiar domain;
Acres on acres like heath on the moorland,
White with its blossom, like snow on the plain.

Acres on acres to battle a path through,
Growing o'erhead like the tall pampas grass,
Wirily branched with prickly foliage;
Woe worth the day when the stranger shall pass!

Acres on acres, and acres on acres,
Fire hath swept clean through the length of the land;
But the Manuka will ne'er be demolished
Until old Neptune comes over the strand.

Acres on acres like heath o' the moorland,
White with its blossom, like snow on the plain;
For the fair sun-lighted land of the Maori
Is the Manuka's peculiar domain.

[1] Wild vine.

MY LITTLE MAORI AXE OF JADE

I HEAR, I hear the wild wind blow
  Adown the gorge a rover free;
It hustles round the virgin snow,
  And jars the blue lakes' reverie,
Till foaming torrents madly flee
  From dizzy uplands, sore dismayed—
A stone lay there that came to be
  My little Maori axe of jade.

I hear, I hear the korero,
  Beside the prostrate kauri tree,
I see the iwis come and go,
  Year after year right patiently.
With shouts of labour, songs of glee,
  The mighty war canoe is made
Fit for the sea, with tools like thee,
  My little Maori axe of jade.

I hear, I hear dread sounds of woe,
  The haka warriors bend the knee,
Like crouching tigers on the foe
  Impelled at once in fierce mêlée;
Nor Nordenfeldt, nor Martini,
  Nor curious Damascus blade—
Yet heaps on heaps of slain—Ah, me!
  My little Maori axe of jade.

Envoy

Chief, on the warpath cap-à-pie,
  I conjure up thy harmless shade;
The crystal where weird sights I see,
  My little Maori axe of jade.

COMPARISON

THE days of our years, the days of our years,
Alike with their record of smiles and tears,
Advance and recede like waves on the shore;
Engulfed in the past we behold them no more.

And some days are like to the deep sea wave
That often, caressingly, gently doth lave
The shell-strewn sand, and, e'er gliding away,
Makes polished and gleaming each pebble-stone gray.

So glad days roll on o'er the strand of time,
When happiness ringeth a sweet, clear chime,
And the heart unfolds like some fair sea-flower
'Neath the sunbeams that fall in a golden shower.

But let summer wane, in the autumn eve
How sadly the dark sunless waters heave!
Unsparkling and cold they creep in with a moan,
And retire, leaving darker each rock and stone.

So seasons of trouble with sorrow rife
Approach in this changeable human life;
The bravest oft shrink from a nameless pain,
For heart-wounds may heal, but the scars remain.

How wildly the storm-winds in winter rave,
How sadly they wail o'er the sailor's grave!
When the hurricane rages, 'mid lightning-lit gloom,
Oh, many a gallant barque meets her doom!

As in the sad night of bereavement and woe,
When the mourner his impotent frailty doth know,
In the deafening turbulent surge of despair
The buffeted soul can scarce think a prayer.

But, oh! in the silence of dawning to be,
When the sunrise illumines the wonderful sea,
And life-full each bright-crested wavelet appears,
The glory and gladsomeness banish all fears.

And such may the morn of eternity be,
When the shadows of time and mortality flee;
A life bright, unending as night's starry spheres,
Begin when we've numbered the days of our years.

MARGARET A. SINCLAIR.

THE MOA

IN forest deeps, where the sunlight creeps
And struggles dimly through,
The veil of leaves, which Nature weaves,
And keeps for ever new;
Where the rota vine to the graceful pine
Clings with a Judas kiss;
Where blooming flowers make fitting bowers
In a fairer world than this;

Where the ferny sod, by man untrod,
Is tender, green, and soft;
Where the Weka might raise her curious gaze
To the Tui that sings aloft;
Where the cataract shakes the woods and wakes
The echoes of rock and glen—
In the cool dark shade of a punga glade,
The Moa has made his den!

In the deepest grot of this secret spot
Does the Moa choose to dwell;
And whitened bones, round circled stones,
Of his slaughtered victims tell.
Now harsh, shrill cries of rage arise
High over the cataract's boom,
For the mighty bird has a footstep heard,
And he sounds the huntsman's doom.

Brave Maori! Here thy club and spear
Are weapons weak and vain;
The feathered foe has laid thee low,
Thou ne'er shalt hunt again:

The Moa's young shall pluck thy tongue
  Warm from its quivering root,
And thy bones, picked bare, shall to men declare
  The victory of the Brute.

TAHITI

THERE is a land that lieth
  Amid the Southern Sea,
Where the soft zephyr sigheth,
  Across the odorous lea;
Where smiles a radiant heaven
  On seas of constant calm;
Where added charms are given
  Of orange tree and palm;
Where rise basaltic mountains
  With fadeless foliage crowned,
And leaping, sparkling fountains
  Spread melody around.

A gentle race there dwelleth
  Within the land so fair,
Whose happy laughter telleth
  Of bosoms free from care;
Where merry youths and maidens
  In peace their years employ—
Their voices join in cadence,
  Their life is love and joy;
The grace of form and feature
  No ugly fashions mar;
The paragons of Nature
  These gentle people are!

How shall I tell the glories
  Of that bright Orient clime,
Whose beauties shame the stories
  Brought down from olden time
Of Asiatic splendour—
  Of scenes by Art made bright;
Of maidens warm and tender,
  Whose eyes have Love's own light?

How shall my feeble fingers
  Portray, with futile art,
That nameless grace which lingers
  Like fragrance round my heart?

Not, as in fable olden,
  From azure fields above
Descends that City Golden,
  Where all is peace and love;
From seas of pearl and coral
  This Island rises fair,
While beauteous offerings floral
  Adorn her glossy hair,
O lovely Papeete,
  Of earthly scenes the pride!
O glorious Tahiti,
  Old Ocean's chosen bride.

J. LIDDELL KELLY.

SLUMBER SONG

Now the golden day is ending,
  See the quiet night descending,
Stealing, stealing all the colours, all the roses from the west.
  Safe at home each bird is keeping
  Watch o'er nest and children sleeping,
Dreaming tender dreams of sunshine, sleeping warm, for sleep is best.
    Sleep, then, sleep, my little daughter,
    Sleep to sound of running water,
Singing, singing through the twilight, singing little things to rest.

Down beside the river flowing,
  Where the broom and flax are growing,
Little breezes whisper gently, as night's music softly swells;
  And, like bells of Elfin pealing,
  Lonely through the shadows stealing,

Tinkling, tinkling through the twilight comes the sound of
cattle bells.
Sleep, then, sleep, my little daughter,
Cattle bells, and wind, and water,
Weaving, weaving chains of slumber, cast about thee Dream-
land's spells.

MARY H. POYNTER.

THE TANIWHA

I WILL tell you, my sons and daughters,
Of the monster that dwells in the waters,
The Taniwha fearful and fierce,
Who is clad from head to tail
In a coat of scaly mail
No club or spear can pierce.

The Taniwha! Ah, he is longer
Than a war canoe, and stronger
Than the strongest shark or whale;
At his mouth of dreadful size,
And the gleam of his fiery eyes,
The bravest heart might quail.

Have I seen him? Nay, my daughter;
But I've seen the troubled water,
When he lashed it while in rage.
The *tohungas*,[1] wise and old,
Have seen him, and have told
Of his deeds from age to age.

Have you seen the strong man swimming
In the rivers' waters brimming,
Sink with a cry of pain?
Have you seen the staunch canoe
Go out o'er the waters blue
And ne'er return again?

Have you heard, in the eerie gloaming,
Sounds as of spirits roaming
Through the vaulted paths below?

[1] Priests.

Have you seen the waters boil
Through the crackling, quaking soil,
With a wailing sound of woe?

Those sights and sounds bewild'ring
From the Taniwha come, my children;
For the *Atua* [1] gives him power
To roam from his secret den,
To prey on the sons of men,
And slaughter them and devour.

Then pray ye, my sons and daughters,
To the mighty god of waters
That ye be not untimely killed;
And a choice food-offering take
To yon rock in the lonely lake,
That the Taniwha's wrath be stilled.

J. LIDDELL KELLY.[2]

THE WOMAN IN THE MOON

(*A Maori Legend*)

HIGH in the dull blue heaven the round-faced moon,
Paling the twinkling stars, looks calmly down
On Rona hast'ning from the slumb'ring town
Towards the lake—her path nigh bright as noon—
To fetch fresh water which her mother craves,
She bears a vessel: now she stays a space,
To view the mirrored moon's reflected face;
But as she stoops she falls into the waves,
Misled by the deceptive moon's pale ray:
She rising curses his illusive light.
Then from the heaven swoops down the God of night,
And seizing Rona, bears her quick away.
Though parted from her friends, she's still in sight,
For in the moon she will be seen alway.[3]

ALEXANDER BATHGATE.

[1] Spirit.
[2] This is given as an aged Maori's description of the mythical monster, the *taniwha*, which figures largely in Maori tradition and nomenclature.
[3] Other versions in which Rona is a man.

THE LEGEND OF HINEMOA

HEARKEN, friends, to this quaint idyll,
From the love-lore of the Maori,
From the ancient native records,
Of the maiden Hinemoa,
Of the Rotorua beauty,
Of the beautiful Wahine:
Straight, yet lissome as the sapling
Growing graceful by the river;
Hinemoa with the fine eyes
Dark as midnight's gloom unfathomed,
While a star of light illumed them—
Eyes that drew the gaze of others;
Held them, as the old Tohunga,
But in sweeter thraldom held them,
By their spell of sweeter magic.
Maiden with the midnight tresses
Glossy as the Tui's plumage;
With the lithe form and the fleet foot;
With the witching smile revealing
Milk-white teeth, 'twixt lips of coral.
This alluring child of Nature
Stole the hearts of all the young men,
Won the love of all the warriors;
Left her sisters of the Hapu,
Left her sisters all behind her.
While they strove for admiration,
She obtained it without effort,
Beauty's undisputed birthright.
Sunbeam of the Raupo Whare,[1]
Queen of maidens, gay, alluring,
In a land of merry maidens,
Her land called Te Ika a Maui—
Where the skies are blue in summer,
Where the winter passes swiftly,
Where the mountains rise majestic,
Where the vales are green as emerald,
Where the lakes are gems of turquoise,

[1] Dwelling.

And the falls shower glittering diamond
Where the rivers, like fond children,
Hasten toward their father Ocean.
Island home of Hinemoa—
Where the Bush is grand and gloomy,
With the massive stately Kauri,
With the Matai and Totara,
With the Kowhai and the Hinau,
With the Rata and the Rimu—
Twining Rata, drooping Rimu;
Densely grown, with Rangiora
Showing silvery in the distance,
When the spring winds hurry through it.
And the Raupo by the river
Bends its thousand, thousand rushes
As the morning wind sweeps o'er it,
When the creamy Toi-toi
Waves its soft and plumy feathers,
Downward drooping o'er the Raupo.
Such the swamps where moorhens wander,
Where the wingless Kiwis wander
Through the silent starlit watches;
Such the swamps where lurk the spirits,
Good and evil spirits also:
So the sire of Hinemoa
Taught his little dark-eyed daughter;
Taught her, too, the chanting mournful
Sung to ward away the Taipo [1]—
Sung to ward away the spirits
Lurking in the Bush or flax-swamp;
For the spirits flee from music
As the wild beast shuns the camp-fire.
Such the lore, and such the legends,
Hinemoa heard in childhood,
In her own sequestered Hapu [2]
On the shores of Rotorua—
Rotorua famed in story,
Rotorua praised in poem,
Giving back the blue of heaven,
Flashing back the golden sunbeams,
Murmuring softly in the twilight,

[1] The nether world.

[2] Family

Mirror for the constellations,
Southern Cross and bright Orion;
Beautiful in summer moonlight,
Fairy, dreamlike in the moonlight;
With its island and its cascades,
With its depths and sandy shallows,
With its terraces and geysers,
With its fringe of softest verdure,
Fringe of varied fern and Nikau.
In this realm of scenes entrancing
Dwelt the maiden Hinemoa,
Watched the dawning of the daylight
From the little Raupo Whare,
Watched the sun peep o'er the mountain,
Kiss the vale, and leave it smiling,
Glint across the lake and level.
Hinemoa heard the birds sing
In the Bush all dark and dewy,
Heard the shining cuckoo's welcome
To the tender flowers of springtime—
Pretty Pipiwharauroa!
Fostered by Te Riroriro;
Heard the long-tailed swallow also,
Heard the Te Kohoperoa,
In the winter-time a lizard,
In the summer-time a swallow,
Say the ancient Maori legends,
Say the treasured old traditions.
Hinemoa heard the birds sing
In the Bush all dark and dewy,
Heard the Tui and the bell-bird,
Heard the bell-bird's liquid music,
Heard the Korimako calling—
Just as sweet, more faintly, softly,
Breathed her lover's flute at evening,
Tutanekai's flute melodious.
Tutanekai's tribe and people
Lived not on the ample mainland,
But upon the little island
In the lake of Rotorua.
Tutanekai of the island
Loved the beauty of the mainland,

With a love that lives in story.
But between them lay deep waters—
Deeps of jealousy and envy:
For the people of the mainland
Hated those upon the island,
Came between fair Hinemoa
And her lover Tutanekai.
So the lovers met in secret,
On this fashion met they nightly.
When the darkness softly shrouded
Lake and mountain, rock and geyser,
Evening's mantle thrown around them;
Then the quick ears of the maiden
Heard a little strain of music,
Heard a plaintive strain of music
Borne across the listening water,
From the little lonely island.
(Love, inventive, laughs at locksmiths—
Laughs at lakes, and every hindrance.)
From the mainland swiftly, softly,
Issued then upon the waters,
With a noiseless, dreamy motion,
With a cautious, gliding motion,
Hinemoa's barque of Kauri,
Braving darkness, braving danger,
Fear absorbed in love all-powerful;
Nightly the intrepid beauty
Answered Tutanekai's signal.
But one night the signal sounded
Often, often, louder, fainter,
O'er the lake of Rotorua,
O'er the hushed and listening water.
Tutanekai watched and waited
Long, and longer, for his loved one,
Breathed a strain of dulcet music,
Hushed the strain of dulcet music,
Listening for the dip of paddles
In the Rotorua waters,
In the lake of Rotorua;
Tried to pierce the veil of darkness,
Tried to see young Hinemoa,
Tried to see her boat of Kauri;

But, in answer to his music,
He but heard the Morepork, Morepork,
Heard the owl still calling Morepork
From the dense Bush, from the mainland,
When, all suddenly, beside him,
Suddenly, and close beside him,
On the margin of the island,
On the white beach of the island,
From the shadowy Rotorua,
From the lake called Rotorua,
Rose the beauteous Hinemoa,
Rose the dauntless Hinemoa;
Rose this feminine Leander,
Happier than poor Leander;
Rose this water-wraith, this vision—
Fairer than the famous mermaid,
Like a water-nymph or Naiad;
Stood before him in her beauty,
Shy, and graceful as the white crane,
Beautiful as the young wild hawk,
By her presence on the island
Telling more than words could ever
All the love within her young heart.
Had it not o'ercome her weakness,
Overcome her woman weakness,
Overcome her fears and fancies,
Nerved her with a desperate courage,
When her lover's signal sounded,
And she found that friends and parents
Had removed canoe and paddles,
Left her none to cross the lake with?
Then the dauntless Maori maiden
Lost no time in useless wailing,
Quickly made a simple life-belt,
Made of empty gourds a life-belt,
Girt it silently about her,
Left the mainland in the darkness
For the island in the darkness;
Boldly swam across the water,
Swam across the gloomy water,
O'er the mighty Rotorua,
O'er the lake of Rotorua.

Guided only by the music,
Hinemoa swam on bravely
Through the dark and heaving water,
Till she reached the lonely island,
Reached the Rotorua island;
Then uprose before her lover
In her innocence and beauty,
In the silence 'mid the shadows—
Gladly welcomed, fondly vested
In a woven mat of feathers,
In a mat of golden feathers;
Then conducted to his Whare
His true wife to be henceforward.
Drama fair of Rotorua,
Drama of the days departed,
Of the beauteous Hinemoa
And the noble Tutanekai,
From the love-lore of the Maori,
From the ancient Maori legends,
Told by chiefs with tattooed faces,
Told by lithesome dusky maidens,
Told by youths of manly grandeur,
Who count backwards in their lineage
To the noble Tutanekai
And the peerless Hinemoa.

MARGARET A. SINCLAIR.

SOUTH AFRICAN POETRY

SOUTH AFRICAN POETRY

"1909"

A VISION AND A CRY

I saw thee set upon a height,
Midmost a wondrous summer night.
Resting an elbow on thy knee,
Wistful, thine eyes turned towards the sea;
And like sierras black and vast
The ranges round thy feet were cast;
A snake of silver, dim and slow,
Followed each river's weary flow,
While far behind the ranges' walls,
Rose the dull thunder of the Falls;
And far beneath thy sandal'd feet,
Clusters of fireflies seemed to beat—
As where some little dorps were seen
By candle-dip or kerosene;
Now, ever, like a brilliant smoke,
The cities by the coast awoke;
A glare that burned like some red brand,
Masked the night labour on the Rand,
While veld and city, mine and sea,
Commingled in this poesie:
Lo, we that reap the grain,
And we that tend the kine,
And we that see the rain
And sunshine fill the vine,
And we that take the drill within the deepest mine,
For gem whose burning thrill
Throbs in the heart like wine;
For gold to store or spend—
(Or break your heart and mine)—
And we who take and tend
Whate'er the fates assign;

Whate'er our duties be,
By veld or mine or sea,
This boon we crave of thee:
Let all the frontiers go,
With all the devil's woe.
Let our Five Nations glow,
In one bright diadem, whate'er the cries,
The lesser issues, or the sacrifice.

JOHN RUNCIE.

SOUTH AFRICA

ALL that she gave us was tears,
Sorrow of heart and of head;
Land of bewildering years,
Woman of passion and dread.

Others were fairer than she,
Summer was sweet in their eyes,
Kindly their laughter and free,
Women to love and to prize.

Yet we approved not their worth.
Man after man in his mood
Turned to this creature of earth,
Sullen and savage and rude;

Gave her his heart for a toy,
Her without pity or ruth,
Gave her to build or destroy
Hopes and ambitions and youth.

Careless she took them and gave
Terrible gifts in return;
Thirst and the night for a grave;
Death in the spaces that burn.

What is her charm and her power?
Scornful she takes of our best,
Makes us the sport of an hour,
Flings us aside with the rest.

Uncomprehended, unknown,
Still she attracts and allures;
Still on the steps of her throne
Blood of her victims endures.

Something she has that compels
Wonder and worship through pain,
Vainly her lover rebels,
Striving to loosen his chain.

Lo, she is stronger than he!
Great is her magic and wide,
Stretching its spell o'er the sea,
Drawing him back to her side.

Many have wooed her with heat,
Proud in their manhood and strength,
Only to reel in defeat,
Shattered and broken at length.

Ah! will she never be kind?
Is there no man that shall prove
Strong to embrace her and find
Sweetly the face of her love?

Surely the heart of her keeps
Splendour of passion, and dear
Wealth of affection, that sleeps
Mute till her master appear.

Then shall she bear to her lord
Children of glorious breed,
Warriors wielding the sword,
Statesmen with laws for her need.

Then shall the branches of peace
Prosper and spread in the land,
Commerce expand and increase,
Factories rise at command.

Then shall her poets essay
  Wonderful thoughts of her dreams,
Brush of her painters portray
  Hints of her exquisite gleams.

Virgin since time was begun,
  Who shall attain to this bride?
None hath possessed her, not one
  Touched the deep heart of her pride.

F. G. WALROND.

A SONG IN SEASON

I HEARD one say: Ye have so little faith
  In this great land, because of years grown lean,
That straightway in a gust of wailing breath,
  Your words come harsh and mean.

Fulfilled in æons lost to seer or scribe,
  Your harvest home was led through rock and loam,
God swept aside each dark and murdering tribe,
  For men to make a home.

From war and tumult ye have lain forspent,
  Mouthing at quibbles which in smiles may cease;
And turning back along the path ye went
  Ye drown the eyes of Peace.

By grain or gold or gem shall ye fulfil
  That destiny enscrolled on rock and mire?
Nay, not by these, but by one common will
  That may not halt or tire.

Some cry a curse on the golden dust,
  Holding it leagued with evil for our bane;
So, too, are all things rank with pride and lust,
  So, too, are all things vain.

Roar on, O Rand! by day or red-lit night,
  I see men build, I hear the roar of trade;
Even so the foundry furnace, wide and white,
  Shall win the toilers' bread.

I see the sluices opening far and near
On famished spaces of the wan Karroo,
And little dorps come closer year by year
With fields and orchards new;

Even so the far-led water shall attest
The mine's wide largesse to the desert brown,
And sweet lucerne against the farmer's breast
Shall win his beeves renown.

Blue hills a-dream in hazes of the noon,
Wide silent spaces of the lonely sun,
Wan pastures calling for their only boon,
And, oh, so much undone!

So much undone! The decades drifting by,
Gather the futile dust of idle days,
While underneath your blue and matchless sky
The land's smile prayer always.

Bind closer race to race and state to state;
Go forward, one in purpose, faith, and aim;
They live the best who labour on, elate,
Through sacrifice and shame.

By stamp and plough and furnace ye may wake
A vast and federate land to nobler life;
But what is all your work unless ye make
An end of racial strife?

LITTLE THORNBACK

Amid the wind and spindrift on that historic day,
Beneath the Blaauwberg Mountains the stricken *Haarlem* lay;
Was ever gale so fraught with fate again in Table Bay?

They found the cool sweet water, they saw the land was good;
Above them swung the splendid sun, o'er mountain, plain, and wood,
And the spirit of the soil cried out, and lo! they understood.

Here was the land for willing hands, for harvests yet unborn,
For goodly vine, and pear and plum, and yellow wheat and corn;
And they passed the word to homing ships and home the word was borne.

And who looms now across the page of primal storm and stress?
Van Riebeck, "Little Thornback," come to rule the wilderness,
To raise the fort, and build the hut, to guide and ban and bless;

Quick-tempered, keen of eye and ear, the little doctor seems,
In belted coat and buckled shoe, more of romance and dreams—
A man set out in some rich light that by an altar streams.

Great days were those of conquest, of sacrifice and wrath,
The lion roared by garden gates, the leopard watched the path
And the vanished pools of Capetown where the lumbering hippos bath.

In these large days of progress the glory seems but small;
We have built the gleaming city o'er the old-time fort and kraal,
And, behold, to the far Zambesi our flag waves over all—

Yet here the tale beginneth, whatever pride may be,
In affluent power and traffic from war and victory,
With the keen-eyed Little Thornback stepping shoreward from the sea.

PAUL KRUGER

Not on these shores his bier is made,
He died in exile far away;
Old, old and weary, broken, gray,
Glad now of rest, Oom Paul is dead.

Not ours to picture in this hour
His vanished dream, his humbled pride;
The dead sleep gently side by side,
The living dream of pride and power.

Great will of adamant, and brain
Begotten of the storm and stress
That filled the wild old wilderness,
And mocked at toil, and grief, and pain—

You mocked at us, and scorned our aim,
That, set in freedom, strives to make
All men as free as we, who break
All bonds that bind with hurt and shame.

No matter—all the decades go
To dusty death, and hate decays;
Large charity outlives always
The little wrath of foe and foe.

Farewell, old Paul! We too may feel
Such pride as any, that the land
Bears such as thou to take command
In other years of woe or weal.

OLD KIMBERLEY DAYS

THE Inland Transport Company have taken down their sign;
The coaching lights of Cobb and Co. are not to-day ashine.

Ye may inspan the ox or mule from Wellington again,
And cross the Hex in sun and dust or drenched and swamped in rain.

But not in Kimberley to-day shall trek that sanguine brood:
Who sat and smoked and talked and slept beneath a waggon hood.

The red dust flashed within their throats and baked their flesh like clay,
And if the whiskey held, the Lord was gracious all the way.

Not all were of the hardened palm and spatulated thumb—
Sign manual of the digger's craft to each prospective chum.

By kopjes bare of tree or bush and furnaced in the sun;
Where boulders lay with blackened flanks in lumps of twenty ton—

By dongas where the snake out-poured its dozen feet of coil;
And hissed against the faring foot that crumbled down the soil.

So rose the callous brow of dawn, so flared the staring noon;
So came the big-eyed evening star that piloted the moon.

Through stinging dust that powdered up at passing hoof or wheel;
Through flashing rain that smote the veld in many a gash and weal—

They saw the meercat haunched beside the conical ant hill;
The heavy paauw's unwieldly flight, the vulture's iron bill.

Lean jackals slouching through the still and strange be-jewelled gloom,
While bleating far away foretold some ewe's or wether's doom.

Such vastness largely-eyed with stars, which then as now ashine,
Had calcined in the world's red youth the light that gemmed the mine.

Such vastness of the secret deeps that locked away in night
The " white stuff " won with pick and spade and now with dynamite.

Such vastness to the slim youth's eyes from Christ's or Magdalene's,
Such vastness to the wastrel's eyes grown bleered in vile shebeens.

In different wise the brown veld sloped athwart each eager soul,
The folly of the stintless cup, or ease, or power, the goal.

So came the hobo of the world, the strong man and the weak;
The " bloke " from Seven Dials and the " toff " that rhymed in Greek.

And leavened all by common toil with rocker, pick, and spade,
They found the grace of sympathy among the friends they made.

Large-hearted to the broken chum athirst and down at heel,
They held no briefs from Exeter Hall against the " ne'er-do-weel."

They raked no past from out the mire of half-forgotten years;
Du Toit's Pan road was wider then and hid away their fears.

Ah, little specks of rocker left among its curious dross;
The garnets and the crystal slag, what ruled the gain or loss?

An awful soak in vile champagne in some tin-roofed caboose?
The price of Mignon's silken gown or Renée's lacquered shoes?

Or cast upon the ample pile that made the dealer stare,
The wise man saw the fruited hope of all his toil and care.

By flawless carats cut and set upon some bosom fair;
Or hung like stars amid the night that was some lady's hair—

The dreamer bare of arm and breast who found his dreams as frail
As aurecles above his pipe, beheld his dream prevail.

In crown and sceptre flames the light the digger washed to view,
And on the finger of a maid, to show that love is true.

The rocker swung for rich and poor in those rough days fore-done,
When rich and poor at Kimberley were diggers every one.

When claims on Colesberg Kopje marked the highest grade of
" swell."
Who boiled his copper billy and washed his shirt as well.

From ghettos of the North and South, from Teuton coast or
vale,
From British shire and Latin slope they sought the digger's
Grail.

They found in mire the hidden trove or tramped away at last;
Sundowners steering for the coast, to ship before the mast.

But largely writ on Kimberley, the labour and the name,
Of one who dreamt a Titan dream upon his digger's claim.

Who took the gems from out the mine to light his own path-
way,
That pierced within the wilderness wherein he lies to-day.

Strong-willed to tide through early loss and bitter years that
spent
Their fury on the work he made along the path he went.

Who turned betimes from Titan schemes to fancies quaint and
old—
A vase, a chair, a rare carafe, or medal chased and scrolled.

Who laid his paths for all to tread mid lavender and rose,
In artless art, while grasses grow and gracious water flows.

ADVENTURE

Above the soundless tide that flowed
Blood-red athwart the wounded sun,
There floated from her far abode,
The Maiden Perilous; she is one
I had long read of in a book,
Who fetters all men by a look.

Her lips were full and taunting sweet,
  Her eyes' large lustre pierced me through;
And wreathed about her hidden feet,
  A flower-like stole in circles blew;
She looked but once, and passed me by,
Uplifting swiftly in the sky.

Disdain was in her brilliant smile,
  And scorn to wound her lovers true,
For well she knows the powerful wile
  Of tardy favours, far and few;
And in my heart arose a cry:
"Lo! I will seek thee till I die."

Warm hearts foreclosed an ancient bond,
  And dared me then the price to pay;
"If ye should seek the world beyond,
  Then hearken to the word we say—
So will ye bring us to the dust,
By this, your wild, world-faring lust."

I hearkened, praying: "Let me bide
  Within the hearthlight till I die;"
And as I prayed, I saw the tide
  Blood-red athwart the purple sky;
And mocking sweet the Maiden came
And thrilled me through with love and shame.

Am I the least of them that see
  The challenge in her brilliant eyes
That I should tarry? Woe is me,
  Since I am young, and age is wise;
Albeit can ye chain the tide,
Or keep the winds from wandering wide?

For as the tide must follow when
  The Lady Moon serenely wills,
And as the winds arise and fare
  Beyond the colder seas and hills,
O Lady! I must follow thee
Over the mountains and the sea.

JOHN RUNCIE.

THE CALL OF THE VELD

WHAT siren has taught you to call us
  Where wind-swept lands sigh for the rains?
Who gave you the lures to enthral us,
  O drought-stricken plains?
Ah, but the clear light of dawning!
  Ah, but the freedom it spelt!
The limitless width of life's morning,
  The call of the Veld!

No land of your sons has bereft you,
  No magic can make them forget,
For those who have loved you and left you
  They dream of you yet.
They dream of the brown and red grasses,
  The homestead where once they have dwelt;
They hear on the wind as it passes,
  The call of the Veld!

And we who have seen of life's treasure,
  And hunger of travel have known,
Have drunken our fill of its pleasure
  Till weary we've grown;
And then with the sob that comes after
  The mirth, as our throbbing hearts melt,
We hear above sound of our laughter,
  The call of the Veld.

We yearn for the home when we're tired,
  Horizons where veld and sky meet,
To shake off the dust that has mired
  Our wandering feet.
All wonder of love in new semblance,
  Strange gods at whose altars we knelt,
Are naught when we call to remembrance
  The god of the Veld.

Whose pathway is o'er the blue mountains,
  Whose breath is the keen-scented air,
Whose storm-clouds have hollowed the fountains
  And made the veld fair.

To haunt us in joy or in weeping,
Whichever our fate may have dealt,
To give us at last a long sleeping
Safe under the Veld!

MARY BYRON.

THE SPIRIT OF HIDDEN PLACES

OVER the mountain's shoulder, round the unweathered cape,
In lands beyond the sky-line, there hides a nameless shape,
Whether of friend or goddess, no mortal well may know;
But when she speaks—with flushing cheeks, they one by one must go.

To men in far old cities, scanning the curious chart,
Her voice would sound at midnight like music in the heart;
Across the wrinkled parchment a glory seemed to fall,
And pageants pass like shapes in glass along the pictured wall.

She led the sails of Lisbon beyond the Afric shore;
Winning a world of wonders by seas unknown before.
She watched the sturdy captains of Holland's India fleet
Planting their post on that grim coast where the two oceans meet.

Yea, and in earlier ages, what ghostly race were they
Who left the eastward waters to tread the inland way?
Who bore the gold of Ophir and built the tower of stone—
But left no sign save empty mine, and rampart overthrown.

But others find their footsteps, and strike the trail anew.
How fared the burghers onward across the wild Karroo!
And still, with hand at bridle and eyes that search the wind,
With strain and stress, the white men press that mocking sprite to find.

We seek her by the valley—she moves upon the height;
The rainbow stands athwart us to blind her from our sight;
Along the sea-bound bastion her steps are hid in spray.
And though we dream—with morning gleam the lustre dies away.

Yet sometimes for a moment men think to feel her nigh:
When first the lost Moon Mountain unveils to Stanley's eye;
Or when the great white wanderer beheld Zambesi leap
With earthquake-stroke and sounding smoke down the
stupendous steep.

And then again we lose her, for lack of wizard skill,
Only the message liveth, that tells us, *Further still!*
Yet could we come upon her, and seize, and hold her fast,
The onward track would something lack of its old magic past.

No secret on the ridges, no whisper in the air,
No sense of paths untrodden, no shadow anywhere;
Earth robbed of half her glamour, and ocean void of awe—
The proud pursuit that brings not fruit is man's eternal law.

LANCE FALLAW.

AFAR IN THE DESERT

(*Abridged*)

AFAR in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side;
Away, away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deers' haunt, by the buffaloes' glen;
By valleys remote where the oribi plays,
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartebeeste graze;
And the kudu and eland unhunted recline
By the skirts of grey forests o'erhung with wild vine;
Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood;
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the fen where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side;
O'er the brown Karroo, where the bleating cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively;
And the timorous quagga's shrill wheedling neigh
Is heard by the fountain by twilight grey;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain;

And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,
Hieing away to the home of her rest,
Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,
Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view
In the pathless depths of the wild Karroo.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side;
Away, away, in the wilderness vast
Where the white man's foot hath never passed;
And the quivered Coránna or Bechuán
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan;
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandoned from famine or fear;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
With the twilight bat from the yawning stone;
Where grass nor herb nor shrub takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot;
And the bitter-melon, for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare, by the salt lake's brink;
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,
Appears to refresh the aching eye;
But the barren earth and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon, round and round,
Spreads, void of living sight and sound.
And here, while the night winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the desert stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
" A still small voice " comes through the wild
(Like a father consoling a fretful child),
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear—
Saying, " Man is distant, but God is near! "

THE CORANNA.[1]

FAST by his wild resounding river
The listless Coran lingers ever;
Still drives his heifers forth to feed,
Soothed by the Gonah's humming reed;
A rover still unchecked will range,
As humour calls or seasons change;
His tents of mats and leathern gear
Are packed upon the patient steer.
Mid all his wanderings hating toil,
He never tills the stubborn soil;
But on the milky dams relies,
And what spontaneous earth supplies.
Should some long parching droughts prevail
And milk and bulbs and locusts fail,
He lays him down to sleep away
In languid trance the weary day;
Oft as he feels gaunt hunger's stound,
Still tightening famine's girdle round;
Lulled by the sound of the Gareep,[2]
Beneath the willows murmuring deep;
Till thunder-clouds surcharged with rain
Pour o'er due o'er the panting plain,
And call the famished dreamer from his trance,
To feed on milk and game, and wake the moonlight dance.

THOMAS PRINGLE.

NAMAQUALAND

A LAND of deathful sleep, where fitful dreams
Of hurrying spring scarce wake swift fading flowers;
A land of fleckless sky, and sheer-shed beams
Of sun and stars through day's and dark's slow hours;
A land where sand has choked once fluent streams—
Where grassless plains begirt by granite towers

[1] An inland tribe, mentioned by Livingstone and other African travellers.
[2] The Orange River.

That fright the swift and heaven-nurtured teams
  Of winds that bear afar the sea-gleaned showers.
The wild Atlantic, fretted by the breath
  Of fiery gales o'er leagues of desert sped,
Rolls back and wreaks in surf its thunderous wrath
  On rocks that round the wan wide shore are spread;
The waves for ever roar a song of death.
  The shore they roar to is for ever dead.

'NKONGANE

Old—some eighty, or thereabouts;
Sly as a badger alert for honey;
Honest perhaps—but I have my doubts—
With an eye that snaps at the clink of money:
Poor old barbarian, your Christian veneer
Is thin and cracked, and the core inside
Is heathen and natural. Quaint and queer
Is your aspect, and yet, withal, dignified.

When your lips unlock to the taste of rum,
The tongue runs on with its cackle of clicks—
That like bubbles break as their consonants come,
For your speech is a brook full of frisky tricks.
You love to recall the days of old—
That are sweet to us all, for the alchemist Time
Strangely touchest the basest metals to gold,
And to-day's jangled peal wakes to-morrow's rich chime.

But not the past in a moony haze,
That shines for us sons of Europe, is yours—
You glow with the ardour of bloodstained days
And deeds long past—you were one of the doers—
Of spears washed red in the blood of foes,
Of villages wrapped in red flame, of fields
Where the vulture gorged, of the deadly close
Of the impi's horns, and the thundering shields.

Strange old man—like a lonely hawk
In a leafless forest that falls to the axe,

You linger on; and you love to talk,
Yet your tongue full often a listener lacks.
Truth and fiction, like chaff and grain,
You mix together; and often I try
To sift the one from the other, and gain
The fact from its shell of garrulous lie.

You were young when Chaka, the scourge of man,
Swept over the land like the Angel of Death,
You marched in the rear, when the veteran van
Mowed down the armies—reapers of wrath!
You sat on the ground in the crescent, and laid
Your shield down flat when Dingan spoke loud—
His vitals pierced by the murderer's blade—
To his warriors fierce, in dread anguish bowed.

And now to this: to cringe for a shilling,
To skulk round the mission-house, hungry and lone;
To carry food to the women tilling
The fields of maize! For ever have flown
The days of the spear that the rust has eaten,
The days of the ploughshare suit you not;
Time hath no gift that your lot can sweeten,
A living death is your piteous lot.

THE BUSHMAN'S CAVE

I STAND behind the waterfall
That downward shoots, till spent in spray,
It clinging clasps the rocky wall
That beetles o'er the river way;
A secret cave is here fast tied
In swathing bands of forest dense,
A casket with a rocky lid,
Within the stream's circumference.

'Tis here the vanished bushman dwelt—
He, with his brood, long years ago—

Beneath this ledge; and deftly spelt,
In pictures that still freshly glow,
The wild-wood creatures, not more wild
Than he, who, hiding thus apart,
His idle days and hours beguiled
At his strange, harmless limning art.

Here human creatures hoped and loved,
And feared and hated in their turn—
Rejoiced when fortune kindly proved,
And over life's despites did mourn;
Here women nursed their babes, here maids
Oft listened to their lovers rude;
Here death has thrown a deeper shade
Of darkness o'er the gloomy wood.

There in the cleft is still the mark
Of bygone fires whose flames are dead
As those who lit them—life's strange spark
And glowing ember, each has sped.
And by the south wind's gentle sigh
The flickering sunlit leaves are turned
And from the cliffs the brown hawks cry
To-day as when each brightly burned.

Through fancy's glass I see around
The shades of long dead forms arisen;
They move and breathe without a sound,
And live in their brief poet-season;
There lie their bows, their arrows keen,
Whilst on the fire an earthen pot
Holds, simmering slowly, foul and green
The arrow-poison's fœtid clot.

There lies an antelope, fresh killed,
By hungry stomachs close surrounded,
And there's a wicker-basket filled
With luscious locusts, freshly pounded;
And look the glowing coals upon
A scaly snake is slowly toasting,
Whilst on that ledge, there in the sun,
The hunters of their deeds are boasting.

'Tis gone; 'twas but a glimpse, a flash,
That for an instant lit the past;
I see now but the water dash
In quivering spray-sheets downward cast,
And on the rocks, in deathless hue,
The records of a perished race,
That from this land of ours withdrew
In silence, leaving scarce a trace.

Poor waifs upon creation's skirts,
Your melancholy history,
To men of earnest mind, asserts
A problem and a mystery:
Whence came ye? Wherefore did ye live
To wither from the sphere of being?
And why did nature to you give
No ears to hear, no eyes for seeing—

The music and the light, whereby
All men must walk, to guide your steps
Along life's path beneath the sky,
Between the snaring pitfalls' depths?
Ye sank from something higher far,
And, distanced in life's struggling race,
Your last and failing remnants are
Erased from off the great world's face.

TWO GRAVES

(*Dr. Livingstone's and His Wife's*)

I

THE one lies low beneath a tropic sun,
Where huge Zambesi—spent and tired of rage,
And silent after roarings, and the leap
From heights, the wonder of the world—slow glides,
And presses ocean backwards in his strength.
It holds the dust of what was once a woman,
A woman, who from distant Scotland came
To help her hero-husband to maintain—

As errant knight of God, in foremost rank—
The peaceful war of love, and truth, and light.
Against the hordes of darkness, hate, and death
She came; and three short months had scarcely gone
When fiery fever held her in his grip;
Then death came, and from ruined body drew
The faithful soul, and rendered it to God.
No woman's hand was there to flicker cool,
And drop its balmful touches on her brow;
No thought of piteous comfort might she take,
That in some holy spot amongst the tombs
That held her kindred's ashes, hers would be
A shrine for love's devotion to adorn.
Alas! She knew that he whose hot tears fell
Upon her dying face, ay, even he,
Her husband, might not linger by her grave,
But, by the trumpet tones of duty called,
Must hasten onward, even to his death.

II

Within the lofty fane where sacred dust
Of heroes, saints, and singers lie in state,
His bones are laid. He died upon his knees,
Alone, and far from sympathy of man,
His head upon his buckler Bible laid;
Weary and spent, he answered to the call
When God said to His servant, " Come and rest."
And faithful hands then bore his body far
O'er swamps and desert-sands unto the sea;
And heaven's winds swift wafted it across
The sea-fields to the far sea-girded isle
Whose son he was; and Britain, with one voice
Of reverent mourning, voted him her first
And highest honour, and with sad acclaim
Bestowed a seat in the high Pantheon
Of famed Westminster.

III

Though their dust apart
Is separated by the Lybian waste,
That stretches from the Mountains of the Moon

To where old Atlas stands and tells the sky
The secrets of the desert and the lore
Of his wild daughter Ocean; tho' the curve
Of the world's strong shoulders swells between;
Yet sure they are together.

SONG OF THE SEASONS

WHAT says the antelope,
Crouched in the fern?
Winter is cold,
When will spring-time return?
Moist wind from the sea, set the fountains aflowing,
Hie hitherward, spring, set the wild flowers blowing.

What says the snake,
As he creeps from the shadow?
Summer bides far,
Spring is chill in the meadow.
Sun climb aloft, slanted beams quicken slowly;
Sheer-shed, they warm both the high and the lowly.

What says the lory,
Hoarse from the spray?
Autumn brings fruit
After summer alway.
Droop flowers vain, for your mission is ended,
To bear the seed-babes was your beauty intended.

What says the world?
Winter's my rest;
After a revel—
Slumber is best.
Sigh, sad south wind, o'er the wild ocean faring,
From ice-fields afar your white frost burthen bearing.

W. C. SCULLY.

THE PIONEER

A LITTLE mound on the mountain, a little cross in the clay,
And wheel-spoor filling with water where the waggons turn'd away;
A trampled break in the long grass where the cattle were inspann'd,
And the Pioneer has wander'd to look for his newer land.

The clouds still hung on the skyline, the grass still bent with the rain,
When the crows came back to the outspan to peck for wasted grain,
And a jackal tripp'd to the clearing to nuzzle, and tremble, and peer,
And to scratch, 'tween whiles of waiting, the tomb of the Pioneer.

Only a jackal anigh him in the bed where he is laid,
And six lone feet of the highveld by the road that he had made
For the feet of the coming peoples, far back and so long ago—
Yet they cursed his road for an ape-track . . . Ah, brother, they did not know!

He was the bravest among them, he was the pick of the crowd,
Dauntless, and frugal, and cunning; tireless, blooded, and proud.
But he gave his pride to his people, and he spill'd his blood for the land,
And he alter'd, and alter'd, and alter'd—and they could not understand. . . .

He was the first man to venture, he was the first man to find!
Trusting his life to his rifle, groping ahead in the blind!
Seeking new lands for his people!—This is the end of the day,
A little mound on the mountain, a little cross in the clay;

A hungry jackal above him, a sombre flock of crows,
A trampled break on the highveld where the sour hill-grass grows,

And six lone feet in the bleakness where the weeping hill-winds sough,
For his work is done and accomplish'd, and—he is not wanted now.

This is the end of his labour, this is the end of his play:—
Fresh wheel-spoor, filling with water, where the waggons turned away;
Cold sleep on the sodden upland that he was the first to find,
And never a voice to mourn him, but the voice of the wet hill-wind.

A little brown in the greenness, an empty tin by the trail,
Smoke-wreaths sinking to leeward as the dying fires fail;
Pattering paws above him, and hungry eyes that peer,
Is the end of a gallant venture; the pay of the Pioneer.

THE HUNTING OF SHUMBA

"Now cometh the old lion from the pool."—STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

I

THE hairs about his muzzle tipp'd with wet;
The last sun glinting on his tawny mane,
And burnishing his hide; veil'd eyes that yet
So slumbrous-solemn flash and slowly wane.

Veil'd slumbrous-solemn eyes, that half-asleep
Seem utter-careless of the wild around;
Soft seeming-careless steps that seek the deep
Gloom'd bush—but give no shadow of a sound.

Loose-limb'd, he slouches shambling in the cool;
Head down, hide rippling over lazy might;
Thoughtful and terrible he leaves the pool—
Shumba the Lion, passing to the night.

II

A grass-blade breaking!
Swift, in awful calm,
The mighty limbs at length along the ground;
Steel muscles tightening—
A sense of harm,
Intangible . . . no shadow of a sound. . . .

But savage eyes unveil'd,
Intense as death;
Purs'd lips and lower'd ears and bated breath,
Dread vigour hail'd
From every nerve and tissue—crouching there
Blent with grass—incarnate, awful FEAR!
A leap—a scream—a thud;
And it is done.
Silence awhile, and the hot smell of blood.
Silence, then slowly, with the sinking sun,
The rend of flesh. . . . The crickets wake and sing,
The frogs take up their song, the night-jars wing
Weird in the azure dusk. As had been will'd,
Chance brought him food; and Fate has been fulfilled.

UMFETI, THE WITCH DOCTOR

HERE, where the gnona[1] bask
But fifty yards away,
Under a wither'd palm
Where children never play—
Sacred to HIM alone,
This strip of baking land—
'Feti the Witch Doctor,
Sits on the sand.

Here where the lizards climb
Over his shrunken limbs,
Kindly the great sun shines,
Kindly the great sun dims

[1] Gnona, crocodiles.

Thoughts of the sombre past,
  Thoughts of the horrors done;
'Feti, the Witch Doctor,
  Nods in the sun.

High in the depthless blue
  The circling vultures wheel,
Over the burning sand
  Their silent shadows steal—
Over the agéd man
  Silent a shadow flits:
'Feti, the Witch Doctor,
  Sleeps where he sits.

Utter the silence reigns,
  The lazy lizards sleep,
Even the fishes doze
  Down in the river's deep.—
Back to the wither'd palm,
  Chin on his sunken chest:
'Feti, the Witch Doctor,
  Dreams in his rest.

The magic bones have slipp'd
  Out of the shrivell'd hand
Down to the magic bag
  Propp'd in the shimmering sand;
But all his rest has gone,
  And all forgetting fled:
'Feti, the Witch Doctor,
  Speaks with the dead.

Out of the writhing void,
  Out of the creeping dark,
There comes the form of *her* . . .
  That is *he* speaking—hark!
(Blacker the darkness grows,
  Thicker the shadows lie)
" Umfeti, Witch Doctor,
  Jiwa must die."

Jiwa! His secret love,
  Child of the mighty King!
Never! Imambo! . . . but
  Grimly the echoes ring,
Echo on echo wails
  Mockingly monotone,
Mocking the Witch Doctor:
  " King, it is done."

. . . .

Down to the river's brink
  Go girls to fetch water,
Stop they at sight of him,
  The father of slaughter,
Stop with averted eyes,
  Tremble and curtsey deep:
Tremble at sight of him
  Sitting asleep.

He is the touch of death,
  He is the fear'd of all,
Chiefs shake at sight of him,
  And the warriors tall
Shuffle uneasily—
  Fearing the eyes that pierce,
Fearing the Witch Doctor,
  'Feti the fierce.

Not so in days gone by:
  He was the healer then,
A friend to the ailing,
  Belov'd of the children,
Father of fatherless,
  And the hater of blood—
'Feti, the kind doctor,
  'Feti, the good.

Sudden the silence breaks,
  The waken'd lizards fly,
For, gasping with terror,
  He awakes with a cry.

Ha! Have the spirits gone
  Back to the sombre past
Leaving him living yet—
  Yet to this last?

Over the burning sand,
  Into the flaming white,
Shaking with hoary age,
  Blinking before the light:
Mutt'ring with trembling lips,
  And a blot on the day:
'Feti, the Witch Doctor,
  Shuffles way.

THE BASTARD

NEITHER the one nor the other, neither the White nor the Black,
By the side of the dusty waggon outspanned on the highveld track,
Alone by the dung-fed fire where the sad-voiced night-jars wheel
Goliat Witbooi, the half-caste, partakes of his evening meal.

Not clear is the path of the black man, nor easy the road of the white,
But the trail of a man who is neither is wanting all glimmer of light,
The man who is both, but is neither; the sport of a sudden fire
Of a woman who saw not the meaning and a man who was dull'd by desire.

At odds with God in his heaven, at sixes and sevens with man,
The colour showing beneath the white, the white beneath the tan,

Despised and distrusted by White and by Black; wifeless, childless, and lone—
Father, how could you have done it? O mother, you might have known. . . .

Not blind to the aching pity, but dumb for the hot excuse,
He would hide the shame of his being in a passion of wild abuse
From those whose stare is an insult, from those who will slam the door
On the shame that is his and yet is not, for the wrong of the Two Before.

Embitter'd, unlettered, unloving; homeless, nameless, forlorn;
Doomed by a fact that he cannot mend—by the fact that he was born—
Drinking his beaker of coffee, and eating his dole of bread,
Well might he pray for the end to be near and wish that he were dead.

. . . . . .

But no. For hope is still present, and hope is a father to all,
And the long road stretches to northward—and he hears the long road call—
And the veld is a kindly mother, the bullocks doze at the chain,
Umfaan will return by morning, and he will trek on again.

Yea, good is the road to the northward, and good is the light of the sun,
And good is a pipe in the evening when the long day's trek is done—
When the bullocks browse in the valley and the moon comes over the kop,
And the voorlooper makes the cookies, and Witbooi drinks his dop;

And the fire lights up the waggon, and the smoke goes by with the breeze,
And he dreams of the good north hunting—old camps beneath the trees

In the timber'd low-veld country where the game is as thick as stock,
With never a White man to scorn him and never a Black man to mock.

Yea, good is the road to the northward through the sun-warmed winter days
When the fine dust blows to leeward and the track leads round the vleis,
To sit on the fore-part locker and to drone to the warm spent wind
The chant of the New before one, and the dirge of the Old, behind.

Song of the home that is moving past kopje and valley and plain—
Song of the very simple things: the sun and the wind and the rain
And the warm brown earth beneath one and the sky where the vultures soar—
With only the bad behind one and only the good before.

Neither the one nor the other, neither the White nor the Black,
By the side of the dusty waggon outspann'd on the highveld track,
Wrapped in a coloured blanket, and dreaming of his desire
Lies Goliat Witbooi, the half-caste, asleep before the fire.

SONG OF THE AFRIKANDER WOMAN

WHY do you stand there at the gate,
Out there where the roadway goes?
Is it me you watch under the rim of your hat,
Me or the rose?

There you stand by your cart,
And you look at the rose, not me,
For I am very old.
But the bloom of the rose is the light of my eyes,
And the root of the rose my heart.

Here died he by the threshold
(Piet, Piet, how young were we!)
But they drank his blood with their assegais
And left the home so cold—
And desolate unto me. . . .

The homestead and the land
Left desolate unto me,
But his blood broke out in the sand
In this rose that never dies;
This rose in the burning sand.

The dew on the leaves of the rose?
They are *tears* that never dry;
The *thorns* on the stem of the rose?
They are hate that waits *that* hand—
The hand that slew my man,—
God shall not pass it by!
Nothing shall hinder, nothing let!
God knows the road by which he goes,
And God shall not forget!

God shall remember yet
The tears that never dry,
And the hundred men to one
That knew the way to die. . . .
I talk and I talk out here in the sun,
Where the dusty roadway goes,
With the stranger there with his cart,
Who stops to see the rose—
I, who have seen the assegais . . .
While the red rose burns with the light of my eyes,
And the rose roots grope in my heart.

Why do you stand there at the gate,
Out there where the roadway goes?
Is it me you watch under the rim of your hat?
Not so, but the rose.

FEAR

I

DEEP-BOSOMED night, and all-pervading dark,
Long distances immeasurably lone,
Still waters glancing starlight, and the stone
White face of mountains blindly to the blue
Up-yearning grimly . . . as the valleys hark,
Fear-centred, mighty-shadow'd, drear and deep
Between the timber'd ranges, where they keep
The corners of the grass-flats, wet with dew.

II

No sleep for you, dark ranges, nor for me;
No rest, O valleys, for your teeming heart;
From out tumultuous dreamings do we start
Fear-gasping to the coldness of the night;
(We are as one)—waiting for what Will Be . . .
We are as one in terror; while the bright
White stars stare mocking, though they cannot light
The vast unknowledge of Eternity.

III

Wet waiting plains that are but half-awake
(Asleep with weariness, awake with fear),
The weight of thousands on your breast you bear,
Fear-haunted, silent thousands, dumb and shy,
Soft-footed, stealing under bush and brake,
Wide-nostrill'd, nervous, staring in the gloom
Where food and life await them, or where loom
The yellow muzzles by the which they die;

IV

(The crouching muscle blended with the shades,
Intangible and terrible, alive,
And irresistible . . .). Brown plains, you strive
To keep your horror hidden, as I do;
Your night-dews wash the blood drops from the blades
Of broken grass imperfectly; the stains
Are there; the fear, though hidden, yet remains.
Yea, though we laugh, we are the same, we two.

V

Through outer emptiness the planets roll
Weaving a threadless pattern in the skies—
That cloth of measureless infinities,
Whose utter hugeness baffles all desire
To probe beyond sight's limit, though the soul
Should soar beyond the systems to a shore
Where neither fear nor sorrow evermore
Shall rob the spirit of its glorious fire.

VI

Beyond all comprehension swing the suns,
(Mere needle-points by distance)—but the tale
Renews its dull monotony: we wail
"Ah God, ah God, show us what Will Befall!
The darkness and the mystery that stuns,
Cold-handed, holds us terror-bound; we writhe
At moments, horror-conquer'd—rise and strive,
Sob-choked, to curse the riddle of it all!"

VII

Happy is he who fears but Death alone;
His path is plain with power, for he goes
Guarded and carefully by ways he knows,
With certain footsteps—easy to be brave!
But there are others who may not atone—
Nor find fulfilment, peace, nor any hope,
But only further terror, by the slope
That drags dumb tongues beyond the restless grave.

VIII

Cold whispering night; and shrouding velvet dark;
Great distances unmeasured and alone;
Deep waters, splash'd with starlight; and the stone
Grey face of krantzes staring at the blue
In half derision . . . while the valleys hark
Awe-silenced, soaked in shadows, where they keep
Ill-hid the ranges' horror; whiles they weep
Dank hill-streams to the grass'd plains, wet with dew.

IX

Th' umsasas trace a network on the sky,
The cold stars glitter in the icy air
From out unclouded deepness; and the drear
Hyena howls his load of savage shame
To th' uncaring wilderness;—while I,
Sitting upon my blankets by the fire,
Rake, like the ashes of my lost desire,
The dying embers of the perish'd flame.

KINGSLEY FAIRBRIDGE.

THE VELDT

CAST the window wider, sonny,
Let me see the veldt,
Rolling grandly to the sunset,
Where the mountains melt,
With the sharp horizon round it,
Like a silver belt.

Years and years I've trekked across it,
Ridden back and fore,
Till the silence and the glamour
Ruled me to the core;
No man ever knew it better,
None could love it more.

There's a balm for crippled spirits
In the open view,
Running from your very footsteps
Out into the blue;
Like a waggon-track to heaven,
Straight 'twixt God and you.

There's a magic, soul-compelling,
In the boundless space,
And it grows upon you, sonny,
Like a woman's face—
Passionate and pale and tender,
With a marble grace.

There's the sum of all religion
  In its mightiness;
Winged truths, beyond your doubting,
  Close about you press.
God is greater in the open—
  Little man is less.

There's a voice pervades its stillness,
  Wonderful and clear;
Tongues of prophets and of angels,
  Whispering far and near,
Speak an everlasting gospel
  To the spirit's ear.

There's a sense you gather, sonny,
  In the open air;
Shift your burden ere it breaks you:
  God will take His share.
Keep your end up for your own sake;
  All the rest's His care.

There's a promise, if you need it,
  In the time to come;
All the veldt is loud and vocal
  Where the Bible's dumb.
Heaven is paved with gold for parsons,
  But it's grassed for some.

There's a spot I know of, sonny,
  Yonder by the stream;
Bushes handy for the fire,
  Water for the team.
By the old home outspan, sonny,
  Let me lie and dream.

PERCEVAL GIBBON.

THE CEMETERY OF THE VELD [1]

THE slender shaft, memorial of their grief,
Time's swift forgetfulness defies and braves,
Pointing to Heaven from the lonely hill
Above the crowding graves.

. . . . . .

Here, while the man fought out the bitter fight,
The woman in rebellious wrath immured,
Bore for his sake the immemorial pain,
The primal curse endured.

. . . . . .

Here she saw die children she could not save,
Clutched hard-won infants to her throbbing breast,
Sternly relentless, ignorant, and brave—
Leave to her God the rest.

. . . . . .

And here that God who judges desperate hearts,
And pardons all because He understands,
Weighed up the anguish in unfaltering scales,
And stretched forth pitying hands.

. . . . . .

"*Be steadfast,*" there the firm words glow and shine,
Beyond man's little round of cruel strife
So much remains those bitter hours have won
That passes not with life.

. . . . . .

Love, the divine inheritance of man,
The dauntless angel with the brooding wings,
Who, undismayed, disputes the narrow way,
With Azrael, King of Kings.

. . . . . .

Love, who points onward—even with a sword,
Destroying evil where his feet have trod,
Has done his work and left his high reward,
Ambassador of God.

BEATRICE ALLHUSEN.

[1] Written in reference to an article in *The Cape* on the "Concentration Camp."

THE KAPJI BLUE

Beside the glancing, dancing Vaal
A maiden walks divinely tall;
Her tresses hid in Kapji blue,
She waits, she waits, her lover true.
Oh, lover true, oh, lover true,
Concealed within the Kapji blue,
Red lips await thy lover's kiss:
Come, come, and claim love's hour of bliss!

Beside the grey and sullen Vaal
A maiden walks; ah! sad tears fall.
She whispers from the Kapji blue:
"Thy duty calls, I will be true!"
Oh, lover true, oh, lover true,
Tears fall beneath the Kapji blue;
One lingering kiss from white lips take,
And then farewell, for duty's sake.

Beside the rushing, swollen Vaal
A heart is broken. "That is all."
A maiden walks, low-bowed her head;
On field of blood her love lies "dead."
Oh, lover true, oh, lover true,
No more she wears the Kapji blue!
Oh, lover true, oh, lover brave,
The veld wind moans across thy grave.

H. Woodhouse Neale.

PICKET

Straining me eyes in the darkness,
Gazing away into ink,
Busting me ears for the things that I hears,
And thinking the things that I think.
Looking at nothing come closer,
Watching that nothing draw near,
Seeing them plain through the mist and the rain,
Then finding there's nothing to fear.

Picket, oh, beautiful picket,
  Oh, skylines at night in the cold,
Oh, sweet little hills with yer mist and yer chills,
  And your deaths that never have been told.
Picket, oh, beautiful picket,
  Oh, bridles that clink in the dark,
Oh, me and oh, you, an' the fears that we knew,
  Jest me and jest you in the dark.

Picket, poor devil on picket,
  With yer bayonet atop of yer gun;
How naked you seemed, when you watched and you dreamed,
  And thought of things that you done.
Jest counted them all on the kopje,
  And thought of them, oh, and the shame;
Jest counted them all from the first to the fall,
  Calling her name.

Straining me eyes in the darkness,
  Seeing her face in the ink,
Busting me ears for the things that I fears,
  And thinking the thing that I think.
Waiting for love in the clover,
  And watching for death in the dark.
Oh, poor little sod, with m' love and m' God,
  Jest praying alone in the dark.

"MOMB."

MY LOVE KARIN

My love Karin's little hand,
By God's loving wonder plann'd
Holds about my finger light,
As it were a jewel bright.

My love Karin's sunny eyes,
How they open in surprise
When her little red balloon
Soars above her like a moon!

My love Karin's lovely face—
God's own smile is in that place—
Beams ecstatic when she sees
Branches bowing in the breeze.

My love Karin's coral lips
Can reveal two ivory tips—
God, what beauty cans't thou make
When Thou love and life dost wake!

My love Karin's silver voice
Makes her mother's mind rejoice—
God, what music there can be
In her ringing laugh of glee!

My love Karin, nine months old—
Half the wonder is untold!
God made man, but did He know
All the joy He did bestow?

HUGH J. EVANS.

KATRINA

FROM beneath her cotton "Kappie"
Bright grey eyes demurely shining;
Even-tempered, plump, and happy,
Never groaning or repining—
Ach, Katrina!

Just one flaxen curl escaping
From the primly fastened setting:
One of nature's make and shaping
Yet a curl there's no forgetting—
Ach, Katrina!

And such merry joyous laughter,
Rippling on with lilts and catches,
Charming once, and ever after;
And a voice that—well it matches!
Ach, Katrina!

When I offer her a posy
She regards me, half beguiling,
With a cheek becoming rosy—
Looks provoking, coyly smiling.
Ach, Katrina!

"Dat is mooi; ja dat is prachtig!
Foei! your heart is torn with sorrow.
Sis toch! malkop! (allemachtig!)
Dag, Mynheer—until to-morrow."
Ach, Katrina.

"SNEYD."

"LALA, 'SANA LWAM!"[1]

(Kaffir Lullaby Song)

THE hoeing of day is done,
The weary heat of the sun,
The wood is gathered, the water drawn,
And now we can rest till the coming of dawn;
Till the coming of dawn, my babe,
Lala, lala, 'mtwana wam;
Lala, 'sana lwam!

O soothing season of night!
Bringing a respite sweet
To aching hands and weary feet,
From the burden of toil
And the sting of the heat:
O soothing season of night!
Lala, lala, 'mtwana wam;
Lala, 'sana lwam!

Calm and fair is the night,
The moon shines over the hill,
Flooding with magical light
Forest and field and rill,
All is peaceful and still,
Save the hungry jackal's howl.
Calm and fair is the night,
The moon shines over the hill.
Lala, lala, 'mtwana wam;
Lala, 'sana lwam.

[1] Sleep, sleep, my child, sleep, my babe.

IN THE MATOPPOS

In lone Matoppos now he lies,
  Can we forget?
Our leader, seer; his hills, his skies,
  Are near him yet!

Like to the Hebrew seer of old,
  Who, within sight
Of promised Canaan, passed away
  On Nebo's height—

So he: he only saw the dawn
  Of promised day
Break o'er the hills of his lov'd land:
  He might not stay

To see the splendour of that noon,
  For which he wrought
Thro' the long, weary, waiting years
  With anxious thought.

Strange to our purblind eyes the tools
  Which, with due care,
The great inventor takes to build
  His kingdom here.

He sought to further the strong sway
  Of Britain's isle,
But all unconsciously for God
  He wrought the while.

In lone Matoppos now he lies,
  Our leader, seer;
His hills, his woods, his streams, his skies
  Are ever near!

F. C. Slater.

THE DIGGER'S SONG

Oh, mates, the veldt is brown and bare,
And drought is on the land;
But beneath lie the glittering veins of gold,
Like the cords in this broad brown hand.
Then dig for the glittering gold!
Dig for the wealth untold!
Dig with a fire that can never tire,
Down, down to the glittering gold.

Oh, mates, we left some living friends
Away across the sea;
But my sweetheart here, in the brown earth's breast,
Is dearer far to me.
Then hurrah for the glittering gold!
Hurrah for the wealth untold!
We'll win it, we'll spend it, we'll drink it, we'll lend it,
We'll live for the glittering gold!

My sweetheart's hair is yellow, bright
As the sun in yonder sky;
But shy my sweetheart is, and dark
The place where she does lie.
Then drink to the glittering gold!
Drink to the wealth untold!
Drink deep and long, with laughter and song,
Drink, drink to the glittering gold!

My sweetheart's bright as the rising sun,
And cold as the waning moon;
And hard as the stones in the watercourse
'Neath the dust and glare of noon.
Then a health to the glittering gold!
A health to the wealth untold!
A health, my lads, to the fairest of maids,
A health to the glittering gold!

AMY SUTHERLAND.

SHADOW

THE shadowy mist rolls sadly
  Down o'er the mountain's breast;
The shivering foam springs madly,
  Torn from the billow's crest:
Low on my eyes is creeping
  The gathering cloud of tears;
High at my feet is leaping
  The breaking tide of years.

The spray and the vapour mingle;
  I hear the sea-bird's cry,
Hoarse in the grating shingle,
  Shrill in the wild wind's sigh:
My fugitive spirit flutters,
  Borne on the wayward breeze,
And deep is the moan it utters
  As the murmur of the seas.

The light of heaven is failing,
  The smile of earth has gone;
To laughter follows wailing,
  And the sable veil is drawn:
The joys of time are shrouded
  And buried one by one;
The sun of life is clouded
  Ere yet the race is run.

I list to the sough and sobbing,
  I think of the vanished scene;
I feel my pulses throbbing
  With pleasures that have been:
For love then fans the embers
  And ashes of regret,
And still with pain remembers
  What sorrow would forget.

The wreathing mist now covers
  The winding mountain's side;

The scattered spume now hovers
  High o'er the flowing tide:
I am whelmed in the rain and plashing,
  Blinded with chilling tears,
'Mid floods of memory dashing,
  And the broken surf of years.

HENRY MARTYN FOOT,
January 1874.

THE PACE OF THE OX

WHAT do we know—and what do we care—for Time and his silver scythe,
Since there is always time to spare, so long as a man's alive?—
The world may come, and the world may go, and the world may whistle by,
But the pace of the ox is steady and slow, and life is a lullaby.

What do we know of the city's scorn, the hum of a world amaze,
Hot-foot haste, and the fevered dawn, and forgotten yesterdays?—
For men may strain, and women may strive, in busier lands to-day,
But the pace of the ox is the pace to thrive in the land of Veldt and Vlei.

The daylight breaks in the Eastern sky, and sinks to sleep in the West;
Thus it is that our days go by, bringing their meed of rest.
The Future's hidden behind the veil, and the Past is still the Past,
And the pace of the ox is the sliding scale that measures our work at last.

The song of the ships is far to hear, the hum of the world is dead,
And lotus life in a drowsy year our benison instead—
Why should we push the world along, live in a world of flame,
When the pace of the ox is steady and strong, and the end is just the same?

CULLEN GOULDSBURY.

EAST AND WEST INDIES AND CEYLON

EAST AND WEST INDIES AND CEYLON

ON THE ABOLITION OF SUTTEE[1]

RED from his chambers came the morning sun
And frowned, dark Ganges, on thy fatal shore,
Journeying on high; but when the day was done
He set in smiles, to rise in blood no more.
Hark! heard ye not? The widow's wail is over,
No more the flames from impious pyres ascend,
See Mercy, now primeval peace restore,
While pagans glad the arch ethereal rend,
For India hails at last her father and her friend.

Back to its cavern ebbs the tide of crime,
There fettered, locked, and powerless it sleeps;
And History, bending o'er the page of time,
Where many a mournful record still she keeps,
The widowed Hindoo's fate no longer weeps;
The priestly tyrants' cruel charm is broken,
And to his den alarmed the monster creeps;
The charm that mars his mystic spell is broken,
O'er all the land 'tis spread he trembles at the token.

Bentinck, be thine the everlasting meed!
The heart's full homage still is virtue's claim,
And 'tis the good man's ever honoured deed
Which gives an immortality to fame:
Transient and fierce, though dazzling is the flame
That glory lights upon the wastes of war:
Nature unborn shall venerate thy name,
A triumph than the conqueror's greater far,
Thy memory shall be blessed as is the morning star.

[1] Suttee declared illegal in 1829.

He is the friend of man who breaks the seal,
The despot custom sets in deed and thought,
He labours generously for human weal
Who holds the omnipotence of fear as nought;
The winged mind will not to earth be brought,
'Twill sink to clay if it imprisoned be;
For 'tis with high immortal longings fraught;
And these are dimmed or quenched eternally,
Until it feels the hand that sets its pinions free.

And woman hath endured, and still endures
Wrong, which her weakness, and her woes should shield,
The slave and victim of the treacherous lures
Which wily arts, to man the tyrant, yield.
And how the sight of star, or flower, or field,
Or bird that journeys through the sunny air,
Or social bliss, from woman has been sealed.
To her, the sky is dark, the earth is bare,
And Heaven's most hallowed breath pronounced forbidden fare.

Nurtured in darkness, born to many woes,
Words, the mind's instrument but ill supplied,
Delight, even as a name she scarcely knows,
And while an infant sold to be a bride,
To be a mother, her exalted pride;
And yet not hers a mother's sigh or smile,
Oft doomed in youth to stem the icy tide
Of rude neglect, caused by some wanton's wile,
And forced at last to grace her lord's funeral pile.

Daughters of Europe! by our Ganges side
Which wept and murmured as it flowed along,
Have wives, yet virgins, nay yet infants died,
While priestly fiends have yelled a dismal song
'Mid deafening clamours, of the drum and gong:
And mothers on their pyres have seen the hands,
Which clung around them when those hands were young,
Lighting around them such unholy brands
As demons kindle when they rave through hell in bands:

But with prophetic ken, dispelling fears
Which haunt the mind that dwells on Nature's plan,
The Bard beholds through mists of coming years
A rising spirit speaking peace to man,
The storm is passing, and the Rainbow's span
Stretcheth from North to South: the ebon car
Of darkness rolls away; the breezes fan
The infant-dawn, and morning's herald star
Comes trembling into day: O! can the Sun be far?

HENRY LOUIS VIVIAN DEROZIO.

CAWNPORE

(*In Memoriam, July* 11, 1857—1901)

LINGER and muse awhile, for little change is here;
This is the place, the vale of death, the haunt of shame and fear;
Linger and muse and mark the gleaming river pass,
The brazen sky, the shimmering air, the tall white-tufted grass.

This is the place of doom, where darkest shades are near,
Where deepest grief is mute and still, and wrath can shed no tear;
Haggard and worn and wan, in garments ghastly red,
The phantom shapes flit to and fro, the spirits of our dead!

Hunger and pain and thirst, and fever's burning breath
Long since had slain all hopes of aid, save hope of kindly death;
See in yon grisly den, with anguish pale and wild,
Waiting for death, their only friend, Mother and Maid and Child!

Ah, bitter was their cup, and ah, the fatal day,
When one fierce fiend in human shape o'er life and death held sway!
Horror beheld aghast, and Murder veiled her eyes,
When men went forth, if men they were, to work such butcheries.

There is the place of death, unchanged by fifty years,
And still we wet the nameless grave with bitter, blinding tears;
Though graves like grass decay, and Time must change the spot,
Full many a fifty year shall pass ere these shall be forgot.

Now peace be on the dead, thrice peace beneath the sod,
Unknown to us who weep their fate, how surely known to God!
Low in your grave lie still! Saith not the Lord of Hosts,
"Vengeance is mine, I will repay"? Lie still, ye piteous ghosts!

Low in your grave lie still, ye hapless tortured souls,
Till the new Dawn shall rise to light the darkness of the poles,
Justice and Truth on earth, with Mercy shall prevail,
And the great trump in glorious might the Lord of Hosts shall hail.

C. W. WADDINGTON.

THE HINDU ASCETIC

HERE as I sit by the Jumna bank,
Watching the flow of the sacred stream,
Pass me the legions, rank on rank,
And the cannons roar, and the bayonets gleam.

Is it a God or a King that comes?
Both are evil, and both are strong;
With women and worshipping, dancing and drums;
Carry your Gods and your Kings along.

Fanciful shapes of a plastic earth,
These are the visions that weary the eye;
These I may 'scape by a luckier birth,
Musing, and fasting, and hoping to die.

When shall these phantoms flicker away?
Like the smoke of the gun on the wind-swept hill,
Like the sounds and colours of yesterday:
And the soul have rest and the air be still.

SIR ALFRED COMYN LYALL.

THE PURDAH NASHIN[1]

HER life is a revolving dream
Of languid and sequestered ease;
Her girdles and her fillets gleam
Like changing fires on sunset seas;
Her raiment is like morning mist,
Shot opal, gold, and amethyst.

From thieving light of eyes impure,
From coveting sun or wind's caress,
Her days are guarded and secure
Behind her carven lattices,
Like jewels in a turbaned crest,
Like secrets in a lover's breast.

But though no hand unsanctioned dares
Unveil the mysteries of her grace,
Time lifts the curtain unawares,
And sorrow looks into her face—
Who shall prevent the subtle years,
Or shield a woman's eyes from tears?

SUTTEE

LAMP of my life, the lips of Death
Have blown thee out with their sudden breath;
Naught shall revive thy vanished spark—
Love, must I dwell in the living dark?

Tree of my life, Death's cruel foot
Hath crushed thee down to thy hidden root;
Naught shall restore thy glory fled—
Shall the blossom live when the tree is dead?

[1] Purda women, or women of the curtain.

Life of my life, Death's bitter sword
Hath severed us like a broken word,
Rent us in twain who are but one—
Shall the flesh survive when the soul is gone?

NIGHTFALL IN THE CITY OF HYDERABAD.

See how the speckled sky burns like a pigeon's throat,
Jewelled with embers of opal and peridote.

See the white river that flashes and scintillates,
Curved like a tusk from the mouth of the city-gates.

Hark, from the minaret how the muezzin's call
Floats like a battle-flag over the city wall.

From trellised balconies languid and luminous
Faces gleam, veiled in a splendour voluminous.

Leisurely elephants wind through the winding lanes,
Swinging their silver bells hung from their silver chains.

Round the high Char Minar sounds of gay cavalcades
Blend with the music of cymbals and serenades.

Over the city bridge Night comes majestical,
Borne like a queen to a sumptuous festival.

THE INDIAN GIPSY

In tattered robes that hoard a glittering trace
Of bygone colours, broidered to the knee,
Behold her, daughter of a wandering race,
Tameless, with the bold falcon's agile grace,
And the lithe tiger's sinuous majesty.

With frugal skill her simple wants she tends,
She folds her tawny heifers and her sheep
On lonely meadows when the daylight ends,
Ere the quiet night upon her flock descends
Like a black panther from the caves of sleep.

Time's river winds in foaming centuries
Its changing, swift, irrevocable course
To far off and incalculable seas;
She is twin-born with primal mysteries,
And drinks of life at Time's forgotten source.

SAROJINI NAIDU.

GOOD AND BAD THOUGHTS

(*From the Dhammapada*)

OUR natures all proceed from thoughts
In thought they lie, all thoughts they are;
If with a thought with evil fraught
Or words or deeds one doth unbar,
Then one by pain is chased and sought,
As is the best by wheel or car.

Our natures all proceed from thought,
In thought they lie, all thought they are;
If with a thought with goodness fraught
Or words or deeds one doth unbar,
Then one by bliss is chased and sought,
As by one shadow going far.

SONG OF IND

(*From Roby Tagore*)

O CHARMER of the whole world's round,
O land of brightest sunshine, Ind,
My parents' parent thou!

Thy feet are washed by azure seas,
Thy green hem trembles on the breeze,
Thy sun-kist front the snow mount is,
White frost doth crown thy brow.

The earliest dawn was on thy dome,
Psalms earliest from thy woods did come,
Spread earliest on thy sylvan home
Knowledge and truth enow.

O blest, thou ever hallow'd land,
That feedest many a foreign strand,
Flowest into Gangee, Jumna bland,
Pure nectar-bosomed thou!

ON TIBET

Deep in the bosom dark of Mystery,
Housed in the gleam of days that are no more,
And dreams that like her Himalayas soar
To height incredible—methinks I see
The land of mystic faith and Llamas hoar!

A glamour through the creeping sunset steals,
Weird Tibet, o'er thy snow-encircled brow;
A glamour from the Occident, that now
Silent pursues thy gloom engirdled heels,
Mother of fossil modes and customs thou!

Thou mighty miracle of centuries
To us, the dwellers in the setting sun,
Perpetual dream-land, child of sunrise dun,
Who " tearest out of thought " man's memories,
Grim in thy glory, till thy race be run!

Land of the faith by pensive Bhudda rear'd,—
Where thought is stable, prayers are roll'd by wheels,
Faith moves with a dull motion as she feels
Her way thro' gloom of births—where Fate is feared,
God is unknown, and man in darkness reels!

Roby Datta.

SONG OF KĀLINDĪ [1]

The Hindus divide the year into two seasons, placing the dewy season between winter and spring, and the rains between summer and winter.

THE fresh wind blows from Northern snows;
The nights are dark with dew;
A mound of fire the Simal [2] glows;
The young rice shoots anew;
In mornings cool from reedy pool
Up springs the whistling crane;
The wild fowl fly through sunset sky;
The sweet juice fills the cane.
Come, Krishna! [3] from the tyrant proud
How long shall virtue flee?
The lightning loves the evening cloud,
And I love thee.

The breeze moves slow with thick perfume
From every mango grove;
From coral-tree to parrot bloom [4]
The black bees questing rove:
The koïl wakes the early dawn,—
He calls the spring all day;
The jasmine smiles by glade and lawn;
The lake with birds is gay.
Come, Krishna! leave Vaskunthas' [5] bower;
Do thou our refuge be;
The koïl loves the mango flower,
And I love thee.

Low from the brink the waters shrink;
The deer all snuff for rain;
The fainting cattle search for drink
Cracked glebe and dusty plain;

[1] Kālindī is the daughter of the Sun.
[2] The silk cotton-tree—a mass of red blossom before its leaves come.
[3] Krishna was an incarnation of Vishnu.
[4] An orange scarlet pea-flower—thought like the parrot's beak.
[5] The heaven of Vishnu.

The whirlwind like a furnace blast,
Sweeps clouds of darkening sand;
The forest flames; the beasts aghast
Plunge huddling from the land.
Come, Krishna! come, beloved one!
Descend and comfort me:
The lotus loves the summer sun,
And I love thee.

With dancing feet glad peafowl greet
Bright flash and rumbling cloud;
Down channels steep red torrents sweep;
The frogs give welcome loud;
From branch and spray hang blossoms gay;
The wood has second birth;
No stars in skies, but lantern-flies
Seem stars that float to earth.
Come, Krishna! come, in our day of gloom
Be thou our Kalfa [1] tree;
The wild bee loves the Paska [2] bloom,
And I love thee.

The skies are bright with cloudless light,
Like silver shells that float;
The stars and moon loom large by night;
The lilies launch their boat;
Fair laughs the plain with ripened grain;
With birds resounds the brake;
Along the sand white egrets stand;
The wild fowl fill the lake.
Come, Krishna! come, let thy servants soon
Thy perfect beauty see;
The water-lily loves the moon,[3]
And I love thee.

The morning mist lies close and still;
The hoar frost gems the lea;
The dew falls chill, the wind blows shrill;
The leaves have left the tree;

[1] Tree of heaven which grants every wish.
[2] The white lotus.
[3] The white water-lily opens its blossoms by night.

The cups are gone; the fields are bare;
The deer pass grazing by;
And plaintive through the twilight air
Is heard the curlew's cry.
Come, Krishna! come, my lord, my own!
From prison set me free;
The Chakravāki[1] pines alone
As I for thee.

THE LAMENTATION OF AGA

(From the Raghuvansa, a Chronicle of Ragku's line.)

King Aga, son of Raghu and grandfather of Rāma, was married to a nymph enchanted to the form of a princess. Her spell was to cease when she met the flowers of her native paradise. When the king and queen were walking in a wood Nārada passed and a gust of wind carried his garland to the queen, on which she swooned and died.

My own, my loveliest,
I clasp thee to my breast,
A lute with chords unstrung;
Hushed is thy music tone,
An evening lotus lone,
No bee to murmur deep its snowy leaves among.

Hath beauty power to slay?
Loved blossoms sweet and gay
Destroy that perfect form?
Ay! softest natures oft
Death smitest with weapons soft;
Snow-rills the lotus kill which braved the pelting storm.

Then wreath of vakul sweet
Remaineth incomplete,
We plaited hand in hand;
Thou didst begin the rite
These graceful trees to unite,[2]
But now their yearning boughs must long unwedded stand.

[1] Brahmin duck—Indian emblem of conjugal affection.
[2] It was a favourite amusement of Hindu ladies to arch by a marriage ceremony two trees in their garden.

The Ashokas' [1] fertile shoot,
Of thy sweet touch the fruit,
Its flower above thee weeps;
I thought to bind thy hair
With these blossoms red and fair;
How can they deck the pyre whereon my darling sleeps?

The Chakravaka [2] soon
Rejoins his mate; the moon
Brings joy once more to night;
These wait and trust, but I
Look vainly to the sky,
Which mocks my kisses with winds that wave thy ringlets light.

The tinkling girdle pressed
So close thy gentle breast,
It knew each secret beat;
Now on thy heart it lies,
Silent in its melodies,
As though its spirit still went with its mistress sweet.

A bitter tear-mixed draught
Must by thy shade be quaffed
For wine of glad desire;
A couch of leaves new-spread
Was once too harsh a bed;
How will thy tender limbs endure the cruel pyre?

Thy voice the koïls [3] show,
Thy timid glance the doe,
To lighten my distress;
The swans thy stately pace,
The wind-waved boughs thy grace;—
But these are not my love, and I am comfortless.

My light is fled to-day;
My glory wanes away;
My state a joyless throne;
My songs henceforth have ceased;
My year is void of feast;
My brave array is lost; my couch is dark and lone.

[1] Jossesia asoca—said to flower when touched by a lady's hand.
[2] Brahmin's duck. [3] The Indian cuckoo.

Had I offended aught,
Thy gentle heart no thought
Of anger felt to me;
Why are my prayers unheard?
Without one farewell word,
To leave thine only love, who never loved but thee!

Thy friends were true each one;
An orbéd moon thy son;
Thy husband, thine through life.
Oh, what to me is left,
By death of thee bereft,
The partner of my joys, my friend, companion, wife?

WILLIAM WATERFIELD.

TRANSLATION OF BURMESE SONGS

A LOVER'S LAMENT

HARD is my lot, and unassuaged my yearning.
How have the gods ordained?
(Wrap well my robe about me, for I shiver.)
Distraught with sorrow, on my gold-lacquer couch
Wildly I ask myself, Where is my love, my glorious jewel?
Is't in the round heaven,
Where the moon spreads his beams afar, afar,
Radiating,
Radiating over all,
Reaching into the dimness with shimmering waves?
Under a load of grief I reel and swoon,
Blinded, dazed, bowed down with sorrow,
With remembrance of my woe.

IN THE FOREST

THE place is dim and grey, the darkness spreads:
The feet of cloudland enter, the silver mists commingle.
Sweet-smelling zephyrs whirl and kiss each other,
And many a flower blossoms in the glades.

Clusters of lilies deck the way,
Clusters of scented lilies.
But that I yearn for is not,
And I am weary: yet 'tis sweet—
The woods, the driven mist on the hillsides—
'Tis wondrous sweet!

LOVE-DITTY

LITTLE one, whose radiance fills
All the house with light:
Dainty form that daily thrills
Thy lover with delight!
Flashing black with emerald sheen
Like wing of humble-bee
Tresses trim that measure sure
Cubits more than three!
Pure thou art as gold refined,
Ne'er a blemish thine:
Thuza's self is not more fair,
Nor Saddan's form divine.
Smooth limbs with beauty graced:
Swelling bosom, supple waist:
Not Zábu itself, I ween,
That enchanted isle, could show,
Searcht from end to end, a maiden
Fairer than my queen!

R. GRANT BROWN.

VALE!

FAREWELL, ye rocks of sandstone;
Farewell, ye sodden *Kwins*;[1]
Ye stately toddy-palm groves;
Ye shady *thayet-bins*.[2]

Farewell, ye teak-tree forests,
That fringe the fertile plains;
Farewell, ye rain-swept mountains;
Ye dusty village lanes.

[1] *Kwins:* Fields. [2] *Thayet-bins:* Mango trees.

Farewell, ye rocky torrents;
Ye trickling sandy *choungs;*
Farewell, swift Irrawaddy,
The home of racing *loungs.*[1]

Farewell, ye gaudy parrots;
Ye sober birds that pipe;
Ye iridescent peacocks;
Ye jungle-fowl and snipe.

Farewell, sagacious *hathis,*[2]
That toil at Kemmendine;
Ye gallant-hearted ponies;
Ye patient ploughing-kine.

Farewell, ye gold pagodas;
Ye bright melodious *tees;*[3]
Farewell, ye milk-white temples
Beneath the tamarind trees.

Farewell, ye laughing maidens;
The sunshine of your smiles
Extends across the oceans,
Five thousand watery miles!

AUDI ET ALTERAM PARTEM

When you first went out to Burma,
To the dust and glare and heat,
Where the white man's food is garbage,
And the *moorghi*[4] does for meat,
You abused the shrill mosquito,
You anathematised the *dhoop,*[5]
And you cursed the gentle *poochie*[6]
For expiring in your soup.

[1] *Loung:* A Burmese racing boat.
[2] *Hathis:* Elephants.
[3] *Tee:* The part of the pagoda from which the bells are suspended.
[4] *Moorghi:* Hind for fowl.
[5] *Dhoop:* The sun.
[6] *Poochie:* An insect.

Refrain

But to-day that you are pensioned
And frequent St. James' Square,
You revile the British climate
With its cold and misty air.
You complain if *chicken* curry
Ain't upon the bill of fare;
And you yearn for juicy mangoes,
And a jail long-sleever chair.

You remember how you shivered
(In the shade, 'twas ninety-nine)
When malaria turned your muscles
Into masticated twine;
When, like molten lead, the fever
Burned its way along your veins,
And you vowed that h-ll were better
Than the Delta in the rains.

Refrain

But to-day that you are pensioned
And frequent St. James' Square,
You bewail the blinding blizzard
(Fit to freeze a polar bear);
Round about you folks are ailing
From bronchitis and the "flue,"
And you sigh for sunny Burma
Where no blizzard ever blew.

In the wild archaic eighties,
When you chased Boh Nam-le-boo,
On Chicago beef and biscuits,
And a striker miner's "screw,"
You were worked until you sweated
Like a coolie in the Rand;
And you cursed the day you travelled
Out to "India's coral strand."

Refrain

But to-day that you are pensioned
And frequent St. James' Square,

You step gently on the carpet
And select the cosiest chair.
Once again you fight your battles—
Draw the elongated bow,
And declare, "The good old days, sir,
They have gone to Jericho!"

All alone amidst the jungles,
You endured an exile's life;
For the pay that Simla grudged you
Would not let you take a wife;
Sickly rodents squirmed around you,
Plague came prowling round your doors,
And you prayed the gods to let you
Quit those pestilential shores.

Refrain

But to-day that you are pensioned
And frequent St. James' Square,
Vain to seek for boyhood's comrades—
They have "climbed the golden stair."
Ah! your thoughts drift back to Burma,
To your pals a-toiling there,
To the Shwe Dagon at sunset;
To—your Judson's dictionnaire!

A LAY OF THE DERBY SWEEP

"BENGALI chap" was Chandra Dass,
Loquacious, lying, and an ass;
The telegraphic Babu he
At calorific Twinklegyi.
Though versed in all Vedantic lore,
He loved Finance a great deal more.
Like Gunga Din, the lust of pice
Was Chandra D.'s prevailing vice.

One day he thought he'd try a " flutter,"
So sent an order to Calcutta,
And bought (he deemed it far from cheap)
A ticket in the Derby Sweep.
Oh, wond'rous are the ways of Fate!
His ticket—number 978,
With *nom de plume* " A Slave of Morse "—
Drew Marmaduke, the favourite horse.

The race was fixed for June the third.
An earlier date he'd have preferred,
So many things might well take place
Before the running of the race.
He heard (it seemed a shame—a sin)
That " favourites " do not always win;
That (worse!) they sometimes strain the heart,
Or sprain a limb and fail to " start."

Upon the first of steaming June,
A telegram came from Rangoon
For Mr. Bland, the D.S.P.
(The message passed through Chandra D.):
" Fear Marmaduke, when jumping wall,
Has injured knee—a nasty fall;
Impossible to start on third."
Thus ran the wire (a " State deferred!")

When Chandra Dass this message read,
He beat his breast, and bowed his head;
In bitter disappointment, he
Shed saline tears, and sweated ghee.
Then falling on his knees, he prayed:—
" Oh! Vishnu, I implore thy aid,
I cannot win; assist me then
To save my stake of rupees ten."

This abject plea moved Brahma's sire
The doleful suppliant to inspire,
Who straightway called his peon Ko Poo,
A cooly lout—a mere Yahoo.
Said Chandra: " Man, I owe you pay—
Your stipend for the month of May.
To square my debts I never fail:
I'll pay you now upon the nail.

"Well, here's the coin. I must remark
Of pity you have not a spark.
Does not your wife, at Sandoway,
Deserve a portion of your pay?
The sum—let's say—of ten rupees
Your faithful wife would surely please.
You nod your head. Ah! you agree
To do this act of charity.

"Now, if by hand, this sum you send,
You may be swindled by your friend;
On money orders sent by post,
Commission is an extra cost.
So swap with me this Turf Club ticket
For ten rupees. You simply stick it
Within a cover, which you'll post.
The postage costs two pice at most.

"You nod your head. I clearly see
That you, once more, agree with me.
But, lest you some distrust might feel,
In front of witnesses we'll deal.
So that by neither can be said
This covenant was never made."
To terminate this patchwork screed,
Suffice it that Ko Poo agreed.

. . . . .

Upon the third the race was run,
And Marmaduke, *the "favourite," won!*
The Babu could not understand
Until he saw wee *Marmie Bland,*
Who, when he came to *Twinklegyi,*
Still slightly limped upon one knee!
'Twas then he twigged (in racing "gup")
How he had sold himself a pup.

Envoi

Ko Poo scooped in a lakh or two;
He owns an oil-field at Singu,
While Chandra Dass (he might do worse)
Is still a toiling "Slave of Morse!"

M. C. Conway Poole.

PERFIDE ALBION

(A hitherto unwritten chapter of Oriental History)

DID you e'er meet a Gaul, patriotic in *ton*,
Who didn't call England "perfide Albion"?
If you haven't as yet, you are certain to hear him
Whenever you mention the taking of Perim.
This Perim's an island
Devoid of a tree,
A baked bit of dry land
Below the Red Sea.
No Government owned it
A few years ago,
Till Great Britain boned it,
As soon I shall show.
It's dreadfully rocky, and frightfully hot,
And out of it not e'en a weed's to be got.
In fact, upon islands at large it's a blot.
And I'd rather be shot
Than be told that my lot
Was to dwell on that desolate, desolate spot.

But it stands in a strait at the Red Sea's mouth,
Commanding the passage or North or South;
And should matters in Eastern parts ever be critical,
Perim might prove of some value political.
At all events this was the statesmanlike view
That was taken by each diplomatic Mossoo.
"Ne possédent-ils pas Aden, ces Anglais, mon Dieu!
Oui; nous aurons Perim: Pourquoi non? Sacré bleu!"

This was what the *Bureaux* designate *une idée*,
And the next thing to do was to make it *un fait*.
That's the usual course in affairs Continental
So why not adopt it in things Oriental?
"*Ces Anglais*" might swear,
Crying out 'twas unfair,
And a robbery bare;
And *The Times* in a leader might offer a prayer
For a country so greedy and mad as to dare

To maraud in the East, for the world was aware
That the East was Old England's peculiar care;
And *The Times*, as *The Times*, would have Frenchmen beware,
For that Perim might prove, after all, but a snare,
Entailing an outlay they couldn't well spare;
That France had already far more than her share—
Bourbon, Pondicherrey, and Chandernagore—
And 'twas monstrous to think she could want any more;
That other encumbrance might drain, couldn't better her,
And the sooner she dropped it—et caetera, et caetera!

Thus argued Mossoo
That Old England would do;
But he added a pregnant corollary too:
"Let her talk if she likes,
She looks fierce, never strikes.
For John Bull is the servant of Mr. Bill Sikes.
She may swagger and bluster, and warn us, but we
Will inform her the thing is *un fait accompli;*
And you'll probably see
That, although very hurt,
She will let matters be,
And will swallow the dirt."

The project thus having been carefully hatched,
"*Un ordre*" was to Bourbon or somewhere despatched
Telling Monsieur le Chef to send off a fast frigate
To Perim and, ere that the British could twig it,
To hoist the French *drapeau* upon it and prig it.
So a frigate was sent
With this wicked intent,
And with gaudy new *drapeaux* was heavily laden;
And the ship on her way
Just put in for a day
At the British adjacent possession of Aden.

Now, of course, what the *rôle*
She should play or the goal
She'd in view not a soul
On this freebooting ship
Gave the slenderest tip;
She might have been trying to find the South Pole.

The sailors were fêted,
And some got elated,
And Frenchmen and English a—malgamated.
But never a word
Of their mission was heard.
And this silence you'd think neither strange nor absurd
When I tell you that none of them knew. It was wrapped in
The innermost cell in the breast of the Captain.
The name of the Captain was Naucois de Bonheur,
Of, I hardly need say so, *le Légion d'honneur ;*
And our Gov'nor's name was Sir Thomas, he
Being *ça va sans dire*, a distinguished C.B.
The latter invited the Captain to dine,
And placed on his board some uncommon good wine.
Now, whether 'twas due to the port or the sherry,
A high seasoned fare,
Or British " portare,"
Or the tropical air,
I cannot declare;
But somehow or other they grew pretty merry.
Sir John Thomas, rising, rejoiced beyond measure,
In fact it was hard to express all his pleasure,
To see at his table
So gallant and able,
So brave and devoted,
So noble and noted,
A sailor of France as the guest on his right,
And he felt with a kind of prophetic foresight
That the object—he hoped they'd excuse the remark—
The object they kept so remarkably dark—
Be it fishing for turtles or finding new seas,
Or searching the East for proscribed refugees,
Or trying a gun on some beggarly village,
Or practising hands at a wee bit of pillage,
Would, unless some unfortunate accident dished it,
Be crowned with the thorough success that he wished it.

Then the gallant Mossoo,
With his hand on his star,
Said, " I tank you, parbleu!
Varee moash, de ma part;
C'est défendu de dire,

Ce que nous allons faire,
J'ai juré par l'Empire
Ma patrie et ma mère,
Mais . . . " perhaps 'twas the port had relaxed his discretion,
Perhaps he conceived
We'd be better deceived
By a make-show of candour, a touch of confession;
Perhaps he felt sure 'twas too late in the day
To matter if now he disclosed *le secret;*
However it came about, this much is certain,
He raised for a moment a bit of the curtain.
For he went on to say,
In a roundabout way,
That although 'twasn't proper to flash his *objet,*
He was bound, in his quest of it, up the Red Sea;
To some place which was only conjectured to be;
That he hadn't in view any war or alliance,
That his mission was purely connected with science;
And that simply to fill up a page in his log,
And look at a shore, which to him was " incog.,"
He intended to order his master to steer him,
En passant, quite close to the island of Perim.

Then he grew sentimental, and red in the face,
And smothered an aide-de-camp in an embrace,
And swore he thought Aden a glorious place,
And kissed " Sir Jhon Thomars " (who made a grimace),
And called that brave soldier a vare joli tar
And wound it all up with a " heep, heep, hourah! "

At the mention of Perim, Sir John nearly rose
From his chair, but recovered by blowing his nose.
He blew it a good twenty minutes at least,
And appeared to have done himself good when he ceased,
For there seemed something like to a wink in his eye,
As he whispered some words to an aide sitting by;
Which aide, when he heard, looked half funny half grave
As a man meditating a pun or a shave;
Stole a glance at the captain, then one at Sir John,
Then seemed most intently the ceiling to con;
Then stared in his wine-glass right down to the bottom
As though there were flies in his wine, he'd got 'em:

Then fidgeted jerkily looking behind,
As if to skedaddle occurred to his mind:
Then finally vanished in haste from his chair,
As if he'd the toothache or needed fresh air.
When he got well outside,
Where the darkness could hide,
He walked down the hill out of sound of the revel,
Then his cap up he shied,
And he laughed till he cried.
Then he took to his legs and he ran like the d——l—
Ran till he stood, void of breath, on the poop
Of a nice little tight little British war-sloop;
And the message he gave, amid roars, to the skipper
Was, just as that worthy expressed it, a clipper.
The night was still young when the snug little ship
Left Aden as on some mysterious trip;
And the aide saw the rock sinking down to a speck,
As he danced an expressive *pas seul* on the deck.

The feed came, of course, like all feeds, to a close.
Potations concluded, the Frenchmen all rose.
There were farewells ecstatic, embracings convulsive,
And kisses—eugh! slobberings, that is the word:
Sir John thought le Capitaine highly repulsive,
Le Capitaine thought Sir John highly absurd;
But they hugged and they shrugged,
And parted in sorrow,
And spoke very huskily both of the morrow,
As if it would dawn on twin hearts rudely cleft,
And it wasn't all humbug and over the left.

Well the morrow did dawn, and the jaunty French ship,
At the first streak of light gave her moorings the slip.
De Bonheur arose too betimes from his bed,
With a dolorous sense of possessing a head.
But he said to himself as he fixed his two eyes on
The island of Perim, just on the horizon—
"Sir John Thomas, when he shall hear of my prize,
Will possess a head too, and will flatter my eyes."
Then his sabre he buckled,
And swaggered and chuckled,
And got the new *drapeaux* all out of the hold,

And ordered the gunners,
To fire off some stunners
That the glory of France might be properly told.

Soon the desolate shore
Topped the waves more and more,
Till the land, red and bare
In the pitiless glare,
Became clear to the view
Of the gallant Mossoo.
He balanced himself with his glass and looked out.
And, after a pause, put it down as in doubt!
Looked again: took his *mouchoir* and polished his lens;
Looked again: pitched it down and took one of his men's;
Looked again: blew his nose, rubbed his eyes, and once more
Took a long steady look—same result as before.
Laid it down, put his hands in his pockets, and swore.
He *sacré-bleu*-ed awful a minute or so,
And tapped at his brow as he paced to and fro,
As if he half dreaded his brains had got loose,
Or some fiend with his vision was playing the deuce.
At length, somewhat calmed, he returned to the charge,
This time with a telescope wonderfully large.
He looked: let it fall: stared to landward a bit
With protruding blank eyes, and—fell down in a fit.

And now, gentle reader, it's time that you knew
What horrors had burst on le Capitaine's view.
On a ridge on the island, which highest appeared,
A pretty tall flagstaff was solidly reared.
So tall 'twould have certainly shamed all the trees
Had there been any there; and afloat on the breeze
Streamed the swelling expanse of the glorious old flag,
Which English affection and slang call "the Rag."
While beneath, hat in hand, were a group of Jack tars,
Engaged evidently in shouting hurrahs;
And astride on a rock, 'neath an umbrella's shade,
Like the Sprite on the Scene, our acquaintance the aide.
Thus Perim was won,
And the Frenchmen were done,
And if a bit shabby,
'Twas very good fun.

ALIPH CHEEM.

THE SHORES OF NOTHING

THERE's a little lake that lies
In a valley, where the skies
Kiss the mountains as they rise
On the crown;
And the heaven-born élite
Are accustomed to retreat
From the pestilential heat
Lower down.

When the mighty for a space
Mix with beauty, rank, and grace
(I myself was in the place
At my best!)
And the atmosphere's divine,
While the deodar and pine
Are particularly fine
For the chest.

And a little month ago,
When the sun was lying low,
And the water all aglow
Like a pearl,
I, remarkably arrayed,
Dipped an unobtrusive blade
In the lake—and in the shade—
With a girl.

O, 'twas pleasant thus to glide
On the "softly-flowing tide"
(Which it's not!), and, undescried,
Take a hand
In the sweet, idyllic sports
That are known in such resorts,
To the sympathetic snorts
Of the Band.

Till when o'er the "still lagoon"
Passed the golden afternoon,

The preposterous bassoon,
Growling deep,
Saved the King and knelled the day
As the crimson changed to grey
And the little valley lay
Half asleep.

It is finished. She was kind,
" Out of sight is out of mind,"
But the taste remains behind
(And the bills),
And I'd give the world to know
If there's some one else in tow
With my love (a month ago)
In the Hills!

O ye valleys, tell me, pray,
Was she on the lake to-day?
Does she foot it in the gay
Social whirl?
O ye mountains of Gilboa,
Send a bird, or kindly blow a
Breeze to tell me all you know a-
Bout that girl!

" KAL "[1]=TO-MORROW

SWEET word, by whose unwearying assistance
We of the ruling race, when sorely tried,
Can keep intrusive persons at a distance
And let unreasonable matters slide;
Thou at whose blast the powers of irritation
Yield to a soft and gentlemanly lull
Of solid peace and flat Procrastination,
These to thy praise and honour good old Kal!

For we are greatly plagued by sacrilegious
Monsters in human form, who care for naught
Save with incessant papers to besiege us,
E'en to the solemn hour of silent thought;

[1] Kal-ao=return to-morrow; Kal-lao=bring it back to-morrow, each of which phrases is the euphemistic equivalent of Jao—" go away (and stay there)."

They draw no line, the frightful joy of giving
Pain is their guerdon; but for Thee alone
Life would be hardly worth the bore of living,
No one could call his very soul his own.

But in thy name th' unfortunate besetter
Meets a repelling force that none can stem;
Varlets may come (they do) and go (they'd better!),
Kal is the word that always does for them!
To-morrow they may join the usual muster;
To-day shall pass unnotably by;
BEELZEBUB Himself for all his bluster
Would get the same old sickening reply.

And for thine aid in baffling the malignant,
Who with unholy art conspire to see
Our ease diseased, our dignity indignant,
We do thee homage on bended knee.
And I would add a word of common gratitude
To those thy coadjutors, ao and lao,
Who take with Thee th' uncompromising attitude
From which the dullest mind deduces Jao.

DUM DUM.

LANKA (CEYLON)

IN that fair Isle for pearls renown'd,
Where lustrous gems far-famed are found;
Where quartz-formed snow-white sand-plains yield
Rich spice from fragrant laurels[1] peel'd;
Where as with emerald girdle bound
The shore with palms is belted round;
Where inland strewn lie relics vast,
Proud monuments, that ages past
Were built, while time should be, to last;
Where legends venerable declare
Abode mankind's primeval pair,
Adam with Eve, surpassing fair;
Where, in grand Indian epic old
Which rings of feats and exploits bold,

[1] The *Laurus cinnamomum.*

In times when gods of men were made,
Scenes that with interest thick are laid;
When Sita from her loved land lured,
Ravana Demon-King immured,
Till, aided by Saguva's train,
Rama the ravisher had slain;
Where, when with wisdom glorious shone
King Solomon on Israel's throne,
Her merchants came in quest of gold
In ships with Tyrian crews enroll'd;
Where Gautama, the Prince and Sage,
And man most wondrous of his age,
The Bhuddist faith implanted firm
Long ere commenced the Christian term;
Where, eras ere the Norman slew
Harold, and Britain brought to rue,
Wijaya, with his warlike horde,
Outlaws from Ind, by force or fraud
A monarchy supreme had gain'd
Where since eight-score-five kings have reign'd;
Where centuries past the Iberian race
'Neath flags of Portugal found place,
Till from each stronghold both were hurl'd,
And Holland's standard proud unfurl'd,
To float thrice fifty years, then droop
And vanish at Britannia's swoop:—
O'er all that Isle Ceylon yclept
Where Kandian kings their thrones had kept
And sceptres held against the clutch
Alike of Portuguese and Dutch,
The Mistress of the Sea her sway
Now holds; her mandates all obey.

THE KNUCKLES [1]

(*A Mountainous District in the North-east of Ceylon*)

Due East, majestical uprise
And spread their summits to the skies
In group that mark'd resemblance points
To a clench'd hand's protruding joints,

[1] Written in 1868.

The " Knuckles "—hills with contour grand
Embosoming a fairy land.
The district thus distinctive named
Here as in horse-shoe form is framed,
Each heel a massive mountain steep
Scarp'd with stern precipices deep;
The whole a vast granite screen
Ere o'er whose ridge the sun is seen,
From Ocean's bed that orb sublime
The eastern slope an hour must climb,
His advent heralding with rays
On far-off western peaks that blaze,
Then o'er the hills, dales, valleys, streams,
Sudden pours down her glowing beams
And bathes at once the prospect bright
In floods of vivifying light.

. . . . .

Not many an island scene can vie,
Or more entrance the raptured eye,
Than that, outspread as on a map,
Beheld from Battagalla gap.
From this high stand point, all around
Rise mountains huge—drop depths profound—
Spring watercourses—streamlets brawl—
Rush oyas[1] here—there cascades fall—
While far away, like ribands red,
Roads o'er the hills and valleys spread,
And built on many a charming spot
The planters' homes the landscape dot.

. . . . .

The elk and elephant have here
In forests dense their coverts drear,
Harried and hunted only when
They trespass on the haunts of men.
Here, with his grunting brood, the boar
Roams, roots about with savage mien
Watching, and whetting his curv'd tusks keen
A dangerous brute:—with visage hoar
Here the black wanderoos are seen,
Gambolling on the foliage green,
But soon as stranger's form they pry,

[1] Streams.

As swift as twinkling of an eye,
With bellowing, back from tree to tree
They bound, and far his presence flee.

Exuberant in every form
Springs vegetation here—moist, warm
The atmosphere, where run the streams
That sparkle in the sun's bright beams,
Wide scattering spray—and rich the tints
Dame Nature lavishly imprints
On grapes, trees, buds, ferns, and flowers,
With which her kingdom here she dowers.

While soaring in the blue serene
Aerial hunters may be seen,
Birds of the swift-wing'd falcon tribe,
That sweeping circles vast describe,
Or swoop like lightning from the sky
When they their destin'd prey descry.
These at this height, where rarely man
Ventures the prospect broad to scan,
The sense of solitude relieve,
And bid the gazer glad receive
Each beauteous view that eye doth strike,
And mind and heart delight alike,
While from the vastness of the whole
Sense of sublime steals o'er the soul.

WILLIAM SKEEN.

RONDEAU

(By Kandy Lake)

O PLACID lake! I, standing nigh,
Scarce can preserve an undimmed eye,
So deep thy beauty. On thy marge
The bamboo shyly bends. At large,
Unchecked, the gracile herons fly
Swift skimming o'er thy mimic sky
Of blue intense. Bright cloudlets lie
Athwart the bows of yon brown lurking barge,
O placid lake!

Thy hills around keep ward on high,
Meseems they say, "On us rely,
O turquoise rare—our sacred charge;
We shall present a stubborn targe
And all thy jealous foes defy,
O placid lake!"

J. H. S.

GANESSA THE GOD

Beside the dancing of the eastern waves,
Straight-facing towards the rising sun, arose
Ganessa's temple, where the weary god
Sat ever listless gazing down the East,
Watching new days arise from paths of Time,
All changeful, bringing change to changing worlds,
Himself alone unchang'd, dull, pondering
Upon the unsolved mysteries that dawn'd
From out the cradle of the morn of days.
And round about him, jingled charm of prayer
Rose mutter'd meaningless from Brahmans blind,
Whose eyes turn'd backward to the old dead days,
Seeing no dawn of newer faith arise;
While dancing girls around the old god's throne
Wav'd woven arms and lissome bodies sway'd
To weird low music through dim vaulted aisles;
But on them all the god's eye lifeless fell,
He heard no charm of woven prayer nor dance,
But gaz'd for ever down the weary East.

H. W. Green.

THE TAJ AT AGRA

A dream in marble—beauteous as a dream!
The dream of lovers, whose rich fancies gild
The happy future that they look to build
Radiant with hope and true love's golden gleam!

Pause, thou who gazest where the moon-rays stream
On marble gate and dome and minaret:
Or where the living fountains sparkle yet,

And dance in brilliance with the noon-day beam.
What mean these cool retreats, these gardens fair,
This glory by the banks of Jumna's tide?

Here is the passion of a heart laid bare,
Knowing love's worth, that naught was worth beside.
And here too breathes, perchance, a calmer air,
Of love resign'd, expectant, sanctified.

BEL.

THE TAMIL MAID

WHERE through the jungle's shade
Men's feet a path have made,
Comes a tall Tamil maid
Sauntering slow!

In her red *Sele* dressed
Lightly the grass she pressed,
And the glad leaves caressed
Each little toe.

Twined is her long black hair
On neck and shoulders bare;
Her ears and ankles rare
Gaily bedight.

Sunlight her bosom warms
Glancing athwart her charms;
Bangles upon her arms
Shine silver-bright.

Brown are her lovely eyes,
Lit with a sweet surprise,
Deep as the shadow lies
Under the sea.

Teeth like the dews of morn
Blithely her lips adorn,
Lips with a look half scorn,
Peerless and free.

E. C. DUMBLETON.

A SANSKRIT STANZA

LOVED Lotus-blooms, all white and red,
On silv'ry streams a lustre shed;
And in their beauty, dear, I trace
The image of thy lovely face.

In Lotus-cups of azure hue,
I see thine eyes, bright, beauteous, blue;
Thy teeth displayed in laughter light
Excel the fragrant jasmine white.

Forth shoot the leaf-buds, ruby red,
On velvet verdure grace to shed:
But these despair when thou art nigh—
Thy lips are of a richer dye..

The perfumed champac, I declare,
Can scarcely with thy charms compare;
Brahma gave thee these gifts, I own,
But why made he thy heart of stone?

S. HELEN GOONETILLAKE.

KRÂMAT

A LONG-DRAWN moan, much like a scream
At close; then hark!
The hum and hiss of unseen wingèd things
In forests dark.

Dull music, varied by the cry
Of nightingale
So called, her whistling shrieks with ghastly laugh
In sinking scale.

No fear smote Syed upon the way
For things like these;
His watch-dog following trembled as he heard
The rustling trees.

Out sprang, with eyes like burning lamps,
And seized the prey
A tiger, sparing Syed, whom nature loved
Nor would betray.

For he no bird or beast e'er vexed,
Nor did of old
Sleman,[1] God's prophet, better understand
What their speech told.

And ever the scornful song of that
Sad nightingale,
Which screams of broken lives, told him at last
Good must prevail,

For mockery was ofttimes the death
Of evil things,
Shaking from roof to base the House of Vain
Imaginings.

So now Seyd called; from jungle depths,
In his lord's name,
The tiger, bidden lay his booty down,
Submissive came.[2]

MALACCA

"History is the realisation of the deeper idea."—HEGEL.

City which calls up thoughts of Western lands,
Of feudal castles on a German steep,
And red-roofed villages on sandy coasts,
Not dreamless is thy sleep.

The thoughts of many men have passed away,
Who lived and died by thy deserted beach,
But faith and love appearing on the earth
Destruction cannot reach.

[1] Soloman, called Sleman or Suleiman by the Malays. Mohammedan legends represent him as "having heard secrets whenever he walked in his garden."

[2] This the Malays believe to have been an actual fact; an instance of the special gift which is represented by one of the meanings of the word Krâmat, and which they suppose certain fairies to possess.

Long since there fell the empire centred here
In car-borne warriors from Hindustan;
Now of their pageants and their fights no trace
Remains upon the plain "plan."

But on the hill-tops stand from roofless walls,[1]
Memorials of a nation from the West,
Which came long since thy borders to subdue
And then to give them rest.

The vision of that nation haunteth thee
Carven in stone of thy cathedral wall,
The incarnation of the strongest thought,
"Peace and good-will to all."

R. GREENTREE.

THE WEST INDIES

IN waters of purple and gold
Lie the islands beloved of the sun,
And he touches them one by one,
As the beads of a rosary told.
When the glow of the dawn has begun,
And when to Eternity's fold
Time gathers the day that is done.

No rosary! Isles of the West,
Isles Antillean agleam,
But a necklace strung out on the breast
Of the sea breathing low in a dream,
In the trance of a passionate rest,
A rainbow afloat in its stream.

THE JOYS OF JAMAICA

EMPRESS of all the Spanish main,
And Queen of Antillean isles,
What rival may dispute thy reign?
What traveller resist thy smiles?

[1] A Portuguese cathedral on which is an inscription to Xavier.

By rivers sway the fern and palm
  In winding valleys richly set,
While muffled in majestic calm
  The forests stand unravished yet.

Here soars the massive mountain height,
  The torrent foams along the glen,
There sweep and fade in golden light
  Wide palms with sustenance for men.

And over and around all these
  The buoyant trade wind softly blows,
It bears the balm of southern seas,
  Yet cool its bracing current flows.

Heaven palpitates alive with stars,
  Or moonlight holds the earth in trance,
Our soul resents its prison bars,
  Our heart yet hungers for romance.

H. S. BUNBURY.

SONGS OF KINGSTON CITY

THE MOTHERS OF THE CITY

WHAT is the noise that shuffles
  On the roads that lead to the town,
While the city slumbers deeply,
  While the hours lie dumbly down?

When the gas-lamps talk together
  As they sentry the empty street,
And the silence barely quivers
  To the passing of dead men's feet.

Oh, who are the weary pilgrims
  That caravan now on the way?
'Tis the burdened market women
  With their hampered donkeys grey.

Through the dim wan mists of the morning,
They come who have travelled far,
On the long white roads that glimmer
To the light of the Morning Star.

On their feet is the mud of the roadway,
Their frocks with the dust is soiled,
Big baskets wrinkle their foreheads,
From afar have their footsteps toiled.

They have dug for the yam and the yampie,
They have gravelled potato hills,
They have delved the red clay where the spider
His fangs with his venom fills.

And the hot noon sun has dazed them
As they wrought on the steep hill-side,
And marshalled their rows of scallion
Or scattered the red peas wide.

To their hoe-beat sprang the echoes
Where the dark woods round them swept;
And the blows of their wielded cutlass
Stirred the air where the ages slept.

The red fire spears have helped them
Drive the tangle from the earth,
As they nursed her in her labour
For the crop-time's coming birth.

They rose while the land lay sleeping
In the silvery moonlight drest,
And their shoulders bowed to the burden
As they tramped to the mountain crest;

As they trudged again to the valley,
As they toiled by the swampland's edge,
Where the frog to the lizard mutters
In the ways of a rank green sedge.

And they heard where the road was slipping
The rattle of landslides go,

And the thud of the ripened mango
In the far dark fields below.

To cherish her son does a mother
Give the milk of her life-pulse born;
These come as the city mothers,
Mud-daubed in the ghost-grey morn.

To pour for the city hunger
The milk from the country's breast,
Like a mother that toils and labours
That her baby may feed and rest.

They come through the mist of morning,
With the black road mud on their feet,
Some trod where wild hill streams thunder,
And some where sea-surges beat.

Through the grey morn come the mothers
Of the city, travelled far,
By the long white roads that glimmer
To the light of the Morning Star.

T. REDCAM.

THE NORTH TO THE SOUTH

WHEN something leaves one's life—the heavy scent
Of southern flowers, weighted down by dew;
The sensuous sway of bending palms—the arch
Of noonday skies, one broad expanse of blue;

The simple joy of living, unperplexed
By life's rough battle in the world's mad glare;
The low, soft sound of mountain streams, instead
Of horns and fifes and noisy trumpets' blare—

Then comes the stronger, fiercer joy of work—
Hard fight and struggle 'gainst a powerful foe;
The hail—the driving sleet—the piercing cold—
The winter's chilling ice and blinding snow.

The bitter tonic of the northern winds
Is kinder than the flowers' sweet perfume;
And gentler than the southern light and warmth
Is all the cold, the darkness, and the gloom.

THE SOUTH TO THE NORTH

Ah, something subtly sweet has left one's life
When these encircling mountains fade from view,
And all the palm-lined shore seems strange and new
As outbound ship glides far upon the blue.

The deep, bewildering scent of Southern flowers,
The freshness of green palms that ever sway,
The dazzling blue of skies at height of day—
Something has gone, when these are gone away.

The song of mountain springs is rudely hushed
By martial tones more harsh than trumpets' blare;
A lingering fragrance of the flowers fair
Is crushed by the sharp, cruel Northern air.

Life seems a tract of moorland bleak and grey,
With no gleam of the South's rich red and gold;
Sharp, piercing winds the trembling limbs enfold,
And all is outer darkness, gloom, and cold.

"Tropica."

KILLIN' NANNY

Two little pickny is watchin',
While a goat is led to deat';
Dey are little ones of two years,
An' know naught of badness yet.

De goat is bawlin' fe mussy,[1]
An' de children watch de sight
As de butcher re'ch[2] his sharp knife,
An' tab[3] wid all his might.

[1] Mercy [2] Reaches. [3] Stabs.

Dey see de red blood flowin';
An' one chil' trimble an' hide
His face in de mudder's bosom,
While t'udder look on wide-eyed.

De tears is fallin' down hotly
From him on de mudder's knee;
De udder wid joy is starin',
An' clappin' his han's wid glee.

When dey had forgotten Nanny,
Grown men I see dem again;
An' de forehead of de laugher
Was brand[1] wid de mark of Cain.

CUDJOE FRESH FROM DE LECTURE

'Top *one* minute, Cous' Jarge, an' sit do'n 'pon de grass,
An' mek a[2] tell you 'bout de news I hear at las',
How de buccra te-day tek time an' bègin teach
All of us dat was deh[3] in a clear open speech.

You miss somet'ing fe true, but a wi' mek you know,
As much as how a can, how de business a go:
Him tell us 'bout we self, an' mek we fresh[4] again,
An' talk about de wul' from commencement to en'.

Me look 'pon me black 'kin, an' so me head grow big,
Aldough me heaby han' dem hab fe plug[5] an' dig;
For ebery single man, no car'[6] about dem rank,
Him bring us ebery one an' put 'pon de same plank.

Say, parson do de same? Yes, in a diff'ren' way,
For parson tell us how de whole o' we are clay;
An' lookin' close at t'ings, we hab to pray quite hard
Fe swaller wha' him say an' don't t'ink bad o' Gahd.

[1] Branded. [2] Make I=let me. [3] There.
[4] Over: meaning, "He gave us a new view of our origin, and explained that we did not come from Adam and Eve, but by evolution."
[5] Plough. [6] Care: no matter what their rank.

But dis man tell us 'traight 'bout how de whole t'ing came,
An' show us widout doubt how Gahd was not fe blame;
How change cause eberyt'ing fe mix up 'pon de eart',
An' dat most hardship come t'rough accident o' birt'.

Him show us all a sort[1] o' funny 'keleton,
Wid names I won't remember under dis ya sun;
Animals queer to deat',[2] dem bone, teet', an' headskull,
All dem so dat did live in a de ole-time wul'.

No 'cos we get cuss mek fe we 'kin come so,
But fe all t'ings come 'quare, same so it was to go:[3]
Seems our lan'[4] must ha' been a bery low-do'n place,
Mek it tek such long time in tu'ning out a race.

Yes, from monkey we spring: I believe ebery wud;
It long time better dan f'go say we come from mud:
No need me keep back part, me hab not' in' fe gain;
It's ebery man dat born—de buccra mek it plain.

It really strange how some o' de lan' dem advance;
Man power in some ways is nummo soso chance;[5]
But suppose eberyt'ing could tu'n right upside down,
Den p'raps we'd be on top an' givin' some one houn'.[6]

Yes, Cous' Jarge, slabery hot fe dem dat gone befo':
We gettin' better times, for those days we no know;[7]
But I t'ink it do good, tek we from Africa
An' lan' us in a blessed place as dis a ya.[8]

Talk 'bouten Africa, we would be deh till now,
Maybe same half-naked—all day dribe buccra cow,
An' tearin' t'rough de bush wid all de monkey dem,
Wile an' uncibilise',[9] an' neber comin' tame.

[1] All sorts. [2] The queerest animals.
[3] It is not because we were cursed (Gen. ix. 25) that our skin is dark; but so that things might come square there had to be black and white.
[4] Africa.
[5] No more than pure chance.
[6] Hound: equivalent to the English slang phrase " giving some one beans."
[7] Do not know: have no experience of.
[8] This here. [9] Wild and uncivilised.

I lef' quite 'way from wha' we be'n deh talk about,[1]
Yet still a coundn' help—de wuds come to me mout';
Just like how yeas' get strong an' sometimes fly de cark,
Same way me feelings grow, so I was boun' fe talk.

Yet both horse partly[2] runnin' in de selfsame gallop,
For it is nearly so de way de buccra pull up:
Him say, how de wul' stan', dat right will neber be,
But wrong will eber gwon[3] till dis wul' en' fe we.

CLAUDE MCKAY.

[1] I have run right away from what we were talking about.
[2] Almost. [3] Go on.

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